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Robert Boyle

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Charles James Fox

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Wm Hogarth

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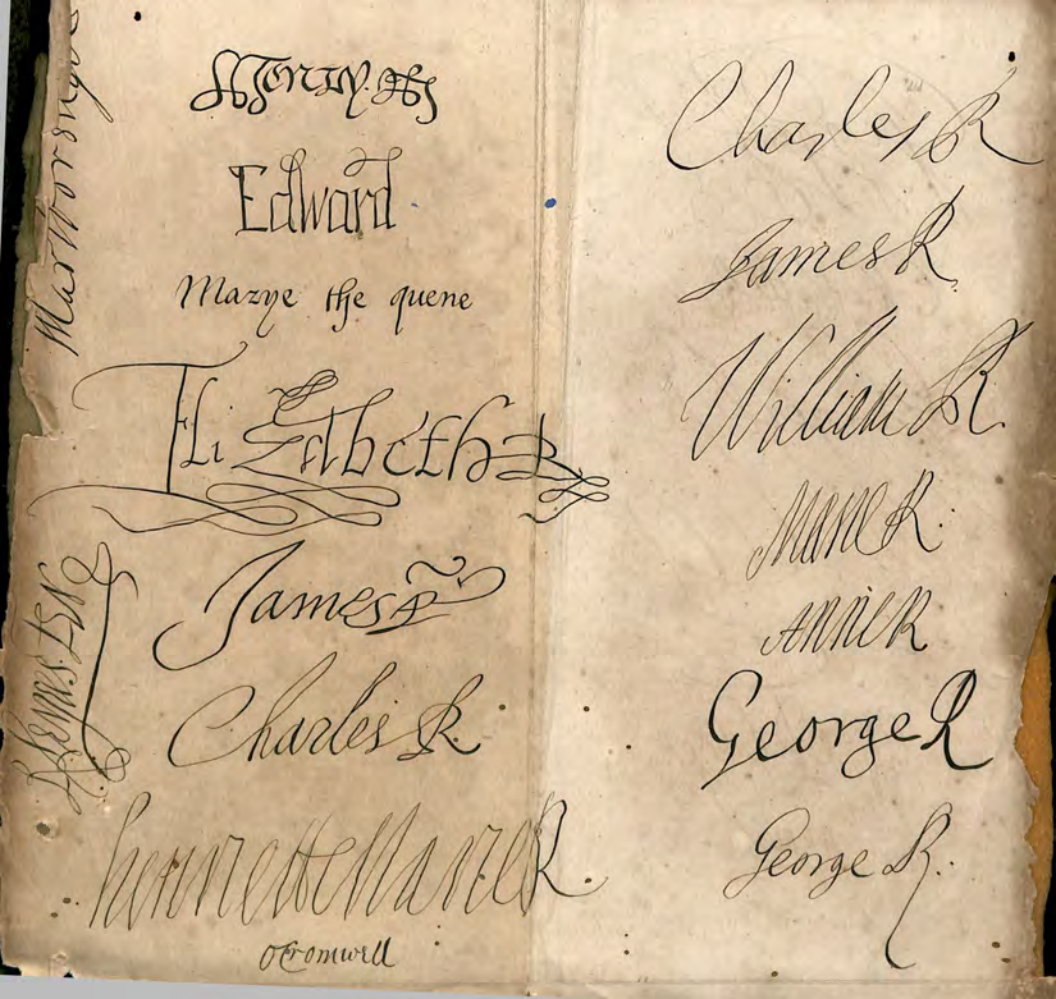
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RELICS

OF

LITERATURE.

BY

STEPHEN COLLET, A. M.

" Good, my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman."

AS YOU LIKE IT.

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LONDON:

THOMAS BOYS, LUDGATE HILL.

1823.

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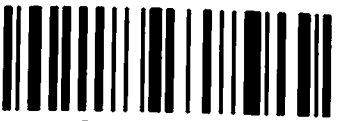

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Editor (for he aspires to no higher honour,) of the volume now presented to the Public, does not presume to enter the arena of Literature as a practised author; on the contrary, he is merely an amateur, who, in a course of reading somewhat desultory and extensive, extracted for his private portfolio such articles as at the time he deemed curious or interesting.

In the course of a few years, these extracts so accumulated, that he availed himself of a little leisure from more pressing avocations, to reduce them into some sort of order for his own convenience. In doing this, he frequently met with articles confirming or elucidating each other; and, in order to

render them more complete, he was not unfrequently induced to make a few observations, either introductory or explanatory.

When this mass of scraps and fragments had been thus arranged and elucidated, he thought that what had gratified himself, and cost some labour, might not be altogether unacceptable to others; and in a lucky or unlucky hour,—as the Public shall decide—he determined to print it.

In making the selection, the Editor has been as anxious to avoid the dry and barren technicalities of bibliography on the one hand, as he has been not to make it a mere collection of "elegant extracts", on the other. He trusts, however, that there will be found some articles that are rare, others that are curious, and many that are interesting; and should there be a few that do not come under any of these classes, he trusts to the public indulgence for a lenient censure.

The Editor has been careful, wherever it was in his power, to mention the source whence his

information has been derived. The several articles, to which the letter A is subscribed, were collected by him in the course of a visit which he paid to the United States of America; of these, a few were culled from the public journals of that interesting country, and others were kindly communicated to him by private friends.

Of the Letters of the Earl of Rochester, it may be proper to observe, that some of them have been already made public in a periodical journal; though printed very incorrectly. To shew the many amiable features, which it does appear distinguished the domestic character of a man, who has hitherto been known only as a great wit and a great libertine, the Editor thought that a selection from the relics of his correspondence was required, not only more discriminative, but more authentic, than has yet been published. All the letters here given have accordingly been carefully collated with the originals preserved in the British Museum. In the course of the volume, there will be found several other unpublished letters which have been transcribed from the originals.

Although, as already stated, the RELICS OF LITERATURE consist chiefly of gleanings from the works of others, with illustrations and explanatory notices, the Editor would be wanting in ingenuousness, did he not avow his responsibility for some few original articles. To these, however, it is unnecessary more particularly to call the attention of the Reader: their Author will feel the extent of his ambition gratified, should their worth be such as not to make their number either remarked or regretted.

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RELICS

OF

LITERATURE.

AUTOGRAPHS

CONTAINED IN THE FRONTISPIECE.

Duke of Marlborough.

King Henry the Eighth.

King Edward the Sixth.

Queen Mary.

Queen Elizabeth.

King James the First.

The Earl of Leycester.

King Charles the First.

Henriette Marie, Queen of King Charles I.

Oliver Cromwell.

King Charles the Second.

King James the Second.

King William.

Mary, Queen of King William.

Queen Anne.

King George the First.

King George the Second.

King George the Third.

Charlotte, Queen of George III.

King George the Fourth.

Princess Charlotte the Daughter of George IV.

William Penn.

Walter Raleigh.

Abp. Cranmer.—Bp. Latimer.

Sir Robt. Walpole.

Sir Rich. Steele.

Earl of Rochester.

Duke of Buckingham.

John Dryden.

Wm. Shakespeare

Philip Massinger.

Joseph Addison—Junius.

The Right Hon. Robert Boyle.

John Howard.

Lord Bolingbroke

William Congreve

Right Hon. Chas. James Fox.

Right Hon. Wm. Pitt.

R. B. Sheridan.

Edward Gibbon.

William Hogarth.

John Locke.

Sir Isaac Newton.

John Selden.

Relics of Literature.

We, for their knowledge, men inspir'd adore;
Not for those truths they hide, but those they show;
And vulgar reason finds, that none knows more
Than that which he can make another know.
Sir W. Davenant.

THE FIRST ENGLISH CATALOGUE.

THE first digested list of publications in the English language was compiled by Andrew Maunsell, a bookseller of ability and eminence, who lived in Lothbury towards the close of the sixteenth century. Hearne calls this catalogue "a very scarce, and yet a very useful book;" and it is curious on many accounts, particularly as it affords the titles of many works, and records the names of various authors, long since lost or forgotten. The work is dedicated "To the Queene's most sacred Maiestie;" to "The Reverend Divines, and Louers of Diuine Bookes;" and to "The Worshipfull the Master, Wardens, and Assistants of the Companie of Stationers, and to all other Printers and Bookesellers in generall." The following is the title:

"The first Part of the Catalogue of English Printed Bookes: which concerneth such matters of diuinitie as have bin either written in our owne tongue, or translated out of anie other language: and haue bin published to the glory of God, and edification of the Church of Christ in England. Gathered into alphabet, and such method as it is, by Andrew Maunsell, bookseller. *Unumquodque propter quid.* London: printed by John Windel, for Andrew Maunsell, dwelling in Lothburie, 1595." Folio, pp. 123; dedication, pp. 6; with the device of a pelican and its offspring rising from the flames, round which is this legend: "*Pro Lege, Rege, et Grege:* Love kepyth the Lawe, obeyeth the kynge, and is good to the Commonwelthe."

The following extract from the "Dedication to the Printers and Booksellers" will not only furnish an insight into the plan of publication, but is also applicable to the compilation of catalogues in general.

"——— seeing (also) many singular bookes, not only of diuinitie, but of other excellent arts, after the first impression, so spent and gone, that they lie euen as it were buried in some few studies;—I haue thought good in my poor estate to vndertake this most tiresome businesse, hoping the Lord will send a blessing vpon my labours taken in my vocation; thinking it as necessarie for the bookeseller (considering the number and nature of them) to haue a catalogue of our English bookes, as the apothecarie his Dispensatorium, or the schoolemaster his Dictionarie.

"By meanes of which my poore trauails, I shall draw to your memories bookes that you could not remember; and shew to the learned such bookes as they would not thinke were in our owne tongue; which I haue not sleighted vp the next way, but haue to my great paines drawn the writers of any special argument together, not following the order of the learned men that haue written Latine catalogues, Gesner, Simler, and our countriman, John Bale. They make their alphabet by the christian name, I by the sirname: they mingle diuinitie, law, phisicke, &c. together; I set diuinitie by itselfe: they set downe printed and not printed, I onely printed. Concerning the bookes which are without authors' names, called Anonymi, I haue placed them either vpon the titles they bee entituled by, or else vpon the matter they entreate of, and sometimes vpon both, for the easier finding of them.

"Concerning the bookes that be translated, I haue obserued, (if the translator doe set his name) the author, the matter, the translator, the printer, (or for whome it is printed) the yeere and the volume. For example, Lambert Danæus, his treatise of Antichrist, translated by John Swan, printed for John Potter and Thomas Gubbin, 1589, in 4. The author's sirname, which is *Danæus;* the matter of the booke, which is *Antichrist;* the translator's sirname, which is *Swan;* are, or should be, in Italica letters, and none other, because they are the alphabetical names obserued in this booke: turne to which of these three names you will, and they will direct you to the booke.

"——— I shall not neede to make the like examples—they are plaine inough by one example.

"A. MAUNSELL."

In the same year in which this catalogue was printed, Maunsell published a second part, "which concerneth the sciences mathematicall, as arithmetick, geometrie, astronomie, astrologie, musick, the art of warre and navigation; and also of physicks and surgerie." To this part, as to the first, he has prefixed three dedications. The first was to the memorable

Earl of Essex, whose arms, beautifully cut in wood, ornament the back of the title. He is styled, as he truly was, "a most honourable patrone of learned men and theyr works."[2] The second dedication is to "The Professors of the Sciences Mathematicall, and of Physicke and Surgery;" and the third is, as before, to the "Companie of Stationers, Printers, &c." In this last dedication, he says:

"Hauing shewed you in my former part of the use of my tables, I will onely in thys shew you and the curteous readers, that I haue set the writers of arithmetick, musick, navigation, and warre together, vsing the playnest way I could deuise.

"Now it resteth, that I should proceede to the thirde and last part, which is of humanity, wherein I shall haue occasion to shew, what we haue in our owne tongue, of gramer, logick, rethoricke, lawe, historie, poetrie, policie, *etc.* which will, for the most part, conceiue matters of delight and pleasure, wherein I haue already laboured as in the rest; but finding it so troublesome to get sight of bookes, and so tedious to digest into any good methode, I haue thought good first to publish the two more necessarie parts, which, if I perceave to be well liked of, will whet me on to proceed in the rest (as God shall make me able) with better courage."

Although we can scarcely doubt that Maunsell's Catalogue was "well liked of," yet it seems that he did not meet with sufficient encouragement; for certain it is, that the third part, which would doubtless have been the most interesting, never made its appearance.

EARLIEST ENGLISH MEDICAL WORK.

The earliest Medical work written in English, is supposed by Fuller to have been Andrew Borde's "Breviarie of Health," which was published in 1547. It must yield, however, in its pretensions to antiquity, to a much older work, the *Breviary of Practice*, by Bartholomew Glanville, a manuscript of which is preserved in the *Harleian* collection. The one title, indeed, appears to have been an imitation of the other. The "Breviarie of Health" has a prologue addressed to physicians, which begins thus: "Egregious doctors, and masters of the eximious and arcane science of physick, of your urbanity exasperate not yourselves against me for making this little volume."

Andrew does not confine his attention to diseases of the body, but treats also of those of the mind; as in the following instance, which may serve for a specimen of his manner:

"*The* 174 *Chapiter doth shewe of an infirmitie named Hereos.*

"Hereos is the Greke worde. In Latin it is named Amor. In English it is named Love-sick, and women may haue this fickleness as well as men. Young persons be much troubled with this impediment."

After stating "the cause of this infirmitie," he prescribes the following remedy:

"First I do advertize every person not to set to the hart what another doth set to the hele; let no man set his love so far, but that he may withdraw it betime; and muse not, but use mirth and mery company, and be wyse, and not foolish."

Andrew Borde called himself in Latin, Andreas Perforatus. This translation of a proper name was according to the fashion of the time; and, in the instance before us, appears to include a pun: *perforatus*, bored or pierced.

PENNYLESS PARLIAMENT OF THREAD-BARE POETS.

"The Pennilesse Parliament of Threadbare Poets; or, the Merry Fortune-Teller, wherein all persons of the four severall complexions may find their Fortunes; composed by Doctor Merryman; not only to purge melancholy, but also to procure tittering and laughing. Full of witty mirth, and delightfull recreation for the content of the Reader. London, printed for John Wright, at the King's Head in the Old Bayley—1649."

This curious black letter tract, which is somewhat rare, is a very happy satire on the vices and follies of mankind, not only during the period in which it was written, but in all ages and countries. The author appears to have deeply studied man to know all his faults. The following are a few detached passages from the work:

"First of all, for the increase of every foole in his humour, we thinke it necessary and convenient that all such as doe buy this booke, and laugh not at it before they have read it over, shall be condemned of melancholy, and be adjudged to walk over Moorefields twice a weeke in a foule shirt, but no stockings at all on.

"It is also ordered and agreed upon, that such as are cholericke, shall never want woe and sorrow; and they that lacke money, may fast upon Fridayes by the statute; and it shall be lawful for them that want shoes, to weare boots all the yeare; and he that hath never a cloak, may, without offence, put on his best gowne at Midsummer.

"Likewise, we mark all brokers to be knaves by letters patent; and usurers, for five marks a-piece, shall lawfully be buried in the chancell, though they have bequeathed their soules and bodies to the devil.

"Furthermore, it shall bee lawfull for footstooles (by the helpe of women's hands) to flye about without wings,* and poore men shall be accounted knaues without occasions; and those that flatter least shall speed worst.

"It shall be lawfull for some to haue the palsie in their teeth, in such sort, as they shall eate more than ever they will be able to pay for.

"Some shall haue such a megram in their eyes, as they shall hardly know another man's wife from their own.

"Some shall haue such a stopping in their hearts, as they shall be utterly obstinate to receive grace.

"Some sort of people shall haue such a buzzing in their eares, as they shall be enemies to good counsel.

"Some such there be that haue a sent or smell in their noses, as no feast shall escape without their companies; and some shall be so needy, as neither young heires shall get their oune nor poore orphans their patrimony.

"Also, it is enacted and decreed, that some shall be so humourous in their walks, as they cannot step one foot from a foole.

"Some so disguised in purse, as they count it fatall to haue one penny to buy their dinners on Sundays; some so burdened in conscience, as they count wrong dealing the best badge of their occupation.

"Sycophants by the statute shall haue great gifts, and good and goodly labours shall scarce be worth thanks; it is also thought necessary that maides about midnight shall see wondrous visions, to the great heartgrief of their mothers.

"And it is furthermore established and agreed upon, that they that drinke too much Spanish sacke, shall, about July, be served with a *fierie facies*.

---

* The author probably alluded here to the well-known incident of Janet Geddes, the Scottish Reformer, throwing her stool at the head of a clergyman who made a vain attempt to restore, in the high church of Edinburgh, the proscribed liturgy of the episcopal church.

"But now, touching the benefit of private houses, by our rare and exquisite judgment, we think it very commodious, that those mamed men, which are of the weakest wit and worse courage, should provide themselves of good weapons to defend themselves from assaults which shall assaile them about midnight."

The tract thus concludes:

"And to conclude, since there are ten precepts to be observed in the art of scowlding, we humbly take our leave of Duke Humphries' ordinary, and he take us to the chapel of ill counsell; when a quart or two of fine Trinidado shall arme us against the gunshott of tongue-mettle, and keepe us from the assaults of Sir John Findfault. *Vale!* my dear friends, till my next returne."

"THE CHOICE OF CHANGE."

ONE of the most curious and entertaining black letter tracts extant is entitled

"The Choice of Change: containing the Triplicitie of Diuinitie, Philosophie, and Poetrie; Short for Memorie, Profitable for Knowledge, and Necessarie for Maners: whereby the Learned may be confirmed, the Ignorant instructed, and all Men generally recreated. Newly set foorth by S. R. Gent. and Student in the Vniversitie of Cambridge. TRIA SUNT OMNIA. At London, printed by Roger Warde, dwelling neere Holburne Conduite, at the figure of the Talbot. An. Dom. 1585."

Although it is not known with any degree of certainty who was the author of this volume, yet there is strong reason to believe that it was written by Dr. Simon Robson, who was made dean of Bristol in the year 1598, and died in 1617. The work is dedicated to Sir Henry Herbert, Sir Philip Sidney, and Robert Sidney, to whom "S. R. wisheth increase of vertuous qualities in the mind, of the gifts of the body, and goodes of fortune." This is followed by a short and very curious address

"To the Reader.

"1. He that knoweth not that he ought to know, is a brute beast among men.

"2. He that knoweth no more than he hath need of, is a man among brute beasts.

"3. He that knoweth all that may bee knowen, is a god amongst men.

"1. Read willingly,
"2. Correct friendly,
"3. Judge indifferently.

"The triplicitie of Diuinitie, Philosophie, and Poetrie, consist each of two hundrettis, and each hundreth contains 100 instances." A few extracts, the spelling of which we modernize, will explain the author's plan and execution.

"He that will live in quiet, must frame himself to three things,—to hear, see, and say nothing.

"The philosopher, Aristotle, believed but three things—that which he touched with his hand; that which he saw with his eyes; that which he could comprehend in argument.

"Three things which cause a man to keep his friends—if he give much; if he ask little; if he take nothing.

"Three things necessary in a flatterer—an impudent face; a steadfast colour; a changing voice.

"Trust not three things—dogs' teeth; horses' feet; women's protestations.

"Three things are uncertain and inconstant—the favour of princes; the love of women; the shining of the sun in April.

"There are three very strong things—gold, for there is no place invincible, wherein an ass, laden with gold, may enter; love, because it provoketh us to adventure our goods, life and renown, and all; labour, because it overcometh all things."

MADRIGAL.—By Lodge.

In the library of the British Museum, there is a tract of great rarity, from which Shakespeare is said to have borrowed the plot of *As you like it*. It is entitled "Euphue's Golden Legacy," by Thomas Lodge, a poet of the Elizabethan age, who was also the author of a great variety of valuable publications in prose, as well as verse. Ellis, in his "Specimens of the Early English Poets," has given three of Lodge's poems from the "Pleasant Historie of Glaucus and Scilla," but has omitted to mention the following madrigal, the most beautiful, perhaps, of all his compositions. The edition from which it is transcribed is believed to be unique.

"Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth sucke his sweete;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feete.

Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amid my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest.

Strike I my lute—he tunes the string,
He music plays, if I do sing;
He lends me every living thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting.

What, if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod,
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.

Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
O Cupid! so thou pity me,
I will not wish to part from thee."

MASSINGER.

In the time of this excellent dramatic poet, it was not unusual for men of letters to club or to farm their talents. An established writer for the stage would frequently call in the help of authors little known to the world, to aid him in his productions; and sometimes, authors of celebrity conjointly came before the public. It is well known that Massinger wrote in conjunction with Beaumont and Fletcher; and that he was a necessitous fellow-labourer with less celebrated authors, is placed beyond all doubt, by the following affecting documents, which it is impossible to read without a sigh of regret for the distresses of such men.

"To our most loving friend, Mr. Philip Hinchlow, these:

"Mr. Hinchlow,

"You understand our unfortunate extremitie, and I doe not thincke you so void of Christianitie, but that you would throw so much money into the Thames, as wee request now of you, rather than endanger so many innocent lives. You know there is x*l.* more at least to be receaved of you for the play. We desire you to lend us v*l.* of that, which shall be allowed to you; without which we cannot be bayled, nor *I play any more*, till this be dispatch'd. It will lose you xx*l.* ere the end of the next week, besides the hinderance of the next new

play. Pray, sir, consider our cases with humanitie, and now give us cause to acknowledge you our true friend in time of neede. We have entreated Mr. Davison to deliver this note, as well to witness your love as our promises, and alwayes acknowledgment to be ever

"Your most thanckfull
"and loving freind,
"NAT. FIELD."*

"The money shall be abated out of the money remayns for *the play* of Mr. Fletcher and ours."

"ROB. DABORNE."†

"I have ever found you a true loving friend to mee, and in so small a suite, it beinge honest, I hope you will not fail us." "PHILIP MASSINGER."

(Indorsed)

"Received by mee, Robert Davison, of Mr. Hinchlow, for the use of Mr. Daborne, Mr. Feeld, Mr. Messenger, the sum of vl." "ROB. DAVISON."

This authentic letter was discovered by the assiduity of Mr. Malone, among other relics, at Dulwich College. He conjectures that it was written between the years 1612 and 1613, that is, when Massinger was in his 29th or 30th year, and when his fortunes were far from prosperous.

ORIGINAL STORY OF KING LEAR.

THE commentators on Shakespeare have generally agreed in ascribing the story of *Lear* to Geoffrey of Monmouth as its original author; from whom, or from some old legends borrowed from his book, they conclude that our great poet derived the story. In this latter point they are no doubt correct; but they have all erred in assigning the parentage of this history to Geoffrey of Monmouth. The work that goes

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* Nathaniel Field assisted Massinger in writing a tragedy, called "The Fatal Dowry," which formed the ground-work of Rowe's "Fair Penitent;" he was also the author of two comedies, "A Woman's a Weathercock," and "Amends for Ladies."

† Daborne was a clergyman, and the author of two plays, the "Christian turned Turk," and "Poor Man's Comfort."

under his name is merely a Latin translation, and an extremely corrupt one, of an ancient Welsh history, entitled "*Brut y Brenhinoedd,*" or Chronicle of the Kings, written by Tysilio, a Welsh bishop, at the close of the seventh century; and so called, because it gives a history of all the kings of Britain, from Brutus down to Cadwaladr, the last nominal sovereign, who abdicated the throne in the year 686. There are several MS. copies of this Chronicle, and some of them of great antiquity, from which it may be proved, that Geoffrey's version abounds in unwarrantable interpolations and other errors.

The following is a literal translation of that part of the Chronicle which contains the story of Lear; that genuine and original account, to which all others must be ultimately traced: and yet, strange to say, not one of the English commentators seems to have been aware even of the existence of such a document. The translation is made from a very old MS. (though the most ancient extract) preserved in the Cottonian collection in the British Museum. The names, as they occur in the original, are preserved in the translation; but such notes are added as are necessary for their explanation, or for elucidating other parts that require it. It will be seen, that Shakespeare's tragedy varies in several particulars from the Chronicle of Tysilio. Llyr, or Lear, was, according to Tysilio's account, the eleventh king of Britain.

"After Bleiddud came Llyr,* his son, to be king, and he governed in peace and tranquillity for five and twenty years; and he built a city upon the river Soram, which he called Caer Llyr, and in another language, Leir Cestyr.† And he had no son, but three daughters, whose names were Goronilla, Regan, and Cordeilla;‡ and their father had excessive fondness for them, yet he loved the youngest daughter more than the other two. Thereupon, he considered how he might leave his dominions amongst his daughters after him. Wherefore, he designed to prove which of his daughters loved him the most in particular, so that he might bestow upon that one the best part of the island. And he called to him Goronilla, his eldest daughter, and asked her how much she loved her father? Whereupon, she swore to heaven, and to the earth, that she loved her father dearer than she loved her own soul; and he believed then that this was true, and bequeathed to her the

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* Lear.

† Most probably Leicester, which Nennius, in his "Historia Brittonum," calls Caer Lleirou, a name not unlike the one here used.

‡ Shakespeare has softened these names into Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia.

third part of the island, and the man she should most prefer in the isle of Britain to be her husband. After that, he called to him Regan, his second daughter, and asked her how much she loved her father? and she too swore by the powers of heaven and earth, that she could not, by her tongue, declare how much she loved her father. He then believed this to be the truth, and left to her the third part of the isle of Britain, together with the man she should choose in the island for her husband. And then he called to him Cordeilla, his youngest daughter, and whom he loved the most of all, and he asked her how much she loved her father? to which she answered: 'I do not think there is a daughter who loves a father more than she ought; and I have loved thee through life as a father, and will love thee still. And, sir, if thou must know how much thou art loved, it is according to the extent of thy power, and thy prosperity, and thy courage.' And thereat he was moved with anger, and said, 'Since it is thus that thou hast despised my old age, so as not to love me equally with thy sisters, I will adjudge thee to have no share of the isle of Britain.' Thereupon, without delay, he gave to his two eldest daughters the two princes; namely, the prince of Cornwall and that of Scotland,* and half the kingdom with them, whilst the king lived; and, after his death, the island in two parts between them. And, when the rumour of this was spread over the face of the countries, Aganippus, king of France, heard of the wisdom of Cordeilla, and of her form and beauty; he, therefore, sent ambassadors to the isle of Britain, to demand of the king, Cordeilla, his daughter, to be his wife. And he promised her, and declared to the ambassadors, that he should not have any territory or other wealth with her from the isle of Britain. And Aganippus said, that he was not in want of his territory or his riches, but of his noble and illustrious daughter, to beget of her honourable heirs; but there was no delay before Aganippus took the maid in marriage; and no one in that age beheld a maid so fair and so wise as she.

"After a length of time had elapsed, and Llyr was beginning to be feeble from age, his sons-in-law came with his two daughters, and subdued the island from one sea to the other, and they divided the island and the government between them two. This was after the deluge, 1460 years. Thereupon, Maglon, prince of Scotland, took the king to him, with forty knights in his train, to be maintained at his own charge. But

* The Welsh name for Scotland, used in the original, is Alban, from whence came the Albany of Shakespeare. The name of the prince, however, as appears from the sequel, was Maglon, and the prince of Cornwall was named Henwyn.

two years were scarcely concluded, before Goronilla grew displeased on account of her father's retinue; and she came to him, and desired that he would dismiss the whole of such retinue except twenty knights, observing, that that number was sufficient for a person who was not concerned in wars, or any weighty affairs. Thereupon, Llyr became enraged with his daughter for slighting him to such a degree, and he quitted the court of Maglon, and repaired to that of Henwyn, prince of Cornwall, expecting to have his dignity and rank better supported there than in the court of Maglon. And Henwyn received him joyfully, and treated him honourably, as he ought. But a year and a month had not quite elapsed before Regan, his daughter, grew angry with him on account of the greatness of his train, and desired him to send away the whole thereof, except five knights, and declared, that she would maintain only so many in his retinue, and which she deemed sufficient. After he had been obliged to dismiss his knights, he became grieved for the loss of his former dignity, and he returned a second time to his eldest daughter, expecting that she would have compassion on him, and would preserve him his dignity. And, thereupon, she swore by the powers of heaven and earth, that she would maintain only one knight with him, and that was enough for her to do, as the knights of her lord were at his command. And, since he could obtain nothing by his entreaties, he sent away all his knights excepting one, who continued with him. Then, after meditating upon his former rank, which he had lost, he became oppressed with cares, and sorrowful almost unto death. The words of his daughters and their professions came upon his mind; and thereupon he knew, that what was said to him by Cordeilla, his daughter, was true, and, according to his prosperity, his power, and his courage, would he be beloved.

"On this, he bethought himself, that he would visit Cordeilla, his daughter, to implore her mercy, and to see if he could obtain any kind of assistance from her, towards recovering his dominion. And, after he had gone off to sea with three attendants, bewailing his affliction and wretchedness, he exclaimed, with weeping and groaning, after this manner:—'Oh, heavens! why did ye exalt me to the summit of honour, since it is more painful to remember honour, after it is lost, than to suffer want without the experience of prosperity! Gods of heaven and earth! let the time yet arrive, when I may be able to retaliate upon the persons who have reduced me to this distress. Ah! Cordeilla! my beloved daughter, how truly didst thou say to me—as my power, and my possessions, and my wealth, might be, so should I be respected; and, for what thou didst speak, I became offended

with thee. Oh! my beloved daughter! in what way shall I be able, for shame, to approach thee now, after having suffered thee to go away from the isle of Britain so destitute as I have done?' Continuing to lament his pain and wretchedness in this manner, he came near to Paris, the city wherein his daughter was; and he sent a messenger to her to announce that he was coming,—a poor, weak, afflicted man, to implore her mercy to see her. When she heard this, she wept, and enquired how many knights there were with him. The messenger declared, there was but one squire: she then wept more bitterly than before, and sent him gold and silver, desiring that he should go privately as far as Amiad,* or to some other city that he might think proper, to take perfumes, and baths, and precious ornaments, and to change his condition, his ornaments and garments, and to take with him forty knights, in the same dress as himself. And, when they should be completed and ready, he was to send a messenger to Aganippus, king of France, to announce to him his coming, after having been disgracefully expelled by his two sons-in-law from the isle of Britain, and to implore his aid to regain possession of his dominions.

"All that did Llyr do, as Cordeilla his daughter had desired him. And, when the messenger came to announce to the king, that Llyr was coming to have an interview with him, he was rejoiced; and he came to meet him with a fair and splendid retinue, to a great distance from the city, proceeding till Llyr met him; and, thereupon, they alighted, and embraced affectionately, and proceeded to Paris. And there they dwelt together for a long time, happily and joyfully. When the disgrace of Llyr, in the isle of Britain, was told to Aganippus, he was greatly affected; and thereupon, it was agreed in council to assemble the armies of France, and to subdue the island again. And then, Aganippus gave the government of France to Llyr, whilst he should be assembling the remote parts. When their forces and necessaries were ready, it was agreed in council to send Cordeilla with Llyr, lest the French should not be obedient to Llyr. And Aganippus commended the French, as they valued their souls, and at their peril, to be as obedient to Llyr and to his daughter as they would be to himself.

"When they had taken leave, they set off towards the isle of Britain. And against them came Maglon, prince of Scotland, and Henwyn, prince of Cornwall, with all their power, and fought gallantly and severely with them; but, owing to the French being so numerous, it did not avail them, for they were put to flight and pursued, and a multitude of them slain.

* It seems doubtful what town is here meant, unless it be Amiens.

And Llyr and his daughter subdued the island before the end of the year, from one sea to another, and chased his two sons-in-law away out of the island.

"And, after the isle of Britain had been conquered by Llyr, a messenger came from France, to inform Cordeilla of the death of Aganippus; and she took that very heavily to heart, and from thenceforth she preferred dwelling in the isle of Britain, with her father, than return to France on her dowry. Whereupon, after they had reduced the island to them, they governed it for a long time in peace and quietness until Llyr died. And, after his death, he was honourably buried in a temple, which he had himself built in Caer Llyr, under the river Soram, to the honour of some god, who was called *Janus Bifrons*. And, upon the festival of that temple, all the craftsmen of the city used to come to honour it, and then they would begin every work, that was to be taken in hand to the conclusion of the year.

"After the decease of Llyr, Cordeilla took the government of the isle of Britain; and she managed it for five years in peace and tranquillity, and in the sixth year rose her two nephews, sons of her sisters, who were young men of great fame, namely, Margan, the son of Maglon, prince of Scotland, and Cunedda, the son of Henwyn, prince of Cornwall. And they assembled an army, and made war on Cordeilla; and, after frequent conflicts between them, they subdued the island, and took her and confined her in prison. And, when she thought of her former grandeur, which she had lost, and there remained no hopes that she should be again restored, out of excessive anguish she killed herself, which was done by stabbing herself with a knife under her breast, so that she lost her soul. And, thereupon, it was adjudged, that it was the foulest death of any for a person to kill himself. This happened a thousand and five hundred years after the deluge."

It can scarcely be necessary to notice the various parts of this story, which have not been preserved in the tragedy, as they must be sufficiently obvious to all readers of Shakespeare, as must those passages in the play which have been engrafted upon the original; such, for instance, are the episode of Gloucester and his sons, taken from Sydney's "Arcadia," and the character of the Steward, borrowed from the "Mirrour of Magistrates." It may be requisite, however, to remark, that the poet has not adhered to the genuine story in killing Cordelia as he has done, during the life of her father, on which account Tate's version has the merit, not only of being more consonant, as Johnson properly observes, but also of being more faithful to the original.

A MELANCHOLY FANCY.—By Dr. Sineroes.

Canst lead me to a plot of ground
Whose face the sun did never mask in green,
Or never step of human foot was seen;
Where the shrill lark never called up the morn;
Where night's sweet pearls of dew were never worn;
Where never beasts, but toads and adders, fed;
Where day's white silver beams were never spread;
Where never Satyr danc'd the grassy ring;
Where nought but serpents hiss and screech-owls sing?
O! could'st thou bring me thither,
Where grief and I might live and die together!

Lansdown MSS. No. 777.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO.

The story, on which Shakespeare's Tragedy of Othello is founded, is taken from Cynthio's novels, the seventh in the third decade. Whence Shakespeare obtained the name of Othello cannot now be ascertained, as no English translation of this work, so early as the time of Shakespeare, is known. There is a French translation of Cynthio, by Gabriel Chappreys, printed at Paris in 1584, which is, however, not a faithful one; but it is probable that this was the medium through which it came into English. That many small and interesting pamphlets have been lost between that time and the present, cannot be doubted; and, if there was an English translation of this novel, it must have been among the number.

In *God's Revenge against Adultery*, by John Reynolds, History the Eighth, there is an argument of his, as follows: "She marries *Othello*, an old German soldier." In this history, also, which professes to be an Italian one, the name of *Iago* occurs. It may perhaps be urged, that those names were adopted from the tragedy before us; but every reader, in the least conversant with the peculiar style and method in which the work of honest John Reynolds is composed, will acquit him of even the slightest familiarity with the scenes of Shakespeare.

The date of the occurrence of the story, on which this play is founded, may be ascertained from the following circumstances: Selymus the Second formed his design against Cyprus in 1569, and took it in 1571. This was the only

attempt the Turks ever made upon that island after it came into the hands of the Venetians, (which was in the year 1473,) wherefore the time must have been in some part of that interval. We learn from the play, that there was a junction of the Turkish fleet at Rhodes, in order to the invasion of Cyprus. These are real historical facts, which happened when Mustapha, Selymus's general, attacked Cyprus in May 1570, which must have been in the time of the play.

TRUE HISTORY OF MACBETH.

ABOUT the lineage and station of Macbeth, whose misdeeds have been dramatized, writers have written variously, as their purposes were either narrative or dramatic. The fabulous Boece was the first, who said, that Macbeth's father was thane of Angus, and married Doada, the second daughter of Malcolm II. Buchanan, without inquiry, adopted the fables of Boece, Holinshed followed Boece, as to the station of Macbeth, and Shakespeare repeated the echoes of Holinshed. The more veracious Wyntown calls Macbeth the thane of *Crumbachty*, which is the Gaelic name of Cromarty: and in the well-known story of the Weird Sisters, the chronicler makes the first witch hail Macbeth thane of Crumbachty; the second, thane of Moray; and the third, king. These intimations lead directly up to the several fictions of Boece, Holinshed, and Shakespeare. Macbeth was, by birth, the thane of Ross; by marriage with the Lady Gruoch, the thane of Moray; and, by his crimes, the king of Scots. Finley, as we may learn from Torfæus, was maormor, or, as the Norwegian historian calls him, *jarl* of Ross, who, at the commencement of the eleventh century, carried on a vigorous war, in defence of his country, against the incursions of that powerful vikingr, Sigurd, the earl of Orkney and Caithness. With his dominions, the district of Finley was contiguous, while the country of Angus lay, southward, at a great distance. Finley lost his life about 1020, in some hostile conflict with Malcolm II. This fact alone evinces, that Finley would scarcely have fought with his wife's father, if he had been the husband of Doada. The Lady Gruoch, when driven from her castle by the cruel fate of her husband, the maormor of Moray, naturally fled, with her infant son, Lulach, into the neighbouring country of Ross, which was then ruled by Macbeth, who married her, during the reign of Duncan. We have now seen distinctly, that Macbeth was maormor of Ross,

the son of Finley, and the grandson of Rory, or Roderick; and that he was the husband of Gruoch, who was the daughter of Boedhe, and the grand-daughter of Kenneth IV. Macbeth thus united in himself all the power which was possessed by the partizans of Kenneth IV., all the influence of the lady Gruoch, and of her son Lulach, together with the authority of maormor of Ross, but not of Angus. With all these powers, in addition to his own character for address and vigour, Macbeth became superior to Duncan and the partisans of his family. Macbeth had to avenge the wrongs of his wife, and to resent, for himself, the death of his father. The superiority of Macbeth, and the weakness of Duncan, were felt, when the unhappy king expiated the crimes of his fathers, by "his most sacrilegious murder;" and Macbeth hastily marched to Scone, where he was inaugurated as the king of Scots, supported by the clans of Moray and Ross, and applauded by the partisans of Kenneth IV. If Macbeth had been in fact, what fiction has supposed, the son of the second daughter of Malcolm, his title to the throne would have been preferable to the right of Duncan's son, according to the Scottish constitution, from the earliest epoch of the monarchy. Whatever defect there may have been in his title to the sullied sceptre of his unhappy predecessor, he seems to have been studious to make up for it, by a vigorous and beneficent administration. He even practised the hospitality, which gives shelter to the fugitive. During his reign, plenty is said to have abounded; justice was administered; the chieftains, who would have raised disturbances, were either overawed by his power, or repressed by his valour. Yet, injury busied herself in plotting vengeance. Crian, the abbot of Dunkeld, who, as the father of Duncan, and the grandfather of his sons, must have been now well-stricken in years, put himself at the head of the friends of Duncan, and made a gallant, but unsuccessful attempt, to restore them to their rights. The odious crime, however, by which Macbeth acquired his authority, seems to have haunted his most prosperous moments. He tried, by distributing money at Rome, by largesses to the clergy, and by charity to the poor, to obtain relief from "the affliction of those terrible dreams that did shake him nightly." Macbeth, and the lady Gruoch, his wife, gave the lands of Kirkness, and also the manor of Bolgy, to the Culdees of Lochleven. Yet, the friendship of the pope, and the support of the clergy, did not ensure Macbeth a quiet reign. His rigour increased with his sense of insecurity. The injuries of Macduff, the maormor of Fife, constantly prompted the son of Duncan to attempt the redress of their wrongs. With the approbation,

perhaps by the command, of Edward the Confessor, Siward, the potent earl of Northumberland, and the relation of Malcolm, conducted a numerous army into Scotland, during the year 1054. The Northumbrians, led by Siward and his son Osbert, penetrated, probably, to Dunsinane. In this vicinity, were they confronted by Macbeth, when a furious conflict ensued. The numbers of the slain evince the length of the battle, and the bravery of the combatants. Osbert was slain: yet Macbeth, after all his efforts of valour, and vigour of conduct, was overcome. He retired into the north, where he had numerous friends, and where he might find many fastnesses Siward returned into Northumberland, and died, at York, in 1055. Meantime, Macbeth continued his bloody contest with Malcolm: and this uncommon character was at length slain, at Lumphanan, on the 5th of December, 1056, by the hand of the injured Macduff.

EXTEMPORE LINES TO A PINT POT.

Old poets Hippocrene admire,
And pray to water to inspire
Their muse's birth and heavenly fire;
Had they this seemly fountain seen,
Sack both their drink and muse had been,
And this pint pot their Hippocrene.

Had truly they considered it,
They had, like me, thought it unfit
To pray to water for their wit;
But had ador'd sack as divine,
And made a poet, god of wine;
Then this pint pot had been a shrine.

Sack unto them had been, instead
Of Nectar, and the heavenly bread,
And every boy a Ganymede;
And had they made a god of it,
And styled it patron of their wit,
This pot had been a temple fit.

Well then, companions, is't not fit,
Since to this gem we owe our wit,
That we should praise the cabinet,
And drink a health to this divine
And bounteous palace of our wine?
Die he of thirst that doth repine.

A Collection of Poems, chiefly of the 17th century, in the Lansdown MSS. No. 777.

SUPPLEMENT TO GRAY'S ELEGY IN A CHURCH YARD.

(From an American Paper.)

THE celebrated Elegy in a Church-yard, by Gray, is well known, and justly admired by every one who has the least pretensions to taste. But with all its polish, and deep poetic beauty and feeling, it always appeared to me to be defective, and I have met with a remark in Cecil's Remains, to the same effect. Amid a scene so well calculated to awaken in a pious mind reflections on the sublime truths and inspiring hopes of Christianity, Gray, with the exception of two or three somewhat equivocal expressions, says scarcely a word which might not have been said by one who believed that "death was an eternal sleep," and who was disposed to regard the humble tenants of those tombs as indeed "each in his narrow cell *for ever* laid." With these views I have regretted, that sentiments similar to the following had not sprung up in the heart, and received the exquisite touches of the classic pen of Gray. I do not offer them to *supply* the deficiency. This would be as presumptuous and hopeless an attempt, as that of the English artists to repair the mutilations which time or accident had occasioned among the inimitable relics of Grecian genius. They might, with great propriety, have followed the stanza, beginning "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife."

"No airy dreams their simple fancies fired,
No thirst for wealth, nor panting after fame;
But truth divine, sublimer hopes inspired,
And urged them onward to a nobler aim.

"From every cottage, with the day arose
The hallowed voice of spirit-breathing prayer;
And artless anthems, at its peaceful close,
Like holy incense, charmed the evening air.

" Though they, each tome of human lore unknown,
The brilliant path of science never trod,
The sacred volume claimed their hearts alone,
Which taught the way to glory and to God.

" Here they from truth's eternal fountain drew
The pure and gladdening waters day by day;
Learnt, since our days are evil, fleet, and few,
To walk in wisdom's bright and peaceful way.

" In yon lone pile, o'er which hath sternly pass'd
The heavy hand of all-destroying Time,
Through whose low mouldering isles now sighs the blast,
And round whose altars grass and ivy climb:

" They gladly thronged, their grateful hymns to raise,
Oft as the calm and holy Sabbath shone;
The mingled tribute of their prayers and praise,
In sweet communion rose before the throne.

" Here, from those honoured lips, which sacred fire
From Heaven's high chancery hath touched, they hear
Truths which their zeal inflame, their hopes inspire,
Give wings to faith, and check affliction's tear.

" When life flowed by, and, like an angel, Death
Came to release them to the world on high,
Praise trembled still on each expiring breath,
And holy triumph beamed from every eye.

" Then gentle hands their " dust to dust" consign;
With quiet tears, the simple rites are said,
And here they sleep, till at the trump divine,
The earth and ocean render up their dead.

" Rhode Island, America."

Notwithstanding the modesty, which has prevented the author from claiming for these lines more than the merit of suggesting what is wanting in Gray's admirable Elegy, they accord so well with it both in elevation of sentiment, and force of diction, as to form of themselves no inappropriate supplement. It will not do, however, to intercalate them into the Elegy at the part suggested by the author, nor indeed any where else;

for though the thoughts are not in opposition to those of Gray, they do not, *in terms*, sufficiently chime in with them. Besides, with all its faults, the work of Gray is one which should be held sacred.

BULL AGAINST WIGS.

THE Papal dignity has sometimes condescended to interfere in affairs of very trifling importance; such was the war of Benedict XIII. against the wigs of the clergy. On the 20th of December, 1724, he published a bull, of which the following is an extract: "Statuit et mandat, ne ullus sacerdos, aut sacris initiatus, aut etiam clericus primæ tonsuræ, comam, quæ frontem auresque tegat, nutriat, multo minus peruccâ utatur, sub pœnâ, toties quoties transgrediuntur, decem scutorum, illico operibus et locis piis applicandorum, necnon incarcerationis totidem dierum." Ten days' imprisonment for wearing a wig! Let hair-dressers venerate this chieftain of the infallible church.

COMMISSIONS FOR THE TRIALS OF HENRY THE SIXTH AND THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

THE two following extraordinary commissions, which were issued in the reign of Edward IV. shew the wretched state in which justice was administered in England in the fifteenth century. The first commission is directed to Richard, earl of Warwick, surnamed the King-maker, to preside as lord high steward on a very singular occasion,—no other than that of the trial of a KING REGNANT; and for no less a crime than than that of murder. The monarch thus accused was Henry VI. who was afterwards barbarously murdered in the Tower of London by Richard, (afterwards king Richard III.) at the instigation of his brother, king Edward. The commission is dated Dec. 3, A.D. 1461; 1 Edward IV.: and the preamble is as follows:

"Quod in processu ejusdem actûs adversus et contrà tam HENR. nuper de facto et non de jure regem *Angl.* adversarium inimicum nostrum, quam quodam alios rebelles nostros, aliosque qui prænobilem principem et patrem nostrum *Ricardum*, nuper ducem *Eborum*, apud *Wakefield*, crudelissimè et

prædictorie murdraverunt et interfecerunt, IN PRÆSENTI PARLIAMENTO NOSTRO auctoritate ejusdem parliamenti fiendi."

(Translation.)

"Whereas, it is intended to proceed in the present parliament, by authority of the same, as well against HENRY, late in fact, but not in right, king of England, our avowed mortal enemy, as against other rebels and others our subjects, who murdered and slew the most noble prince and our father, Richard, late duke of York, at Wakefield."

The other commission is directed to Henry, duke of Buckingham, to preside as lord high steward, *for the sole* purpose of seeing execution done on George, late duke of Clarence, the king's own brother, who stood convicted and attainted, by the then parliament, of treason committed against the royal person. The reasons assigned by the monarch for awarding execution against the duke, is a futile attempt in extenuation of one of the most cruel fratricides ever recorded. The commission is dated February 7, A. D. 1477-8, 17 Edward IV. and contains among other matter, the following remarkable passage:

"Nos considerantes, quod justicia est virtus excellens per quam regna prosperantur, reges et principes regnant et gubernant, omnino bonum regimen politia et bonum publicum manutenantur et supportantur, quam virtutem ad Dei complacenciam præ aliquâ carnali affectione sequi et eâ uti intendimus ut debimus, multoque magis pro eo quod vinculo conscientiæ nostræ, et per solempne juramentum erga Deum sub pœnâ perpetuæ dampnationis, primo, pro securitate personæ nostræ regiæ et exitus nostri, secundario pro tranquillitate et defensione ecclesiæ Christi infra regnum nostrum *Angl.* et tertio pro bono publico, pace et tranquillitate regni nostri prædicti ac dominorum et nobilium, et tocius communitatis ejusdem cujuscunque gradus et condicionis existant, necnon in evitatione effusionis sanguinis Christiani prospicere constringimur, *licet propinquitas sanguinis, et internus et teneris amor quem ad prælatum* Georgium *in teneri ætate suâ habuimus et jerebamus, nos ad contrarium naturaliter movent et exhortant.*"

(Translation.)

"WE, considering that *justice* is an *excellent virtue*, by which kingdoms prosper, kings and princes reign and govern, and

all good rule, policy, and the public welfare, are maintained and supported; which virtue, so acceptable to God himself, we intend, as we ought, to follow and practise in preference to any other carnal affection; and the more so, as we are bound by the tie of conscience, and liable from our solemn appeal to God, to perpetual damnation; first, we are obliged to provide for the security of our royal person, and of our issue; secondly, for the tranquillity and defence of Christ's church, within our kingdom of England; and thirdly, for the safety of the public weal, the peace and quiet of our aforesaid kingdom, and of the lords and nobility, and of the whole community, of every degree and condition; and lastly, in order to avoid the shedding of Christian blood. Notwithstanding, therefore, the nearness of propinquity, and the internal and tender love which we had and bore to the aforesaid George in his infancy, his crimes now naturally induce and provoke us to act the contrary part."

KNIGHTS OF THE POST.

THERE is a curious old black letter tract in the British Museum, printed at London in 1597, and entitled

"The Discouerie of the Knights of the Poste: or, the Knights of the Poste, or Common Baylers, newly Descried. Wherein is shewed, and plainly laid open, many leude actions, and subtill deuises, which are daily practised by them, to the great abuse of most honourable counselers, learned judges, and other graue maiestrates, and also to the defrauding and utter undoing of a greate number of her Maiestie's good and loyal subiects."

IN this tract there is a full exposure of the mock bailers, or, as they were then called, the "Knights of the Post," who will be found to have differed very little from those of our own day. The pamphlet is in the form of a dialogue, which two travellers, journeying the same way, who had formerly known each other, are supposed to enter into. One of them says:

"But hearest thou, Goodcoll? I pray thee, say: how doe all our ancient acquaintance, ye good oath-takers, or common baylers, alias the knights of the poste, the lords of Lob's Bound, and heires apparant to the pillory; who are as ready to baile men out of prison, being then well pleased for their paines, as Tiron is in playing the traitor without causes."

"Tush!" quoth Goodcoll; "that fraternity of falsehood, and fellowship of fraud, doth never lightly pass out of the old byas: they are all in health, though void of honesty; some are at liberty to seeke a dinner where they can get it, and some, to spare shoe-leather, lie in prison. L. that old lad, is foorthcoming, though not coming forth, having the privilege to walke his stations in one of the counters in London, and so are divers others of the same profession."

The "Knight of the Post" is thus described: "In his attire he is neat and fine, and in his speech stately, with a long piccadevant after the French cut, and of a stately countenance." Some of these knights are said to be likely to "live till shame either prefers them to the pillory, or misery ende their daies," and of one of them we have the following quaint account: "But as concerning olde father C. why, man, hee is aulde suresby, as trustie as steele, and one that alwaies helpes at a dead lift; for after he hath smug'd up himselfe in his borrowed apparell, with his great seale ring on his finger, of pure copper and gilt, when he comes to baile a man before a judge, being demanded if hee be a subsidie man or no, straight answers, that it shall please your good lordshippe, I have been a subsidy man this twenty winters and upwards. And then he sweares that he was seized at five pounds in the queen's books the last sessment of the subsidie; and furder affirms it on his credit, which is as good in Cheapside as it is at the pudding-pyhouse, where they will not trust him for twopence." They are stated to change their names frequently, and seldom give their residence, for "if they shoulde not change their names, and like Proteus turn their shapes sometimes, they would often be had by the backe for their knavery."

The title of "Knights of the Post" has, in modern times, received a more enlarged application; but even as far back as 1657, during the protectorate of Cromwell, the newer sort of knights appears to have come under the notice of the legislature. An act was then passed for "punishing of such persons as live at high rates, and have no visible estate, profession, or calling, answerable thereunto." The preamble recites, that "Whereas divers lewd and dissolute persons in this commonwealth live at very high rates and great expenses, having no visible estate, &c. to maintain themselves in their licentious, loose, and ungodly practices, but make it their trade and livelihood to cheat, deboyst, cozen, and deceive the young gentry, and the other good people of this commonwealth: be it enacted, &c." The authority given to magistrates under the

act was curious. Every justice of peace, mayor, or other head officer, might issue his warrant to bring such persons before him, and require bail for his appearance at the next general sessions, or in default of such bail, send him to prison, till it was provided. They were then to be indicted at the said sessions, "for living at high rates and great expenses, having no visible estate, profession, or calling, answerable thereunto:" and upon conviction, they were to be sent to the house of correction, and kept to hard labour for three months. Upon a second conviction for the same offence, they were to be committed as aforesaid, and detained till discharged by the justices in open sessions.

NATURALIZATION OF THE SCOTS.

In the reign of queen Elizabeth, an order was issued to the lord mayor, aldermen, &c. of London, to make the strictest scrutiny throughout their several wards, and draw up an exact list of the names of all the foreigners residing therein, classed under their respective nations or provinces. From the return to this order, it appears that the number of Scots then residing in London, was only forty! When a Scottish king, however, succeeded Elizabeth on the throne, the number of Scotsmen who flocked hither, as to another land of promise, increased with amazing rapidity; and it became at length a question before parliament, about admitting them to the benefits of naturalization. The proposition, as may naturally be supposed, gave rise to much discussion in both houses of parliament, particularly in the House of Commons, before which it came on the 14th of February, 1606. Mr. Fuller began the debate. The principal grounds of his argument were. "That God had made people fit for every country; some for a cold, some for a hot climate; and those several countries he hath adapted to their several natures and qualities. All grounds are not fit for one kind of grain; but some for oats, some for wheat, &c. Suppose one man is owner of two pastures, with one hedge to divide them, the one pasture bare, the other fertile and good. A wise owner will not pull down the hedge, but make gates to let the cattle in and out at pleasure; otherwise they will rush in in multitudes, and much against their will return. That the union was no more than two arms of one body. But before they be admitted, it is proper to consider what place and room we have for them. Look into the Universities; there you will find many of our own very

worthy men not preferred. Our English merchants adventure; they go to sea with great vessels, freighted at a great charge; the others with little vessels at a small charge. The Scotch carry their wares in other countries up and down in packs; and by these means have taken away all the trade from Dieppe already. Our traders are too many already, and there are impositions upon the English, from which the Scotch are discharged. The navy of Scotland is so weak as to be *in miserecordium* with the meanest force. The care of a sovereign prince is, that his subjects live under him '*honestè, tutè, pacificè et jucundè.*' That country is miserable where the greatest men are exceeding rich, the poor men exceeding poor, and no mean, no proportion between both. Tenants of two manors; whereof the one hath woods, fisheries, liberties, commons of estorvers, &c.—the other, a bare common, without profit; only a little turf or the like. The owner maketh a grant, that the tenants of this shall be participants of the profits, &c. of the former. This beareth some shew of equity, but is plain wrong, and the grant void. The king cannot make a single village in one, to be parcel of another county. He cannot make a parcel of one kingdom parcel of another, being distinct kingdoms. If king Philip of Spain had had a son by queen Mary, he would have been king of Spain, Sicily, &c. Was it proper to naturalize those subjects? It cannot be good to mingle two swarms of bees under one hive on the sudden. When the Jews were in captivity, and were moved to mirth, and sing songs, they could not forget Jerusalem. 'Let their right hand forget their left,' &c. And when Abraham and Lot were brethren, Abraham said, 'Go thou to the right hand, and I will go to the left,' &c. So they divided, and either took that part which was fittest for him."

Mr. Wentworth and Mr. Moore followed, and though they did not object entirely to the naturalization of the Scots, "yet" said they, "if we naturalize them, it is necessary to have many cautions; cautions for ecclesiastical promotions, cautions for our lands and for our trades."

Sir Francis (afterwards Lord) Bacon, spoke at great length and with great ability, in favour of the naturalization of the Scots, not so much on legal grounds, but as a matter of convenience; and as a "sign to all the world of our love towards them, and agreement with them."

In the course of the discussion of this subject, one member was committed to the tower for making some severe reflections on the Scots: this was Sir Christopher Piggott, one of

the members for the county of Buckingham. Speaking of the naturalization, he said, "Let us not join murderers, thieves, and the roguish Scots, with the well-deserving Scots. There is as much difference between them as between a judge and a thief. He would speak his conscience, without flattery of any creature whatsoever. They have not suffered above two kings to die in their beds these two hundred years. Our king James hath hardly escaped them; they have attempted him.* Now he is come from among them, let us free him from such attempts hereafter." Although this speech excited much surprise in the house, yet it passed without censure, until, in consequence of a message from the king, blaming the neglect of the house, Sir Christopher Piggott was expelled the house and committed to the tower, where he remained some time.

"WE HAVE A DOUGLAS YET."

A Dialogue.

THE following lively effusion on the result of the famous Douglas, cause appeared immediately after that event in several of the Scottish newspapers. It has strong claims to preservation, not only for its natural simplicity and humour, but as a picture of the general exultation with which the success of "The Douglas" was hailed by the Scottish nation at large. The author is unknown. It was introduced by the following extract from a letter dated, Lochwinoch, April 17, 1769.

——"And we too, the inhabitants of this village, rejoiced exceedingly to hear that Mr. Douglas was——*his mother's son!* Our sayings and doings upon this occasion, were many, great, and various. A modern quarto could not contain the half of them. I send you only one scene betwixt two of *our old women*. It was taken down with care by an able hand who was ear-witness of the confabulation.

"I am, &c."

DIALOGUE.

(Elspeth sola, looking through a broken pane of her window.)

What can a' this mean? The bells fa'n a ringen! the drums fa'n a beatten! the pipes fa'n a playen! the colours flyen! and a' the folk, young and auld, rinnen wi' their guns! What can it be? I hae seen nae sic sight, nae sic hurly-burly,

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* Alluding to the Gowry conspiracy.

sin Marr's year!* It canna be the king o' France and the Pretender landed again, for the folks are a' in a joyfu' mood. It maun be some rejoicing about the King of Prussia. It canna be that neither, for its lang sin we heard aught aboot him. Pauli may hae beat the French, or eablens Wilks, that sinfu' fallow, hang'd himsel. It maun surely be some kind o' news frae our laird at parliament. Wives, weans, lads, lasses, auld and young, a' o' fit!

Enter Janet.

Jan. (To herself as she enters.) That was ane and a half wi' a witness! Awa' wi' my whiskey! Awa' wi' the tow frae my very rock! The very carded tow frae my rock! But heal be his heart, he is ay for his kintry. *(To Elspeth.)* I'm e'en, Elspeth, comen hirplen ben wi' my cards to clawt the knaps out o' a pickle mair o't. What a souple trick, trow ye, has that loon, Rab-my-oye,† played me? Is he nae aff wi' my tow for colfin, and to the cross wi' my graybeard o' whiskey?

Els. Wi' your graybeard o' whiskey, say ye?

Jan. Ay, wi' my three-pint graybeard o' whiskey, and in a guid hour to drink the parliament and *Douglas,* wha has win his plea.

Els. Say ye me sae? Say ye me sae, woman? Has Douglas win his plea? Has the parliament at London gi'en Douglas his plea! Fair fa' them! Fair fa' them, Janet! Oh, Janet, Janet, fair fa' them! *(Weeps.)* Oh Janet, Janet, Janet!

Jan. O Elspeth, yes! O dear ay, yes! Douglas has e'en at last got the better o' them! Ah Elspeth! Poor man! Ay, aye! *(both weep.)*

Els. O Janet!

Jan. O Elspeth!

Els. Janet, Janet, ay, ay!

Jan. Yes, Elspeth! O ay woman! ay ay! you and I ha'e seen auld times! Monny monny changes! monny changes!

Els. Ay, changes, woman! But O ye ha'e gi'en me a glad heart! Is it true? Can it be true? I fear it meikle!

Jan. True! As true's the sin's in the lift. It's in black and white frae Edinburgh.

Els. Black and white frae Edinburgh! frae Edinburgh, say ye? We manna think a's gospel that comes *now* frae Edinburgh. Baith his father and mither war ta'en fra him, woman, at Edinburgh!‡

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* Rebellion of 1715.

† Grandson.

‡ The Court of Session had decided against his legitimacy.

Jan. That's o'er true, Elspeth; but there's guid and ill in Edinburgh, as well's in ither spats. I hae some liking yet for Edinburgh, for a' that's happened, tho' I ne'er saw it. Our kings lived there, woman; and our John's plea about the maillen is there, ye ken. He has win it, woman, nae fewer than nine times! But was na't droll, that ere it had been there twa months, his ain man o' law threeped his name was Andrew! Andrew was Arthur's second son. The land, ye ken was neither conquest nor purchase, but heretage; for it came by Arthur's step-father's brither Thomas, and sae fa's to the auld son, and had our John been Andrew, he would ne'er ha'e seen a hair o't.

Els. Gin ye lose as aft's ye ha'e win, ye'll rue that e'er ye tried it. But O, Janet, are ye sure Douglas has win?

Jan. Scripture, Elspeth! downright scripture! *(a volley at the cross)* Do ye hear that? Do ye hear them now?

Els. The guns! Huzza! huzza! huzza! The drums! Thank heaven there's still a Douglas in our land. O how I like the king, the parliament, and the gallant name of Douglas! But was na't a filthy trick to take awa' the eleven days?* That was a wicked thing, Janet; that was a wicked thing, to change our terms, our fairs, our markets; to change the very Sunday to anither day! I wish the land may be forgi'en. I now heartily forgi'e them. Douglas, Douglas, makes up for a'!

Jan. But, Elspeth, what shall I tell ye? Was nae Piercie his steeve friend?

Els. Piercie, quothye? Piercie his friend? Eh! woman, was na that brave, gallant, o' noble Piercie? Let it ne'er be heard that Piercie proved his friend, when Scotland proved his fae! But come, cast awa' your cards, and lets ha'e a pint to the king, parliament, and noble name o' Douglas; nor shall we forget Piercie, his gallant friend. *(A cheer at the cross.)* Huzza! huzza! huzza! *(Elspeth repeats after them.)* Three huzzas, Janet. Bless their honest sauls! A's right now; this kintry will yet stand! I now forgi'e the very Union itsel! But, Janet, let's first hirple out and see the fun, then we shall ha'e a warm bicker o' the best o't. *(In going out, both sing in turn.)*

"Lord DOUGLAS on a milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shone like gold, &c."

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* Alluding to the alteration from the old to the new style.

MARRIAGE VOW.

THE matrimonial ceremony, like many others, has undergone some variation in the progress of time. Upwards of three centuries ago, the husband, on taking his wife, as now, by the right hand, thus addressed her; "I. N. *undersygne* the N. for my wedded wyfe, for beter, for worse, for richer, for porer, yn sekness, and in helthe, tyl dethe us departe, (not "do part," as we have erroneously rendered it, the ancient meaning of "departe," even in Wickliffe's time, being "separate") as holy churche hath ordeyned, and thereto I plygth the my trowthe." The wife replies in the same form, with an additional clause, "to be buxom to the, tyl dethe us departe." So it appears in the first edition of the "Missals for the use of the famous and celebrated Church of Hereford, 1502," fol. In what is called the *Salisbury Missal*, the lady pronounced a more general obedience, "to be bonere* and buxom in bedde and at the borde." Edit. Wayland, 1554. 4to. *Dibdin's Bibliographical Decameron.*

MONOPOLY OF THE LIONS.

THE custom of going to see the lions at the Tower, prevailed more than a hundred years ago; when the following intimation was issued: "All persons whom it may concern are desired to take notice, that the master keeper of his majesty's lion office, in the Tower of London, is informed, that several persons do expose to publick view several wild beasts against his majesty's prerogative royal, and a prohibition given and published to the contrary is in the words following, 'That no person whatsoever (except Thomas Dymocke, and the keeper of his majesty's lions for the time being) do, for the future, carry abroad, or expose to publick view, for their own private gain, any lions, lionesses, leopards, or any other beasts which are *ferœ naturæ*, as they will answer the contrary at their perils.'"

Malcolm's Manners of London.

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* *Bonair*, French, whence our English "debonair," which sometimes means genteel, but at others cheerful, agreeable, good-tempered:

"Buxom, blythe, and debonair."

WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

TOWARDS the bottom of Highgate Hill, on the south side of the road, stands an upright stone, inscribed "Whittington's stone." This marks the situation of another stone on which Richard Whittington is traditionally said to have sat, when, having run away from his master, he rested to ruminate on his hard fate, and was urged to return back by a peal from Bow-bells, in the following distich:

"Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice lord mayor of London."

Certain it is, that Whittington served the office of lord mayor three times, *viz.* in the years 1398, 1406, and 1419. He also founded several public edifices and charitable institutions. Some idea of his wealth may be formed from the circumstance of his destroying bonds which he held of the king (Henry V.) to the amount of £60,000 sterling, in a fire of cinnamon, cloves, and other spices, which he had made, at an entertainment given to that monarch at Guildhall.

A similar anecdote to that of the destruction of the bonds, is related of a merchant, to whom Charles V. of Spain was indebted in a much larger sum; but, as Whittington lived long before that time, it is fair to suppose, that, if true at all, the story belongs to the London citizen.

The fable of the cat, by which Whittington is much better known than by his generosity to Henry V., is, however, borrowed from the East. Sir William Gore Ouseley, in his Travels, speaking of the origin of the name of an island in the Persian Gulf, relates, on the authority of a Persian MS. that, in the tenth century, one Keis, the son of a poor widow in Siráf, embarked for India, with his sole property, a cat: "There he fortunately arrived, at a time when the palace was so infested by mice or rats, that they invaded the king's food, and persons were employed to drive them from the royal banquet. Keis produced his cat, the noxious animals soon disappeared, and magnificent rewards were bestowed on the adventurer of Siráf, who returned to that city, and afterwards, with his mother and brothers, settled in the island, which, from him, has been denominated *Keis*, or, according to the Persians, *Keish*."

CITY HEIRESS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE following letter, written by the only daughter and heiress of Sir John Spencer, lord mayor of London, better known by the name of "Rich Spencer," furnishes a curious specimen of the state in which a rich city heiress of the sixteenth century expected to be maintained after her marriage with a branch of the nobility.

"My sweete Life,

"Now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your state, I supposed that it were best for me to bethink, or consider with myself, what allowance were meetest for me. For, considering what care I ever had of your estate, and how respectfully I dealt with those, which, by the laws of God, of nature, and civil polity, wit, religion, government, and honesty, you, my dear, are bound to, I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of £1600 *per ann.* quarterly to be paid.

"Also, I would (besides the allowance for my apparel) have £600 added yearly (quarterly to be paid) for the performance of charitable works, and those things I would not, neither will be accountable for.

"Also, I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow: none lend but I; none borrow but you.

"Also, I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick, or have some other lett. Also, believe that it is an indecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate.

"Also, when I ride a hunting, or hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending; so, for either of these said women, I must and will have for either of them a horse.

"Also, I will have six or eight gentlemen; and I will have my two coaches,—one lined with velvet, to myself, with four very fair horses, and a coach for my women, lined with cloth; one laced with gold, the other with scarlet, and laced with watch-lace and silver, with four good horses.

"Also, I will have two coachmen; one for my own coach, the other for my women's.

"Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed, not only carriages and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for all, or duly; not pestering my things with my women's, nor theirs with chambermaids', or their's with washmaids'.

"Also, for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away with the carriages, to see all safe; and the chamber-maids I will have go before with the grooms, that the chambers may be ready, sweet, and clean.

"Also, for that it is indecent to crowd up myself with my gentleman usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse to attend me either in city or country; and I must have two footmen; and my desire is, that you defray all the charges for me.

"And, for myself, (besides my yearly allowance,) I would have twenty gowns of apparel; six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six others of them very excellent good ones.

"Also, I would have put into my purse £2000 and £200, and so you to pay my debts.

"Also, I would have £6000 to buy me jewels, and £4000 to buy me a pearl chain.

"Now, seeing I have been and am so reasonable unto you, I pray you do find my children apparel, and their schooling; and all my servants, men and women, their wages.

"Also, I will have all my houses furnished, and all my lodging-chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit; as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such like. So, for my drawing-chamber, in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging.

"Also, my desire is, that you would pay your debts, build Ashby-house, and purchase lands, and lend no money (as you love God) to the lord chamberlain,* which would have all, perhaps your life, from you. Remember his son, my lord Waldon, what entertainment he gave me when you were at Tilt-yard. If you were dead, he said, he would marry me. I protest, I grieve to see the poor man have so little wit and honesty, to use his friends so vilely. Also, he fed me with untruths concerning the Charter-house; but that is the least: he wished me much harm; you know him. God keep you and me from him, and such as he is.

"So, now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what that is I would not have, I pray, when you be an earl, to allow me £1000 more than now desired, and double attendance."

"Your loving wife,
"ELIZA COMPTON."

Harleian MSS. 7003.

* Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk, made Lord Treasurer in 1613.

In Nelson's *History of Islington*, there are some interesting particulars respecting Sir John Spencer. It appears that he was a citizen and clothworker, alderman of the city of London, sheriff in 1583, and elected lord mayor at Michaelmas, 1594. He was possessed of much public spirit, loyalty, and patriotism; and in 1603, he lodged and splendidly entertained, at his town residence in Crosby-square, the French ambassador, the marquis Rosney, (afterwards duke of Sully,) and all his retinue. This eminent citizen died March 30, 1609. His funeral was attended by thousands of persons; and three hundred and twenty poor men had each a basket given them, containing "a blacke gown, four pounds of beef, two loaves of bread, a little bottle of wine, a candlestick, a pound of candles, two saucers, two spoons, a black pudding, a pair of gloves, a dozen of points, two red-herrings, four white-herrings, six sprats, and two eggs."*

Sir John Spencer is said to have died worth £800,000, including £130,000 in bonds; and this immense wealth, coming into the possession of lord Compton by his marriage with Sir John's only daughter, is said to have distracted his lordship. A pleasant anecdote is related of this match, which places the character of queen Elizabeth in a very amiable light. Sir John Spencer was so much incensed with the elopement of his daughter, who had gone off with lord Compton, that he totally discarded her, until a reconciliation took place by the interposition of queen Elizabeth. To effect this, a little stratagem is said to have been resorted to. When the matrimonial fruit was ripe, the queen requested that Sir John would, with her, stand sponsor to the first offspring of a young couple, happy in their love, but discarded by their father: the knight readily complied, and her majesty dictated his own surname for the Christian name of the child. The ceremony being performed, Sir John assured the queen, that, having discarded his own daughter, he should adopt this boy as his son. The parents of the child being now introduced, the knight, to his great surprise, discovered that he had adopted his own grandson; who ultimately succeeded his father in his honours, and his grandfather in his wealth.

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* Winwood's State Papers, Vol. III. p. 136.

"THE DESATIR."

In the course of the year 1819, a book was brought to this country from India, called "The Desatir, or Sacred Writings of the Persian Prophets." The title, "Desatir," signifies "Regulations;" and this work purports to be a collection of the writings of the Persian prophets, from Mahabud to the fifth Sasan, fifteen in number, of whom Zerdusht, or Zoroaster, is the thirteenth. Sasan the Fifth lived at the time that Cherroes, king of Persia, ravaged Palestine, and was guilty of the most dreadful cruelties against the Christians. Heraclius marched against him, and took from him the holy cross.

This book is by some persons called an imposture, and orientalists are divided in opinion as to its authenticity; but that a work, accounted sacred by the ancient and modern Persians, to which the Arabic name "Desatir" has been usually given, once existed, there can be no doubt; reference having been made to it by several Persian writers. It is equally certain, that one copy, at least, of the Desatir must have been extant in the year 1624; an author of that period having quoted from it several passages. Sir William Jones, one of the most accomplished scholars, and a profound orientalist, sensible of the value of this singular relic of antiquity, employed, but without success, the most diligent research to discover a copy. Whether the one accidentally found since his death, and which has been presented to the public, be, or be not authentic, is therefore the only question; and, notwithstanding the doubts urged against it, after the most strict examination of its external and internal evidence, it has been received as authentic by some of the most eminent oriental scholars in India.

The marquis of Hastings, in his address at the visitation of the college of Fort William, in the year 1816, after congratulating the literary world on the recovery of a work which had for some time been lost, speaks of it in the following terms: "The Desatir, which purports to be a collection of the elder Persian prophets, will be peculiarly an object of curiosity with the learned of Europe, as well as of this country; for it is unquestionably the only relic which exists of the literature of that period of Persian history which is familiar to us from its connection with the history of Greece."

The language of the Desatir is asserted to be the ancient Persian, the knowledge of which is lost, and which, but for the translation and commentary of the fifth Sasan into modern

Persian, could not have been understood. Although the latest of the Persian prophets mentioned in the Desatir lived upwards of three centuries before the Christian era, yet several passages in it bear a strong and extraordinary resemblance to passages in the scripture, and a striking allusion to the doctrine of Christianity, and the events connected with their propagation. The following reference to our Saviour is found in the commentary of Shet Sasan the First.

"For some established a code of laws among the Shudyars (Jews), and sought pre-eminence among that class. Thereafter, there was a man who called them all unto him, and said: 'I am the son of Yesdam.' At length they slew him, and thereafter his religion was published; and, at the present day, the Rumis are of his faith."

The following allusions to a future state of rewards and punishments are not less remarkable:

"The raptures thence arising, no transport of the lower world can equal, the tongue cannot express, nor the ear hear, nor the eye see such ecstasy.

"Mezdam separated man from the other animals by the distinction of a soul, which is a free and independent substance, without a body, or any thing material; indivisible, and without position, whereby he attaineth the glory of angels.

"If he doeth good in the elemental body, and possesseth useful knowledge, and acts aright; when he putteth off the inferior body, I will introduce him into the abode of angels, that he may see me with the nearest angels. And every one, according to his knowledge and actions, shall assume his place in the regions of intelligence, or soul, or heaven, or star, and shall spend eternity in that blessed abode.

"If a man be possessed of excellent knowledge, yet follows a wicked course of action, when this vile body is dissolved, he doth not get another elemental body, nor doth his soul get admittance into the upper abode. But, far from the happy abode, and from Mezdam and the angels, and from a material body, he broileth in tormenting flame, and this is the most horrible stage of hell.

"The Lord of Being created his servant free: if he doeth good he gaineth heaven; if evil, he becometh an inhabitant of hell.

"Stand in dread of guilt, and deem the smallest offence great, for a slight ailment becometh a dreadful disease. Be not without hope of his mercy."

Prophet Jyafram.

"Light of lights! The Being, from whose light the abode of lights has derived its light!

"Lord of lords!"

Prophet Shet Shakil.

"Light of lights! Lord of eternity and the revolution of time! *From* thee is eternity without beginning, and *to* thee is eternity without end."

Prophet Yasan.

"Light of lights! Mover of what revolveth! The angels labour in vain to attain the comprehension of thy grandeur.

"And those who are saved remain in heaven for everlasting; the guilty in direful hell."

Prophet Siamek.

"And remove from me all evils both of soul and body. Bless us and purify us."

Prophet Jemshid.

"My light is on thy countenance.

"If thou be asked, 'Have you seen Mezdam?' say—'How should I know a god, whom I never saw.'"

Zirtusht, or Zoroaster.

"How can we know that a prophet is really called to his office? By his knowing that which others do not know, and by his giving you information regarding your own heart, and by his not being puzzled by any question that is asked, and that another cannot do what he doeth, namely, miracles."

Sasan the Fifth.

"There is one who seeketh me, and findeth me not. And there is one who doth not know of my existence. All know me according to the capacity of their understandings; something they know, and something they imagine."

"L'ERZOM VEDAM."

In 1778, a book was printed at Paris, intitled "L'Erzom Vedam," containing the exposition of the opinions of the Indian priests and philosophers, and said to be translated from the Sanscrit, by a Brahmin. It was said in the preface

that the work was originally among the papers of M. Barthelemy, a member of council at Pondicherry; that M. Moldave brought a copy of it from India, and presented it to Voltaire, who sent it, in 1761, to the library of the king of France. Voltaire had been informed, that the chief priest of Cheringham, distinguished for his knowledge of the French language, and the services he had performed for the India Company, was the translator of the Erzom Vedam, and appears to have believed it an authentic work. M. Anquetil du Perron was of the same opinion. M. Sonnerat, however, seems to have detected the error; and describes the Erzom Vedam as not genuine, but the composition of a missionary at Masulipatam, *sous le Manteau Bramé*. Mr. Ellis has since ascertained, that the original of this work still exists among the manuscripts in the possession of the Catholic missionaries at Pondicherry, which are understood to have belonged originally to the society of Jesuits.

FABLE IN MILTON'S LIFE REFUTED.

It is related of Milton, who, in the bloom of youth, was extremely beautiful, that, wandering one day, during the summer, far beyond the precincts of his University, into the country, he became so heated and fatigued, that he fell asleep at the foot of a tree, where he had reclined to rest himself. Before he awoke, two ladies, who were foreigners, passed by in a carriage. Agreeably astonished at the loveliness of his appearance, they alighted, and, having admired him (as they thought, unperceived) for some time, the youngest, who was very handsome, drew a pencil from her pocket, and, having written some lines upon a piece of paper, put it with a trembling hand into his own. Immediately afterwards they proceeded on their journey. Some of his acquaintance, who were in search of him, had observed this silent adventure, but at too great a distance to discover who was the person so highly favoured. Approaching nearer, they saw their friend, to whom, being awakened, they mentioned what had happened.

Milton opened the paper, and, with surprise, read these verses from Guarini, Madrigal xii. ed. 1598:

Occhi! stelle mortali!
Ministre de mici mali,—
Ne chiusi ni accidete,
Aperta che farete?

'Ye eyes! ye human stars! ye authors of my liveliest pangs! If thus, when shut, ye wound me, what must have been the consequence if ye had been open?'

We are further told that Milton, eager from this moment to discover the fair *incognita*, travelled, but in vain, through every part of Italy; that his poetic fervour became incessantly more and more heated by the idea which he had formed of his unknown admirer; and that it is in some degree to *her*, that posterity ought to feel indebted for several of the most impassioned and charming passages of "Paradise Lost."

This anecdote has been so often related, that it has almost assumed the dignity of an historical fact; but that it is most probably the fiction of fancy, appears from the preface to the "Poesies de Madame de Surville," where similar circumstances, even to *quatre vers Italiens*, are related of Luis de Puytendre.

The poetical fervour of Milton is better accounted for by Miss Seward, who closes her relation of the anecdote with the following beautiful thought:

> "Thrice happy wound!
> Given by his sleeping graces, as the fair
> Hung over them enamour'd. The desire
> Thy fond result inspir'd, that wing'd them there,
> Where breath'd each Roman and each Tuscan lyre,
> Might haply fan the emulative flame,
> That rose o'er Dante's song, and rivall'd Maro's fame."

RETURN TO SAVAGE LIFE.

A true Indian Story.

PETER ORSAQUETTE was the son of a man of consideration among the Oneida Indians, and was classed among a division of them designated by the appellation of the Wolf Tribe. At the close of the revolutionary war, he was noticed by the marquis de la Fayette, a nobleman who, to martial prowess and a noble zeal for liberty, united the most philanthropic feelings. After the successful struggle for independence had terminated, it appeared as if the marquis still aimed at the extension of further benefits to that country, towards the emancipation of which he had so materially contributed. Viewing, therefore, this young savage with peculiar interest, and anticipating the happy results to be derived from his moral regeneration, he determined, though he was scarcely twelve years old, to take him to France. He arrived at that period when Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were still in the zenith of their glory. He was there taught every accom-

plishment of a gentleman; no care was spared in giving him every necessary instruction; and to this was added the study of music, drawing, and fencing; and he danced with a grace that a Vestris could not but admire. At about eighteen, the period of his separation from a country in which he had spent his time so agreeably and so profitably, became necessary, and, laden with favours from the marquis, and the miniatures of those friends he left behind, he departed for America. He was buoyed up, perhaps, with the idea that the deep ignorance in which the nation to which he belonged was buried, as well as the Indians of the whole continent, might be dispelled by his efforts, and that he might thus become the proud instrument of the civilization of thousands. He came, soon after his arrival, to the city of Albany—not the uncivilized savage—not with any of those marks which bespoke a birth in the forest—or years spent toiling through the wilds of an uncultivated country—but possessing a fine commanding figure, an expressive countenance, and an intelligent eye, with a face scarcely indicative of the race from which he was descended. He presented, at this period, an interesting spectacle. A child of the wilderness was beheld about to proceed to the home of his forefathers, having received the brilliant advantages of a cultivated mind, and on his way to impart the benefits which civilization had given him, to the nation that owned him. It was an opportunity for the philosopher to contemplate, and to reflect on the anticipations of the future good this young Indian might be the means of producing. Shortly after he arrived in Albany, where he visited among the first families, he took advantage of governor Clinton's journey to Fort Stanwix, to make a treaty with the Indians, to return to his tribe. On the route, Orsaquette amused the company, (among whom were the French minister, count Moustiers, and several gentlemen of respectability,) by his powers on various instruments of music. At Fort Stanwix, after a long absence of several years, he found himself again with the companions of his early days, who saw and recognized him; his friends and relations had not forgotten him, and he was welcomed to his home and to his blanket.

But what occurred soon after his reception, led but to a too fearful anticipation of an unsuccessful project; for the Oneidas, as if they could not acknowledge Orsaquette, attired in the dress he appeared in before them, and thinking he had assumed it out of shame for the garb and habiliments of his ancestors, tore it from him with a fiend-like ferociousness; daubed on the very paint to which he had been so long unused, and clothed him with the uncouth garments which the tribe held sacred. Their fiery impetuosity, in the

performance of the act, showed but too well the bold stand they were about to make against the innovations they supposed Orsaquette was to be the means of introducing into their customs and manners, which, from the venerable antiquity of their structure, it would be sacrilege to destroy. The reformed savage was taken back again to his native barbarity, and, as if to complete the climax of degradation to a mind just susceptible of its own powers, was married.

From that day, he was no longer the accomplished Indian, by whom every wish of philanthropy was expected to be realized; he was no longer the instrument by whose power the emancipation of his countrymen from the thraldom of ignorance and superstition was to be effected. From the day Orsaquette was again an inmate of the forest, he was once more buried in his original obscurity,—his nation only viewed him as an equal; and even the liberal grant of the state failed of giving him that superior consideration among them, which his civilization had procured for him with the rest of mankind. The superiority acquired from instruction, which, it was expected, would have excited the emulation of all around him, became of no effect, either from the natural inferiority of the savage mind, or the predetermination of his countrymen, and, in a little time, was wholly destroyed. Orsaquette was lost! His moral perdition began from the hour he left Fort Stanwix. Scarcely three months had transpired, before intemperance had marked him for its own, and soon hurried him to the grave; and, as if the very transition had deadened all the finer feelings of his nature, the picture the marquis gave him—the very picture of his affectionate friend, he parted with.

Poor youth! we cannot refrain from letting a tear fall to thy memory. In the downfal of our high-raised expectations, you stand before us, as a melancholy though forcible illustration, that "our thoughts, our morals, and our most fixed belief, are consequences of our place of birth." How short was the period of thy return! Scarcely had we, in suffering our imaginations the fullest freedom, looked into futurity, and unveiled a picture, in the contemplation of which our hearts had expanded;—scarcely had we, at the sight, enjoyed a noble feast,—before the picture itself is destroyed, leaving behind only a few recollections of its vivid colours. To him, the short-lived pleasures of the world "passed like fleeting dreams." One day, a civilized Indian, proud of the awakened faculties of his mind—the next, an unrecognized wreck of his former self!

APOLOGUE AFTER THE MANNER OF THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

At the time, when the prosecution of Paine's Rights of Man had given them a celebrity and a circulation, which they would otherwise never have obtained, a better method was resorted to for combating the principles of the work, by turning them into ridicule. This was done by Mr. (afterwards baron) Smith, who published in the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, the following smart Apologue.

RIGHTS OF WATERS.

A Fable.

Intended as a Companion to Paine's Fable of the Rights of Man.

Flumina: quid rides? Mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur.—Hor.

From that famed well my watery precepts glide,
Where Naiad Truth is stated to reside.
Laugh not, ye wild Reformists; those who view
My streams with care, will see reflected—*you.*

In I know not what century after the flood, (the reader can look into Blair's tables of chronology,) a spirit of tumult and philosophy is said to have moved upon the face of the waters. Rivers, which (could it be from the want of all reflection?) had been quietly gliding within their banks for ages, now discovered themselves to be in such a state of depravity, as required a recurrence to first principles for its cure; and *Rights of Waters* were making a rapid progress through the globe. It was argued, that this confinement within banks was a restraint which they had heedlessly imposed upon themselves, contrary to the liberal intentions of Nature. They were created fountains, with equal natural rights; and deemed it expedient to go back to their sources, as the only means of accurate investigation. They could not see why some particles of water should be thrust down by others no better than themselves, Their forerunners, it was true, had been submitting to this coercion time out of mind. But what was this to them? The rights of living waters must not be thus controlled and sported away. (1) Divisions of water, into lakes and rivers, springs and puddles, they unanimously decried, as mere artificial and aristocratical distinc-

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(1) Paine's fable of the *Rights of Man.*

tions; and pushed their researches to that early period, *when water came from the hands of its Maker. What was it then? Water. Water was its high and only title.* (2)

Now, a rumour went, that in the days of Noah, a great aquatic revolution had taken place; when all things were reduced to a philosophic level; beneath the sanction of which precedent, it was agreed on by the rivers, that they would not any longer be imprisoned within banks, nor driven headlong in one direction, at the arbitrary will of fountains, but would shed their last drop in asserting the rights of waters.

Obscure as to his origin, (3) ungovernable in his temper, and a leveller in principles, *Nilus* led the way, and Egypt was covered with an inundation. Every cultivated inequality was overwhelmed, and all distinctions levelled to uniformity. Nature was supposed to have resumed her rights, and Philosophy admired the grand simplicity of ruin! When, lo! the tide of tumult ebbed, and eminences were seen to get their heads above water. The party was daily continuing to gain ground, and all things tended to a counter revolution. What had first been deemed the effort of enlightened virtue, was now looked on as the rush of vulgar and inconsiderate violence. What originally seemed calculated to promote the views of Nature, was now seen to be directed in opposition to her will; while events had, in the mean time, been suggesting her omnipotence—that to combat her was dangerous, and to conquer her impossible. (4)

Such was the result, and the moral of this enterprise. His forces all subdued—impoverished and languid, the baffled Nile retreated to his channel, after having, by his hostile descent, reluctantly served and strengthened the landed interests of Egypt; though, like the commotions of the Seine, (5) this also produced monsters. (6)

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(2) "If we proceed on, we shall at last come out right. We shall come to the time when man came from the hands of his Maker. What was he then? Man; Man was his high and only title."—Paine's *Rights of Man.*

(3) Arcanum Natura caput non prodidit ulli;
Nec licuit populis parvum te, Nile, videre.—LUCAN.

(4) Expellas licet—usque recurrit.

(5) An allusion to the consequences of the then recent French revolution.

(6) The mud deposited by the Nile was supposed to engender monsters.

THE EARL OF ROCHESTER'S LETTERS.

ALTHOUGH the blaze of this nobleman's reputation as a man of genius is not yet quite extinguished, it is principally as a great wit, a great libertine, and a great penitent, that he is at present known. His biographers, not contented with loading him with every vice, have denied him the possession of a single virtue. Dr. Johnson, following the coarse invectives and unauthorized accusations of his predecessors, says, that the earl passed his life "in a course of drunken gaiety, and gross sensuality, with intervals of study perhaps more criminal, with an avowed contempt of all decency and order; a total disregard of every moral, and a resolute denial of every religious obligation." A charge so serious, it might have been expected, would have been supported by some proof; but it rests almost wholly on traditional and gratuitous assertion. But the measure of Rochester's crimes and vices would have been incomplete, without the imputation of cowardice; and this nobleman, who, when at sea, under the earl of Sandwich, "distinguished himself at Bergen, by uncommon intrepidity;" and, when afterwards serving on board the flag-ship of Sir Edward Spragge, during an engagement, was the only man found to carry a message of reproof to one of the captains, in an open boat, amidst a storm of shot, has been reproached as a coward, on the authority of the duke of Buckingham, who says, that Rochester refused to fight a duel with him, at a time when he was in an acknowledged bad state of health.

It is not now meant to deny many of the charges made against the character of Rochester, though some of them rest on very slender foundation; and when his memory has, for a century and a half, been loaded with unalloyed obloquy, it might seem the height of folly to offer any thing in its vindication; but if we can shew his character in a more amiable or less odious light, justice demands that his memory should have the benefit of it: and if we can prove that, notwithstanding all his dissipation, and "lavish voluptuousness," he was an affectionate husband, and a fond father, we shall at least exhibit him in a light in which he has not hitherto been regarded. Happily, the evidence on which this will rest, is indisputable: it is drawn from his own domestic letters; and if there be a moment in which a man exhibits his real character, it is in that family intercourse, which is carried on without precaution and without restraint.

The following letters are selected from a collection of about forty, which are preserved in a volume of the Harleian MSS. No. 7003, in the British Museum. It is to be re-

gretted, that there is no date to any of them; but though written at various times, and those to his wife, often under different emotions, yet they are not only untainted with the vulgarity and freedom which distinguished the correspondence of that period, but breathe throughout, the sentiments of an amiable temper and a good heart. In the same volume of MSS. there are some of his letters to his friend Mr. Savile; but as these are not necessary to the elucidation of that feature in his character which we have noticed, it has not been deemed necessary to insert them, particularly as they have been printed.

The first eleven are from

The Earl of Rochester to his Wife.

I.

Dear Wife,

I have no news for you, but that London grows very tiresome, and I long to see you; but things are now reduced to that extremity on all sides, that a man dares not turn his back for fear of being hang'd; an ill accident, to be avoided by all prudent persons, and therefore by

Your humble servant,

ROCHESTER.

II.

It were very unreasonable should I not love you, whilst I believe you a deserving good creature. I am allready soe weary of this place, that, upon my word, I could bee content to pass my winter at Cannington, though I apprehend the tediousness of it for you. Pray send me word what lyes in my power to doe for your service and ease, here or wherever else you can employ mee; and assure yourselfe I will neglect your concerne no more than forgett my owne. 'Twas very well for your son, as ill as you tooke it, that I sent him to Adderbury, for it proves at least to be the king's evill that troubles him; and hee comes up to London this weeke to bee touch't. My humble service to my aunt Rogers, and Nan.

I write in bed, and am affraid you can't reade it.

III.

I should be infinitely pleased, madam, with the newes of your health. Hitherto I have not bin soe fortunate to heare any of you; but assure yourselfe my wishes are of your side

as much as possible. Pray only that they may be effectuall, and you will not want for happiness.

Paris, the 22d of Aprill,
French stile.

For the Countess of Rochester.

IV.

'Tis not an easy thing to be entirely happy, but to bee kind is very easy, and that is the greatest measure of happiness. I say not this to put you in mind of being kind to mee; you have practised that so long, that I have a joyful confidence, you will never forget it. But to shew that I myself have a sence of what the method of my life seems so utterly to contradict. I must not bee too wise about my own follies; or else this letter had been a booke dedicated to you, and published to the world. It will be more pertinent to tell you, that, very shortly, the king goes to Newmarket; and then I shall wait on you at Adderbury; in the mean time, thinke of any thing you would have me doe, and I shall thank you for the occasion of pleasing you.

Present my service to Mrs. H.

Mr. Morgan I have sent in this errant, because he plays the rogue here in towne so extremely, that he is not to be endured. Pray, if he behave himself so at Adderbury, send me word, and let him stay till I send for him. Pray let Ned come up, I have a little business with him, and he shall be back in a week.

V.

Deare Wife,

I recover soe slowly, and relaps soe continually, that I am allmost weary of myself; if I had the least strength, I would come to Adderbury, but in the condition I am, Kensington and back is a voyage I can hardly support. I hope you excuse my sending you noe money, for, till I am well enough to fetch it myself, they will not give mee a farthing; and if I had not pawn'd my plate, I believe I must have starved in my sickness. Well, God bless you and the children, whatever becomes of

Your humble servant,

ROCHESTER.

VI.

I am sorry, madame, to heare that you are not well, and as much troubled that you should believe I have not writt to you all this while. I, who am not used to flatter, doe assure you that, if two letters from mee came not to your hands this last weeke, and that before, they have miscarried. Nothing is soe much my business now, as to make hast to waite on you. I think, in that, I comply with your commands, as I doe with the hearty inclination of

Your humble servant,

ROCHESTER.

VII.

I kiss my deare wife a thousand times, as farr as imagination and wish will give mee leave. Thinke upon mee as long as it is pleasant and convenient for you to doe soe, and afterwards forgett me; for though I would faine make you the author and foundation of my happiness, yet I would not bee the cause of your constraint or disturbance, for I love not myselfe soe much as I doe you, neither doe I value my owne satisfaction equally as I doe yours.

Farewell,

ROCHESTER.

VIII.

Newmarket.

I'll hould you six to fower, I love you with all my heart; if I would bett with other people, I'me sure I could get two to one, but because my passion is not so extensive as to reach every body, I am not in graine to satisfy many. It will content me, if you believe mee, and love me.

IX.

Wood and firing, which were the subject matter of your last, I tooke order for before, and make noe question but you are served in that affaire before this; Mr. Cary seldome failing in any thing hee undertakes. When you have other service for mee, you will informe mee of itt, and not doubt of the utmost observance from

Yours.

ROCHESTER.

X.

I am very glad to heare news from you, and I think it very good when I heare you are well. Pray be pleased to send mee word what you are apt to be pleased with, that I may shew you how good a husband I can bee. I would not have you so formall as to judge of the kindness of a letter by the length of it, but believe of every thing that it is as you would have it.

XI.*

Soe greate a disproportion 'twixt our desires, and what is ordained to content them! But you will say this is pride and madness; for theire are those so intirely satisfyed wth theire shares in this worlde, that theire wishes and theire thoughts have not a farther prospect of felicity and glory. I'll tell you, were that man's soule tac't in a body fitt for it, hee were a dogg that could count anything a benifitt obtain'd wth flattery, fear, and service.

> Is there a man, yee gods, whom I doe hate,
> Dependance and attendance bee his fate;
> Let him be busy still, and in a crowde,
> And very much a slave, and very proude.

Remember mee to my dearest aunt, and my good unkle. I would not have you lose my letter—it is not fitt for every body to finde. ROCHESTER.

These for the Countess of Rochester, at Adderbury, neare Banbury, Oxfordshire.

XII.

The Earl of Rochester to his Son, Lord Wilmot.†

I hope, Charles, when you receive this, and know that I have sent this gentleman to bee your tutor, you will be very glad to see I take such care of you, and be very grateful, which is best shewn in being obedient and diligent. You are now grown big enough to be a man, if you can be wise enough; and the way to be truly wise, is to serve God, learn your book, and observe the instructions of your parents first, and next your tutor, to whom I have entirely resigned

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* This appears to be the fragment of a letter only.

† Lord Wilmot died, Nov. 12, 1681, surviving his father only fifteen months.

you for this seven years; and, according as you employ that time, you are to be happy or unhappy for ever. I have so good an opinion of you, that I am glad to think you will never deceive me. Deare child, learn your booke, and be obedient, and you shall see what a father I will be to you. You shall want no pleasure whilst you are good; and that you may be good are my constant prayers.

ROCHESTER.

For my Lord Wilmot.

XIII.

The same to the same.

Charles,

I take it very kindly that you write to me (though seldom), and wish heartily that you would behave yourself, so as that I might shew how much I love you without being ashamed. Obedience to your grandmother, and those who instruct you in good things, is the way to make you happy here and for ever. Avoid idleness, scorn lying, and God will bless you, for which I pray.

ROCHESTER.

XIV.

The Earl of Rochester to the Earl of Litchfield.

My dear Lord,

I would not have slipt this opportunity of waiting upon you, but the change of the weather makes it a dangerous journey for a man in no better health than I am; neither would you condemn the care I take of myself, did you know how kind an uncle and how faithful a servant I preserve for you. The character you may hear of me from others may give you some reason to consider this no farther than good nature obliges you; but, if I am ever so happy as to live where my inclinations to you may shew themselves, be assured you shall not want very good proofs how much the memory of your father, the favours of my lady Lyndsey, (how long soever past,) and your own merit, can oblige a very grateful man to be faithfully, sincerely, and eternally,

Dear nephew,

Your most humble servant,

ROCHESTER.

Dec. 23d.—77.

To the Earl of Litchfield.

XV.

The Countess of Rochester to the Earl.

The last letter I received from your honour, was somewhat scandalous, so that I knew not well how to answer it. It was my designe to have writ to my lady Anne Willmot, to intercede for mee; but now, with joy, I finde myselfe againe in your favour; it shall be my endeavour to continue soe. In order to which, very shortly I will bee with you; in the meane time, my mother may be pleas'd to dispose of my children, and my chimists, and my little dogge, and whatever is myne, as shee will; only, if I may have nothing about mee that I like, it will be the cause of making the felicity of waiting on her befall mee very seldome. Thus I remaine, with my duty to her, my service to you, and all those things.

XVI.

If I could have been troubled at any thing, when I had the happiness of receiving a letter from you, I should be so, because you did not name a time when I might hope to see you, the uncertainty of which very much afflicts me. Whether this odd kind of proceeding be to try my patience or obedience, I cannot guess; but I will never fail of either when my duty to you require them. I do not think you design staying at Bath, now that it is like to be so full, and God knows when you will find in your heart to leave the place you are in. Pray consider with yourself, whether this be a reasonable way of proceeding, and be pleased to let me know what I am to expect; for there being so short a time betwixt this and the sitting of parliament; I am confident you will find so much business as will not allow you to come into the country: therefore, pray lay your commands upon me what I am to do, and, though it be to forget my children, and the long hopes I have lived in of seeing you, yet I will endeavour to obey you, or in the memory only torment myself, without giving you the trouble of putting you in mind that there lives such a creature as

Your faithful, humble, &c.

XVII.

The same to the same.

Though I cannot flater myselfe soe much as to expect it, yett give me leave to wish that you would dine to-morrow at Cornbury, where necessity forces

Your faithful humble wife,

E. ROCHESTER.

If you send to command me to Woodstock, when I am so neare as Cornbury, I shall not be a little rejoyced.

XVIII.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM TO THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

My Lord,

As persons, inclined to corroborate the intentions of other men, are ever more incumbent to a voluminous ubiquity, than any way condescending to a just medium, soe all true lovers of art doe naturally prefer the cimetry of resolutions before the corruscations of any concatinations whatsoever; and the reason of this is plaine, because, else all vocal determinations would be frustrated, and then (as Aristotle observes very well) noe man could properly say, *consummatum est.* The meaning of this simile is, that, if your lordship will give me leave, I shall immediately waite upon you with the best pack of hounds that ever ran upon English ground. I had done it sooner, but that I stayed for my lord Dorset's and Mr. Shepheard's company; but they having both failed me, and not knowing how long your occasions will give you leave to stay in the country, I thought fit to know of your lordship, by this bearer, whether it would not be inconvenient to you at this time to receive a visit from,

My Lord,

Your lordship's most humble

and most obedient servant,

BUCKINGHAM.

Clifden, Oct. 8th, 1677.

ROCHESTER AND CHARLES THE SECOND.

(Letter from Waller to St. Evremond.)

GRAMMONT once told Rochester, that if he could by any means divest himself of one half of his wit, the other half would make him the most agreeable man in the world. This observation of the count's did not strike me much when I heard it, but I have often marked the propriety of it since. Last night I supped at lord R.'s with a select party: on such occasions, he is not ambitious of shining; he is rather pleasant than arch; he is comparatively reserved; but you find something in that restraint, which is more agreeable than the utmost exertion of talents in others. The reserve of Rochester gives you the idea of a copious river, that fills its channel, and seems as if it would easily overflow its banks, but is unwilling to spoil the beauty and verdure of the plains. The most perfect good-humour was supported through the whole evening; nor was it in the least disturbed, when, unexpectedly, towards the end of it, the king came in—(no unusual thing with Charles II.) "Something has vexed him," said Rochester; "he never does me this honour, but when he is in an ill humour." The following dialogue, or something very like it, then ensued:

The King. How the devil have I got here? The knaves have sold every cloak in the wardrobe.

Rochester. Those knaves are fools. That is a part of dress, which, for their own sakes, your majesty ought never to be without.

The King. Pshaw!—I'm vexed!

Rochester. I hate still life—I'm glad of it. Your majesty is never so entertaining as when ——

The King. Ridiculous!—I believe the English are the most untractable people upon earth.

Rochester. I most humbly beg your majesty's pardon, if I presume in that respect.

The King. You would find them so were you in my place, and obliged to govern.

Rochester. Were I in your majesty's place, I would not govern at all.

The King. How then?

Rochester. I would send for my good lord Rochester, and command him to govern.

The King. But the singular modesty of that nobleman——

Rochester. He would certainly conform himself to your majesty's bright example. How gloriously would the two grand social virtues flourish under his auspices!

The King. *O, prisca fides!* What can these be?

Rochester. The love of wine and women!

The King. God bless your majesty!

Rochester. These attachments keep the world in good humour, and therefore I say they are social virtues. Let the bishop of Salisbury deny it if he can.

The King. He died last night; have you a mind to succeed him?

Rochester. On condition that I shall neither be called upon to preach on the thirtieth of January, nor on the twenty-ninth of May.*

The King. Those conditions are curious. You object to the first, I suppose, because it would be a melancholy subject; but the other ———

Rochester. Would be a melancholy subject too.

The King. That is too much ———

Rochester. Nay, I only mean that the business would be a little too grave for the day. Nothing but the indulgence of the two grand social virtues could be a proper testimony of my joy upon that occasion.

The King. Thou art the happiest fellow in my dominions. Let me perish, if I do not envy thee thy impudence!

It is in some such strain of conversation, generally, that this prince passes off his chagrin; and he never suffers his dignity to stand in the way of his humour. If happiness be the end of wisdom, I know not who has a right to censure his conduct.

EPITAPH FOR "RARE BEN."

BY MILDMAY FANE, EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

(*From a small book of Poems which his Lordship gave to, and is still preserved in, the Library of Emanuel College, Cambridge.*)

In Obitum Ben Johns. Poetæ Eximii.

He who began from bricke and lime
The Muses' hill to climbe;
And, whilom busied in laying ston,
Thirsted to drinke of Helicon,

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* The anniversaries of king Charles the First's martyrdom and the Restoration of Charles the Second.

Changing his trowel for a gun,
Wrote straight the temper, not the dirt of men.
Now sithence that he is turned to clay and gon,
Let these remain of the occupation
He honor'd once: square him a tomb, may say
His craft exceeded far a dawber's way,—
Then write upon, "He could no longer tarry,
But was returned 'gain unto the quarry."

THE FAIR THIEF.—By the Earl of Egremont.

The following beautiful verses, which appeared in the European Magazine, vol. iii. pp. 63, have been since assigned to Charles Wyndham, earl of Egremont, the son of the celebrated Sir William Wyndham, minister to queen Anne.

Before the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow;
And more that whiteness to adorn,
She stole the blushes of the morn,—
Stole all the sweets that ether sheds
On primrose buds or violet beds.

Still, to reveal her artful wiles,
She stole the Graces' silken smiles;
She stole Aurora's balmy breath,
And pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth:
The cherry, dipt in morning dew,
Gave moisture to her lips and hue.

These were her infant spoils,—a store
To which in time she added more.
At twelve, she stole from Cyprus' queen
Her air and love-commanding mein,
Stole Juno's dignity, and stole
From Pallas, sense to charm the soul.

Apollo's wit was next her prey;
Her next, the beam that lights the day.
She sung;—amaz'd, the Sirens heard,
And, to assert their voice, appear'd.
She play'd;—the Muses from the hill
Wonder'd who thus had stol'n their skill.

Great Jove approv'd her crimes and art,
And t'other day she stole my heart!
If lovers, Cupid! are thy care,
Exert thy vengeance on this fair,
To trial bring her stolen charms,
And let her prison be my arms.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

MARGARET, duchess of Newcastle, so celebrated as a loving wife and voluminous scribbler, has, in an epistle appended to Sir William Musgrave's copy of the life of the duke her husband, (a rare work) preserved in the British Museum, given the following amusing character of his grace and herself. Whatever may be thought of its modesty, no one can deny its claims to an extraordinary share of ingenuousness.

"My lord is a person, whose humour is neither extravagantly merry nor unnecessarily sad; his mind is above his fortune, as his generosity is above his purse; his courage above danger, his justice above bribes, his friendship above self-interest, his truth too firm for falsehood, his temperance beyond temptation: his conversation is pleasing and affable, his wit is quick, and his judgement is strong, distinguishing clearly without clouds of mistakes; his discourse is always new upon the occasion, without troubling the hearers with old historical relations, nor stuft with useless sentences; his behaviour is manly without formality, and free without constraint, and his mind hath the same freedom; his nature is noble, and his disposition sweet. His loyalty is proved by his publick service to his king and country, by his often hazarding of his life, by the loss of his estate and the banishment of his person, by his necessitated condition, and his constant and patient sufferings. But, however our fortunes are, we are both content, spending our time harmless; for my lord pleaseth himself with the management of some few horses, and exercises himself with the use of the sword, which two arts he hath brought, by his studious thoughts, rationall experience, and industrious practice, to an absolute perfection.

"For my part, I had rather sit at home and write, or walk in my chamber and contemplate. But I hold it necessary sometimes to appear abroad; besides, I do find that several objects do bring new materials for my thoughts and fancies

to build upon. Yet, I must say this in behalf of my thoughts, that I never found them idle; for, if the senses bring no work in, they will work of themselves like silk-worms, that spin out of their own bowels. Neither can I say that I thinke the time tedious when I am alone, so I be near my lord, and know that he is well. I always took delight in a singularity, even in acoutrements of habits; but whatsoever I was addicted to, either in fashions of cloths, contemplation of thoughts, actions of life, they were lawful, honest, honourable, and modest, of which I can avouch to the world with a great confidence, because it is a pure truth. As for my disposition, it is more inclining to melancholy than merry, but not crabbed or peevish melancholy; and I am apt to weep rather than laugh, not that I do often either of them. Also, where I place a particular affection, I love extraordinarily and constantly, yet not fondly, but soberly and observingly; but this affection will take no root but where I think or find merit, and have leave both from divine and moral laws. Yet, I find this passion so troublesome, as it is the only torment of my life, for fear any evil misfortune, or accident, or sickness, or death should come unto them, insomuch as I am never freely at rest. Likewise, I am gratefull, for I never receive a curtesie, but I am impatient and troubled until I can make a return. Also, I am chaste, both by nature and education, insomuch that I do abhorr an unchaste thought. Likewise, I am seldom angry, as my servants may witness for me, but, when I am angry, I am very angry, but yet it is soon over; and I am easily pacified, if it be not such an injury as may create a hate. Likewise, I am neither spiteful, envious, nor malicious. I repine not at the gifts that nature or fortune bestows upon others, yet I am a great emulator; for, though I wish none worse than they are, yet it is lawful for me to wish myself the best, and to do my honest endeavours thereunto; for I think it no crime to wish myself the exactest of nature's works, my thread of life the longest, my chain of destiny the strongest, my mind the peaceablest, my life the pleasantest, my death the easiest, and (myself) the greatest saint in heaven."

The duke amply repaid the partiality of his lady, by an epistle which he published, to "justifie the lady Newcastle, and truth against falsehood, laying those false and malicious aspersions of her, that she was not author of her books." "This lady's philosophy," says the uxorious peer, "is excellent, and will be thought so hereafter; and the truth is, that it was wholly and only wrought out of her own brain, as there are many witnesses, by the several sheets that she sent daily to be writ fair for the press. As for her *Poems*, where are the

exceptions to these? Marry, they misse sometimes in the numbers, and in the rimes;—it is well known by the copies, that those faults lie most upon the corrector and the printer. But, put the case, there might be some slips in that kinde, is all the booke damn'd for it? No, mercy, gentlemen; when, for the numbers, every schoole-boy can make them on his fingers; and for the rimes, Fenner would have put down Ben Johnson; and yet, neither the boy nor Fenner so good poets. No; it is neither of these either makes or condemns a poet: it is new-born and creating phansies that glorifie a poet; and, in her booke of poems, I am sure there is excellent and new phansies as have not been writ by any; and that it was onely writ by her is the greatest truth in the world.

"Now for the book called, the *World's Olio*, say some—how is it possible that she should have such experience to write of such things so? I answer, that I, living long in the great world, and having the various fortunes of what they call good and bad, certainly the reading of men might bring me to as much experience as the reading of books; and this I have now and then discourst unto this lady, who has wisely and elegantly drest it in her own way, and sumptuously clothed it at the charge of her own phancies and expressions. I say, some of them she has heard from me, but not the fortieth part of her book; all the rest are absolutely her own in all kindes. This is an ingenuous truth, therefore believe it.

"As for the book of her *Philosophical Opinions*, there is not any one thing in the whole book, that is not absolutely spun out by her own studious phancy; and if you will lay by a little passion against writers, you will like it, and the best of any thing she has writ: therefore, read it once or twice, not with malice, nor to finde a little fault, but with judgement to like what is good.

"Truly, I cannot believe so unworthily of any scholar, (honouring them so much as we both do) that they should envie this ladye, or should have so much malice or emulation, to cast such false aspersions on her, that she did not write those books that go forth in her name. They will hardly finde out who else writ them, and I protest that none ever writ them but herself. Here's the crime—a lady writes them; and to intrench so much upon the male prerogative is not to be forgiven; but I know gown-men will be more civil to her, because she is of the gown too. I had not troubled you with this, but that a learned doctor, our noble friend, writ us word of the infidelity of some people in this kinde. Whatsoever I have writ is absolutely truth, which I here (as a man of honour) set my hand to.

"W. Newcastle."

THE DUNMOW BACON.

THE custom at Dunmow, of giving a gammon of bacon to any coüple, who would swear that they had been married a year and a day, without having "offended each other in deed or in word," or wished themselves unmarried again, is well known, though its origin is very doubtful. The whimsical institution, however, is not peculiar to Dunmow. There was the same in Bretagne:—"A l'abbaie saincte Melaine, près Rennes, y a plus de six cens ans sont, un costé de lard encore tout frais, et ordonné aux premiers qui, par an et jour, ensemble marie, ont vescus sans debat, grondement, et sans s'en repentir."*

We need not, however, go to Bretagne for an instance of this custom, since we find that, in England, it is not confined to Dunmow. "Sir Philip de Somervile, knight, held the manor of Wichnour in com. Stafford, of the eirle of Lancaster, then lord of the honour of Tutbury, by these memorable services, *viz.* by two small fees, that is to say, when other tenants pay for relief (of) one whole knight's fee, one hundred shillings; and when escuage† is assessed throughout the land, or ayde for to make the eldest son of the lord knyght, or for to marry the eldest daughter of the lord, the sayd Sir Philip shal pay bot the moty of it, that other shal paye. Nevertheless, the said Sir Philip shal fynde meynteinge and susteinge one *bacon flyke*, hanging in his halle at Wichenour, ready arrayed all tymes of the yere, bott in Lent, to be given to everyche mane or womane married after the yere and day of their marriage be passed; and to be given everyche mane of religion, archbishop, prior, or other religious, and to everyche priest, after the year and day of their profession finished, or of their dignity reseyved, in form following, whensoever that ony such before-named wylle come for to enquire for the baconne in their owne person, or by any other for them, they shall come to the bayliff or to the porter of the lordship of Whichenour, and shall say to them, in the manere as ensewethe.

"'Bayliffe or porter, I doo you to knowe, that I am come for myself, (or if he come for any other, shewing for whom) to demand one *bacon flyke*, hanging in the halle of the lord of Whichenour, after the forme thereunto belonginge.'

"After this relation, the bailiff or porter shal assigne a day to him, upon promise by his feythe to returne, and with him to

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* Contes d'Entrap. tome ii. p. 161.

† A pecuniary satisfaction, instead of personal military service.

bring tweyne of his neighbours; and in the meyn time, the said bailiff shal take with him tweyne of the freeholders of the lordship of Whichenour, and they three shal goe to the manour of Rudlowe, belonging to Robert Knyghtleye, and there shal somon the forsaid Knyghtleye, or his bailiffe, commanding hym to be ready at Whichenour, the day appointed, at pryme of the day, with his carriage, that is to say, a *horse*, and a *sadyle*, a *sakke* and a *pryke*, (i. e. spur) for to convey and carry the said baconne and corne a journey owt of the countee of Stafford, at his costages; and then the said bailiffe shal, with the said freeholders, somon all the tenaunts of the said manior, to be ready at the day appoynted, at Whichenour, for to doe and performe the services which they owe to the *baconne*; and at the day assigned, all such as owe services to the baconne shal be ready at the gatte of the manoir of Whichenour, frome the sonne risinge to noone, attendyng and awayting for the comyng of hym that fecheth the baconne; and when he is comyn, there shal be delivered to hym and his fellowes chapeletts, and to all those whiche shal be there, to doe their services deue to the baconne; and they shal lede the seid demandant wythe trompets and tabours, and other manner of mynstralscye to the hall dore, where he shal fynde the lord of Whichenour, or his steward, redy to deliver the baconne in this manere.

"He shall enquere of hym which demandeth the baconne, if he have brought tweyne of his neighbours with him, which must answere, '*they be here ready:*' and then the steward shall cause theis two neighbours to swere, yf the said demandant be a weddyt man, or have been a man weddyt: and yf syth his marriage one yere and a day be passed: and if he be freeman or villeyn. And if his said neighbours make othe that he hath for hym all theis three poynts rehersed, then shal the baconne be take downe, and brought to the halle dore, and shall there be layd upon one half a quarter of wheatte, and upon one other of rye. And he that demandeth the baconne, shal kneel upon his knee, and shal hold his right hande upon a booke, which booke shall be layd above the baconne and the corne, and shall make oath in this manere:

"'Here ye, Sir Philip de Somervyle, lord of Whichenour, mayntayner and giver of this baconne, that I, A. syth I wedded B., my wife, and syth I had her in my keeping, and at my wylle, by a yere and a daye after our marryage, I wold not have chaunged for none other, farer ne fowler, richer ne powrer, ne for none other descended of gretter lynage, slepyng ne waking, at noo tyme. And if the said B. were sole, and I sole, I wolde take her to be my wife before all the wymen of the worlde, of what condytions soever they be, good or evyle, so helpe me God and his seyntys, and this flesh and all fleshes.'

"And his neighbours shall make oath, that they trust verily he hath said truly: and yf it be founde by neighbours before-named, that he be a free man, there shall be delyvered to him half a quarter of *wheatte* and a *cheese:* and yf he be a villein, he shall have half a quarter of *rye*, without cheese; and then shal Knyghtley, the lord of Rudlowe, be called for to carry all theis thynges to fore rehersed: and the said corne shal be layd upon one horse, and the baconne above yt, and he to whom the baconne apperteigneth, shal ascend upon his horse, and shall take the *cheese* before hym, if he have a horse, and yf he have none, the lord of Whichenour shall cause him to have one horse and sadyl, to such tyme as he passed his lordshippe; and so shall they departe the manoyr of Whichenour, with the corne and the baconne to fore him that hath wonne yt, with trompets, tabourets, and other manoir of mynstralcye.—And all the free tenants of Whichenour shall conduct him to be passed the lordship of Whichenour, and then shall all they retorne, except hym to whom apperteigneth to make the carriage and journey withoutte the countye of Stafford, at the costys of his lord of Whichenour. And if the said Robert Knightley doe not cause the baconne and corne to be conveyed as is rehearsed, the lord of Whichenour shall do it to be carried, and shall distreigne the said Robert Knightley for his default, for one hundred shillings in his manoir of Rudlow, and shale kepe the distresse sotakyn, irreplevisable."

COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE'S EPITAPH.

THE well known epitaph of the celebrated countess of Pembroke, the sister of Sir Philip Sidney, has been generally ascribed to Ben Jonson. The first stanza is printed in Jonson's Poems;* but it is found in the MS. volume of Poems, by William Browne, the author of "Britannia's Pastorals," preserved in the Lansdown collection, British Museum, No. 777; and on this evidence, may be fairly appropriated to him, particularly as it is known that he was a great favourite with William, earl of Pembroke, son of the countess.

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* Dr. Aikin, in his last edition of the British Poets, printed in 1820, gives the first verse as Jonson's, though this evidence (with which he ought to have been acquainted) is sufficient to establish the fact of authorship.

On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke.

" Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse;
SYDNEY'S sister! PEMBROKE'S mother!
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Fair, and learn'd, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee!

Marble piles let no man raise
To her name for after days;
Some kind woman, born as she,
Reading this, like Niobe
Shall turn marble, and become
Both her mourner and her tomb.

THE TWO ROGUES.

IT was thought very witty in lord North, when speaking of two brothers, who were celebrated contractors, to denominate one " a rogue in spirit," and the other " a rogue in grain." Of the truth of the appellation, we know nothing; since, although one of the persons, (the " rogue in grain,") underwent the ignominious punishment of the pillory, yet parliament reversed the sentence, and afterwards admitted him as one of its members.

Some have denied to lord North the merit of originality, in the designation he gave to the corn contractor, and have attributed it to Dr. Bentley, who embodied it in an epigram. The fact is, that it originated with neither of them, but is to be found in the following epigram, by Robert Heath, whose works were printed in 1650.

" A ROGUE IN GRAIN.

To Pistor.

" When Pistor's bread is found too light, 'tis sent
To the poor prisoners for his punishment:
I do not approv't; 'tis charity mistane,
Pistor, you're still an arrant *rogue in grain.*"

POETICAL TRIBUTES ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

In a MS. at the British Museum, No. 4712, in Ayscough's Catalogue, there is the following verses on the death of queen Elizabeth, which will be admired for their force and quaintness.

Britanniæ Lachrymæ.

Weep, little Isle! and for thy mistress' death,
Swim in a double sea of brakish water!
Weep, little world! for great Elizabeth,
Daughter of warre, for Mars himself begat her!
Mother of Peace, for she bore the latter.
She was and is (what can there more be said?)
On earth the first, in heaven the second maid.

On the funeral of the maiden queen, a poet of the day described the national grief in the following stanzas:

The queen was brought by water to Whitehall,
At every stroke the oars did tears let fall;
More clung about the barge; *fish under water*
Wept out their eyes of pearle, and swome blind after.
I think the bargemen might, with easier thighs,
Have row'd her thither in her people's eyes;
For, howsoe'er, thus much my thoughts have scann'd,
Sh'ad come by water had she come by land.

FUNERAL SERMON ON OLIVER CROMWELL.

On the death of Oliver Cromwell, one Edward Matthews dedicated a funeral sermon to his son Richard, in very singular terms. It was entitled "Threrie Hybernici; or, Ireland sympathizing with England and Scotland, in a sad lamentation for the loss of her Josiah, represented in a sermon preached at Christ Church, in Dublin, before his excellency, the lord deputy, with divers of the nobility, gentry, and commonality, there assembled to celebrate a funeral solemnity, upon the death of the late lord protector. By Dr. Harrison, chief chaplain to his said excellency.

'And all Judah and Jerusalem mourned for him, 2 Chron. xxv. 24. This is a lamentation, and shall be for a lamenta-

tion, Ezek. xix. 14. 4 Reg. xiii. 14. Pater mê, currus Israel, et auriga ejus. 4 Reg. ii. 12.

" *Cicer. Somn. Scip.* Omnibus qui patriam conservarint, adjuverint, auxerint, certus est in cæno ac definitus locus, ubi beati ævo sempiterno fruentur.

" *Senec.* Nunquam Stygias fertur ad umbras inclita virtus.

" London: Printed by E. Cotes; and are to be sold by John North, bookseller, in Castle Street, at Dublin, in Ireland, 1659."

The following is the Dedication.

" To the most illustrious Richard, lord protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging:—

" May it please your highness: It was a saying of David, (Psalm cxii. 6.) the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance; and of Solomon, (Prov. x. 7.) the memorial of the just shall be blessed. Divine Providence made it my lot to hear this sermon pathetically delivered by that pious divine, Dr. Harrison, in a full, fluent manner, extracting tears from the eyes, and sighs from the hearts, of the hearers. I moved the doctor for the printing thereof, being so precious a piece, touching so unparalleled a person, that it was more fit to be made public, than perish in oblivion; who, in a modest manner, termed it a sudden, imperfect, and unpolished collection of scattered thoughts and notes, which brevity of time, and burthen of spirit, would not permit him more completely to compile; yet, upon my importunity, he was pleased to condescend to my motion, and delivered me this copy, now printed, written with his own hand. The usefulness of the piece, replete with so many observations, together with the desire of erecting all lasting monuments that might tend to the eternising of the blessed memory of that thrice renowned patron and pattern of piety, your royal father (whose pious life is his never-perishing pyramid, every man's heart being his tomb, and every good man's heart an epitaph), hath emboldened me, in all humility, to present it to your highness as a lively effigies to mind you of his matchless virtues. And, as the learned author intended it, not so much for the eye or ear, as for the heart; not for reading only, but practice principally; so may your highness please to make use thereof, as a pattern of imitation for piety and reformation in the nations. That your highness may become a successful successor of such a peerless predecessor, to inherit his goodness with his greatness, that

out of his ashes you may spring another phœnix as a honeycomb out of the strong lion; a royal branch of that rare root; a strong rod to be a sceptre to rule: so shall your highness's holy and ever virtuous progress be a new crown of comfort to the three nations, filling the people's hearts with joyful hopes of happiness, and a firm well-grounded peace, that they may sit safely under their vines and fig-trees, freed from the terrors and turmoils of tumultuous broils; and that your highness may obtain and enjoy the continual protection of the Omnipotent Protector, to crown your highness and the nations with loving kindness and tender mercies, shall be the constant prayer of

"Your highness's most humble
and faithfully devoted,
EDWARD MATTHEWS."

FREDERICK THE GREAT, AND THE YOUNG PRETENDER.

A COPY of the following letter from the king of Prussia, to the young pretender, was found amongst the papers of a gentleman of the first rank, after his decease, in 1770. It presents every mark of genuineness.

Much beloved cousin,

I can no longer, my dear prince, deny myself the satisfaction of congratulating you on your safe arrival in France, and though my connection with the reigning family did not permit me to rejoice too openly at the progress of your arms, I can assure you, on the word of a king, I was sincerely touched at your misfortunes, and under the deepest apprehensions for the safety of your person. All Europe was astonished at the greatness of the enterprise; for, though Alexander, and other heroes, have conquered kingdoms with inferior armies, you are the only one who ever engaged in such an attempt without one.

Voltaire, who, of all poets, is best able to write, is, above all men, indebted to your highness, for having at length furnished him with a subject worthy of his pen, which has all the requisites of an epic poem, except happier event.

However, though fortune was your foe, Great Britain, and not your highness, are the only losers by it, as the difficulties you have undergone have only served to discover those talents and virtues which have gained you the admiration of

all mankind, and even the esteem of those amongst your enemies, in whom every spark of virtue is not totally extinct.

The princess, who has all the curiosity of her sex, is desirous of seeing the features of a hero, of whom she has heard so much; so that your highness has it in your power to oblige both her and me by sending us your picture by the count de ——— who is on his return to Berlin, and be assured I shall esteem it the most valuable acquisition I ever made.

You are frequently the subject of my conversation with Marshal Keith, whom I have had the good fortune to engage in my service; and besides his consummate knowledge in military affairs, he is possessed of a thousand amiable qualities: yet nothing endears him so much to me, as his entertaining the same sentiments that I do with regard to your royal highness.

Were my situation different from what it is, I should give you more essential proofs of my friendship than mere words; but you may depend upon any good offices I can do with my brother of France: yet I am sorry to tell you, that I am too well acquainted with the politics of that court, to expect that they will do you any solid service, as they would have every thing to apprehend from a prince of your consummate abilities and enterprising genius, placed at the head of the bravest people in the world.

Adieu, royal hero! and assure yourself that no change of fortune can make any alteration in my esteem.

PRUSSIA.

From our Court at Berlin,
Nov. 8th 1747.

RULES FOR BECOMING A POET.

THE following observations on poetry were written in the Turkish language, by Nabi Effendi, a celebrated poet, who died about the beginning of the eighteenth century. If modern British poets would subject themselves to the standard thus prescribed, they would either be less numerous, or more valued.

"My son, before you attempt to run the painful race of poetry, examine your strength. If you perceive within yourself that divine fire which glows in the bosom of great poets,

give yourself up to your genius. First enrich your mind by reading the works of those who have excelled in verse. Nesi and Baki are in the first rank of the Turkish poets. Persia, the fruitful mother of genius, has produced a great number of good poets. What strength and purity in the works of Saib and Kellmi! Ciami, Nouri, and Khakani abound with beauties innumerable, and inexpressible. Sali, like the soft nightingale, fills the groves with sounds of melody. Chevket, like the eagle, bears his ambitious wings to heaven. Hafiz sings of love, and the sweet juices of the vine, while Atter aids the cause of virtue, by the sublime precepts of morality. The Arabs have been no less ardent in the cultivation of poetry than the Persians. They have even more of that enthusiasm, that poetic *furor* which seizes, inflames, and elevates the heart. Their style is impetuous: their strong imagination paints every object with force; and their poetry is impregnated with all the warmth of their climate. Their works are like diamonds, that dart a thousand rays; but, to taste their beauty, it is necessary thoroughly to understand their language. Whoever would attain to perfection, should have a consummate knowledge of the Arabic and the Persian. Those two languages are the wings on which a poet must rise into the air; without them he will grovel on the ground.

"Would you wish, my son, that your verse should not only be admired by your contemporaries, but pass to posterity, never sacrifice sense to rhyme. Convey some useful truth under some ingenious emblem, or fine allegory. Let your works have a general tendency to promote the virtues of mankind. The garden of poetry is dry and ungenial, if it be not watered with the streams of philosophy.

"The greater part of our ordinary poets speak only of lilies, locks of hair, nightingales, and wine. If they describe some imaginary beauty with which they are smitten, they compare her sometimes to the spring, sometimes to an enamelled mead. Her lips are like the rose, and and her complexion resembles the jessamine. Cold and servile imitators, their languid imagination supplies them with nothing new. They cannot march, except in a beaten path.

"Truth, my son, hath no need of severity to make us hear her voice. Never employ your muse in satire. A professed satirist is feared by all mankind: all are apprehensive of the malignity of his pen. He has hatred and envy to encounter, and many reasons to repent his caustic genius."

SLEEP OF PLANTS.

In the middle of the eighteenth century, botanists thought they had made a new discovery, which they called by a very pretty metaphorical name,—the *Sleep of Plants*. It was observed, however, as far back as the time of Chaucer, who, speaking of this flower, in his "Legende of Good Women," has the following lines:

"There lovith no wight hartyer alyve,
And whan that it is evyn, I rynne belyve,
As sone as the sonne ginneth to west,
To see this floure, how it *will go to rest*,
For fere of night, so hatith the darkenes,
Her chere is plainly spread in brightnesse
Of the sonne, for then it will unclose."

LINES BY A YOUNG LADY BORN BLIND.

If this delicious, grateful flower,
Which blows but for a little hour,
Should to the sight so lovely be,
As from its fragrance seems to me,
A sigh must then its colour show,
For that's the softest joy I know;
And sure the rose is like a sigh,
Born just to soothe, and then—to die.

My father, when our fortune smil'd,
With jewels deck'd his eyeless child;
Their glittering worth the world might see,
But, ah! they had no charms for me;
A trickling tear bedew'd my arm—
I felt it—and my heart was warm;
And sure the gem to me most dear,
Was a kind father's pitying tear.

These exquisite lines appeared some time ago in the newspapers without any name affixed. If they are, as stated, truly the production of "a young lady born blind," she must be allowed, not only to excel all who have gone before her, afflicted with the same deprivation, but to be an ornament to her sex and country.

THE SIGH.

ONCE, when no language yet was known,
Save what expedience taught alone;
When words and signs, and symbols spoke,
The grave discourse and sprightly joke,
And all the thoughts that heads produce,
Found language suited to their use;
But when the heart had learn'd no tone
To make its inward anguish known,
A youth, 'tis said, who felt a flame,
Known far too well to need a name,
Reclin'd beneath a hazel grove,
Thought much of her whom much he lov'd.
As thus he lay, a passing gale
Pour'd through the trees a mournful wail;
And while the trees prolong'd the moan,
His heartstrings caught the plaintive tone
With anguish strung, and beating high,
Gave to the world the earliest *sigh*.
Thus erst did nature first impart
A language to the burden'd heart;
And thus the bosom learn'd to tell
What words can never show so well.

TO THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

I NEVER hear that plaintive sigh,
Borne on the trembling zephyr's wings,
But fancy paints some spirit nigh,
Who breathes in rapture o'er thy strings;
Some minstrel sylph or fairy power,
Whose music charms in lonely hour.

Æolian harp! the magic swell,
That lingers midst thy sounding wire,
On whose wild notes I love to dwell,
Could aught but angel voice inspire?
Could mortal voice so sweetly sing,
Or raise the soul on fancy's wing?

Ah! no—No mortal voice e'er sung
A strain so soft, a breath so light;
No chord such witching numbers rung,
But what was tuned by airy sprite;
Some seraph, wanderer of the sky,
Who sighs the notes of melody.

In vesper hour no requiem swell,
Borne on the breezes of the night,
On which the pious crowd would dwell,
To waft the soul to realms of light,
E'er threw around such magic power,
Or breath'd more sweet in lonely hour.

That song is o'er; the breeze of night
Shall sweep in silence o'er the strings;
And, ah! that breath, so soft, so light,
Shall move no more on zephyr's wings;
Thy trembling chords no more shall sigh,
No fairy minstrel hover nigh.

Farewell, sweet harp! for damp decay
Upon thy mouldering chords shall dwell,
And thou shalt breathe no future lay,
And thou shalt raise no future swell;
The breeze flits by, the music's o'er,
The fairy sounds can charm no more.

A.

DEATH OF CAMOENS.

THERE is a rare copy of Camoens, in the possession of lord Holland, which M. de Souza alleges must have been in the hands of the poet himself. At the bottom of the title page, the following curious and melancholy testimony of his unfortunate death is written in an old Spanish hand, which states, that the writer saw him die in an hospital at Lisbon, without even a blanket to cover him.

" Que cosa mas lastimosa que ver un tan grande ingenio mal logrado! yo lo bi morir en un hospital en Lisboa, sin tener una sauana con que cubrirse, despues de aver triunfado en la India oriental, y de aver navigado 5500 leguas por mar: que auiso tan grande para los que de noche y de dia se cançan estudiando sin provecho, como la arana en urdir tellas para cazar moscas!"

ENGLISH LETTER AND POEM, BY VOLTAIRE.

THE subjoined letter is copied literally from the autograph of Voltaire, formerly in the possession of the Reverend Mr. Sim, the editor of Mickle's Poems.

Sir,

j wish you good health, a quick sale of y^{r} burgundy, much latin, and greeke to one of y^{r} Children, much Law, much of cooke, and littleton, to the other. quiet and joy to mistrss brinsden, money to all. when you'll drink y^{r} burgundy with m^{r} furneze pray tell him j'll never forget his favours.

But dear john be so kind as to let me know how does my lady Bollingbroke. as to my lord j left him so well j dont doubt he is so still. but j am very uneasie about my lady. if she might have as much health as she has Spirit and witt, Sure She would be the Strongest body in england. pray dear s^{r} write me Something of her, of my lord, and of you. direct y^{r} letter by the penny post at m^{r} Cavalier, Belitery Square by the R. exchange. j am sincerely and heartily y^{r} most humble most obedient rambling friend

VOLTAIRE.

to
john Brinsden, esq.
durham's yard
by charing cross.

THE following stanzas, which are easy and natural, and display a greater command of the English language than the above letter would lead us to expect from the author, first appeared in some letters and poems of Voltaire, printed in Paris in 1820. They were addressed to lady Hervey, during the author's stay in England, about the year 1726.

Hervey, would you know the passion
You have kindled in my breast?
Trifling is the inclination,
Which by words can be exprest.

In my silence see the lover;
True love is by silence known;
In my eyes you'll best discover
All the influence of your own.

TOLERATION.

(From "The Christian Disciple," an American Publication.)

In a conversation with a few friends on church government, a clergyman who was of the party said, "No one was entitled to administer the offices of the church, who had not received episcopal ordination; for wherever the episcopal succession is preserved, there only is a true church:"—"*Nulla ecclesia sine episcopo.*" Tertullian.

The opinion of another gentleman being required, he replied, "There is in the history of one of the Indian tribes, in America, an anecdote somewhat analogous, which, with permission, I will read." Taking down a book, he apparently read from it; but, in truth, repeated from memory the following pleasing apologue of his own composition.

"As the sun was hastening to cool himself in the placid waters of Lake Erie, Commemoroonah, sachem of the Tuscaroras, sat at the door of his wigwam, scouring his red-rusted scalping-knife. Bambarrah, his faithful squaw, was preparing hominee for the supper of her lord; whilst their sons were striving, who, with truest aim, could direct the tomahawk.

"At this interesting moment, three envoys approached, bearing a talk from Alpequot, the renowned sachem of the Chippewas, which they thus delivered:

"'Brother, when the great Spirit created tobacco for the solace of red men, he delivered to Animboonah, father of the Chippewas, a torch, which he had lighted at the great day-star. The Chippewas have not suffered this celestial spark to be extinguished; but from it have all our pipes been ignited for ninety-nine thousand five hundred and fifty moons. This therefore, and *this only*, is the true canonical fire; all other is unholy and damnable. (A belt of wampum.)

"'Brother, I send you a portion of this sacred fire, preserved by *uninterrupted succession*, that with it you may light your pipe, and diffuse the blessing through your nation. (A belt of wampum.)

"'Accept this, and the Chippewas and Tuscaroras will smoke together the calumet of peace, as long as the Wabash shall pour its silver waters into the dark torrent of the Ohio. Reject it, and instantly shall the red war-hatchet be dug from its repose; and the warriors of Tuscarora shall be given as a feast to the sons of Animboonah. (A belt of wampum.)

"'Decide! for Alpequot will suffer no pipe to be smoked that is not lighted from the fire *uninterruptedly derived from the great day-star.*'" (Three belts of wampum.)

"To this courtly message, Commemoroonah returned this talk:

"'Brothers! Chinquolinga, my grandfather, whose girdle was always hung with the scalps of Chippewas, received from William Penn, the white sachem, an amulet, which enables us to draw fire *immediately* from the great day-star. With this the Tuscaroras are accustomed to light their pipes. (A belt of wampum.)

"'Our young men are expert at the tomahawk; our squaws are ingenious at roasting prisoners; and the arm of Commemoroonah has not lost its vigour.' (Three belts of wampum.)

"In the succeeding moon, the scouts of Tuscarora gave notice of the approach of Alpequot; Commemoroonah prepared an ambuscade; a battle was fought; and the bones of the Chippewas now lie bleaching on the plains of Muskingum."

HIGH PRICE OF BOOKS.

THE first legislative enactment that was made for the encouragement of learning, was in the reign of Richard III. when books were exempted from the restrictions imposed on the importers of every other species of merchandize. Printing was at this time unknown in England. King Henry VI. at his own expense, brought over several printers and their presses into this country, and from that time the art of printing began to be practised here. In the year 1553, it was so well understood, that Henry VIII. deemed it expedient to repeal the act of Richard; and, accordingly, the 25 Henry VIII. c. 15. was passed, which, while it protected the native printers, prevented them from imposing on the rest of his subjects. This act was entitled "An Act for Printers and Binders of Books:" the fourth and last section is as follows:

"Provided always, and be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, That if any of the said printers or sellers of printed books, inhabiting within this realm, at any time hereafter happen in such wise to inhance or increase the prices of any such printed books, in sale or binding, at too high and unreasonable prices, in such wise as complaint be made thereof unto the king's highness, or unto the lord chancellor, lord treasurer, or any of the chief justices of the one bench or of the other; that the same lord chancellor, lord treasurer, and

two chief justices, or two or any of them, shall have power and authority to enquire thereof, as well by the oaths of twelve honest and discreet persons as otherwise by due examination by their discretions. And after the same inhancing and increasing of the said prices of the said books and binding shall be so found by the said twelve men, or otherwise by examination of the said lord chancellor, lord treasurer, and justices, or two of them; and then the same lord chancellor, lord treasurer, and justices at the least, from time to time, shall have power and authority to reform and redress such inhancing of the prices of printed books from time to time by their discretions, and to limit prices as well of the books as for the binding of them; and over that the offender or offenders thereof being convict by the examination of the same lord chancellor, lord treasurer, and justices, or two of them, or otherwise, shall lose and forfeit for every book by them sold, whereof the price shall be inhanced for the book or binding thereof, three shillings four-pence; the one half thereof shall be to the king's highness, and the other half to the parties grieved, that will complain upon the same in manner and form before rehearsed."

A similar act was passed in the 8 Anne, cap. 19, § 4; but enforcing a penalty of five pounds for every book sold by the printer or bookseller at a higher price than the justices, &c. should fix it. This latter act was repealed by the 12 Geo. II. cap. 36, § 3; but that of Henry VIII. above quoted, remains in force, for it has never been repealed by any express law, and it would be ridiculous to contend that the act of Anne, enacting a higher penalty, has virtually repealed that of Henry, which it never mentions.

If any doubt existed on this subject, we think Ruffhead would decide it: those gentlemen who are acquainted with his works well know, that such acts as have been repealed are invariably so noticed in the margin: such a note is affixed to the act of Anne, and a reference to the statute which repealed it; but not so to that of Henry VIII. which still remains the law of the land.

MISERIES OF ROYALTY.

The following elegant and affecting letter was handed about in MS. in Paris, at the time of the event to which it alludes, and was confidently said to have been written by the princess Louisa, (younger daughter of Louis XV.) to the dauphiness, upon the marriage of the latter.

My dear Niece,

Be not surprised at the receipt of this letter or the subject of it. To congratulate you in the most tender manner, upon your approaching nuptials with that amiable youth, the dauphin, was the original design of this epistle; but I found, whilst my heart dictated felicitation to you, to me it intimated the most poignant sorrow.

When I reflect on the many happy years that await you, united in those indissoluble bonds of felicity, with a prince, whose transcendant virtues, and personal accomplishments, place him, as well by birth as merit, in the most exalted point of view, and render him at once the admiration of the women and the envy of the men; and then compare the reverse of my fortune—doomed to celibacy, though my heart has long made its choice, and fixed its immovable affection on him who is truly worthy of it. What a cruel reflection! what a dreadful perspective! deprived even of hope, or the probability of even surmounting the prejudices of custom, annexed to my lamentably elevated situation.

How very unfortunate is my lot—born a princess, to be miserable! Oh! that fate had decreed me the most humble station!—at least, one far beneath my present! I might then have been happy, too happy, with the worthiest of men (for it is in vain to conceal my passion), the marquis Turbilly: but I am for ever debarred his sight! forbid evermore to think of him! Why were weak mortals born with passions, if they are not to be gratified? Why, from the weakest of the human species, is the most heroic fortitude to be exacted? Man, lawless man, in every department of life, may rove without controul through all the labyrinths of love; in them it is considered, if not meritorious, the slightest crime.

But, wherefore should I lament? There is a road still left me; the cloister alone can afford relief! Thither will I fly; there shall my future days be spent in praying for your welfare, and in religious contemplation; forgetting I am a woman, my soul will soar to heaven and to futurity.

Not all the charms of grandeur—the allurements of the most polished and brilliant court in Europe—neither the solicitations of relations, nor the interpositions of friends, can make me swerve from a resolution I have taken, to leave a world that can afford me no happiness, deprived of the only object capable of communicating it.

Farewell, most lovely princess,

LOUISA.*

* The princess Louisa adhered to her resolution, and retired to a convent, where she spent the remainder of her days.

THE SNOW-SPIRIT.

(Written in Bermuda.)

No! ne'er did the wave in its element steep
An island of lovelier charms;
It blooms in the giant embrace of the deep,
Like Hebe in Hercules' arms.

The tint of your bowers is balm to the eye,
Their melody balm to the ear;
But the fiery planet of day is too nigh,
And the snow-spirit never comes here.

The down from his wings is as white, as the pearl
Thy lips for their cabinet stole,
And it falls on the green earth, as melting, my girl,
As a murmur of thine on the soul.

Then fly to the clime where he pillows the death,
As he cradles the birth, of the year;
Bright are your bowers and balmy your breath,
But the snow-spirit never comes here.

How sweet to behold him, when borne on the gale,
And brightening the bosom of morn,
He flings, like the priest of Diana, a veil
O'er the brow of each virginal thorn.

But think not the veil he so chillingly casts,
Is the veil of a vestal severe:
No, no! you will see what a moment it lasts,
Should the snow-spirit ever come here.

Then fly to his region, lay open his zone,
And he'll weep all his brilliancy dim,
To think that a bosom as white as his own,
Should not melt in the day-beam like him.

Oh! lovely the print of those delicate feet,
On his luminous path will appear;
Fly! fly! my beloved, this island is sweet,
But the snow-spirit cannot come here.

THE PERSIAN LETTERS.

In the Persian Letters, by lord Lyttleton, as originally published, the imaginary Persian writes to his friend at Ispahan an account of his introduction to the house of lords; and, after giving a general description of its appearance and character, he proceeds to state, that, in a certain part of it, there was a considerable body of personages distinct in figure from the other nobles, being peculiarly habited in robes of *white* and *black*, who, (adds the Persian) "from such observations as I am qualified to make, *appear to have no kind of business there.*" It is, however, a remarkable circumstance, that this passage has been omitted in the several editions of the Persian Letters, which were published after the noble author's reverend brother had been elected to a seat on the *episcopal bench.*

THE ROBBERS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

It appears from a letter of Lupus, abbot of Ferrières, in the ninth century, that the highways were then so much infested by banditti, that it became necessary for travellers to form themselves into companies, or caravans, that they might be safe from the assaults of robbers. The numerous regulations published by Charles the Bold, in the same century, discover the frequency of these disorders; and such acts of violence were become so common, that by many they were hardly considered as criminal; and for this reason, the inferior judges, called *centenarii*, were required to take oath that they would neither commit any robbery themselves, nor protect such as were guilty of that crime. The historians of the ninth and tenth centuries give pathetic descriptions of their outrages. They became so frequent and audacious, that the authority of the civil magistrate was unable to repress them. The ecclesiastical jurisdiction was called in to aid it. Councils were held with great solemnity; the bodies of the saints were brought thither, and, in presence of their sacred relics, anathemas were denounced against robbers and other violators of the public peace. One of these forms of excommunication, issued in the year 988, is still preserved, and is remarkable for the eloquence with which it is composed.

After the usual introduction, and mentioning the outrage which gave occasion to the anathema, it runs thus:

"Obtenebrescant oculi vestri qui concupiverunt; arescant manus, quæ rapuerunt; debilitentur omnia membra quæ adjuverunt. Semper laboretis, nec requiem inveniatis, fructuque vestri laboris privemini. Formidetis, et paveatis a facie persequentis et non persequentis hostis, ut tabescendo deficiatis. Sit portio vestra cum Judâ, traditore Domini, in terrâ mortis ac tenebrarum; donec corda vestra ad satisfactionem plenam convertantur. Ne cessent a vobis hæ maledictiones scelerum vestrorum persecutrices, quamdiu pennanebitis in peccato pervasionis. Amen. Fiat, fiat."—*Bouquet; Recueil des Hist. tom.* x. p. 517.

(Translation.)

"May your eyes, that have coveted, be darkened! May those hands, that have robbed, be withered up! May all the limbs, that have helped, be enfeebled! May ye always labour, but never find rest! and may ye be deprived of the fruit of your labour! May ye be in fear and dread from the face of the enemy, whether he pursue, or do not pursue you, that by wasting away you may at length be consumed! May your portion be with Judas, who betrayed our Lord, in the land of death and darkness, 'till your hearts are converted to make full satisfaction! May these curses, taking vengeance on your wickedness, never cease their effect on you, as long as you remain in the sin of robbery. Amen. So be it, so be it."

KNIGHTS ROBBERS.

In the *Dictum de Kenilworth*, made in the fifty-first year of the reign of Henry III. there is the following curious clause: "Knights and esquires who are robbers, and among the principal robbers in wars and plunderings, if they have no lands, but have goods, shall pay half of their goods for their redemption, and find sufficient surety henceforth to keep the peace of the king and kingdom."

ADDITION TO THE APOCRYPHA.

The following very curious document is taken from a small volume, entitled, "The Thyrd Boke of the Machabees, not found in the Hebrew Canons, but translated out of the

Greke into Latyne, and taken in the steede of one of the Bookes of Holy Scripture, worthy to be reade by all godly men; never before set forth in the Englesh tounge." It is dedicated "to the ryghte noble and virtuose lady, lady Anne Douchesse of Somerset, &c. by her most bounden and daily oratour, Gwalter Lynne, wyshedd aboundance of all grace and godlyness; with a lounge and prosperous estate to God his honour, and your grace's health and salvatyon." The title page states it to have been "imprinted at London for Gwalter Lynne, dwellyng in Somers Keye, by Billynsgate, in the year of our Lord, MDL. *cum priv. ad imprimand. solum.*" The book consists of seven chapters, of which the following is a specimen:

"Herein it is declared, the fearfull punyshmente of the blasphemous tyranny of *Ptolemeus*.—Item, What myschefe he dyd afterwards enterpryse againste the Jewes, whiche God nevertheles dyd gracyously withstand, and brought it to a good ende, thereby sygnyfying unto us, that the hartes of kinges and princes, and of all men, are in his hande.—*Proverb* xxii. *Regum* 1. c. d. i. *Hester* vi. 6.—And that no man shall be confounded that putteth his trust and confidence in hym, *Esaye* xlix. c. xxviii. c. lvii. 6.—*Psal.* xxv. a. 31. a. xxvii. c, lxxi, a. *Roman* ix. d. v. a. &c.

"CHAP. I.

"When Philopater had understood by thoos that were comen agayne, that Antiochus had taken from hym suche holds as he had, he raysed all his army, as well foot as horsemen, and taking with hym his sister Arsinoe, he ranne out even as farre as the countries of Raphia, that were borderinge upon hym, where Antiochus' host camped; and one Theodotus, thynkynge to brynge the matter to pass, by crafty traines, when he hadde taken the strongest men of armies that were put unto hym by Ptolemeus: in the night, he gat him to Ptolemeus tent, to kill him unawares, and so make an end of the battel. But Dositheus, called the son of Drimilius, a jew borne, and afterwards forsaking the law, and tourned from his father's ordinances, which was hired for the purpose, put in his stead, in the tent, another poore man, which chanced to be slayen, for hym; and as they fought fiercely together, but Antiochus moare, Arsinoë went diligently about her men, weeping pitifully, her heare about her shuldars, and desired them that they would helpe her valiantly, promysing to give to every of there wyfes and children, yf he had the victory, two pounds of gold. Thys it chaunced that their enemies

were overthrown, and many taken. Then whan he had thus disappointed their traines, he went about their cities that were next, and thought to comfort them with words, which, when he had done, he gave gifts unto their churches, and comforted their subjectes hartes; and when the Jews had sent the elders of their counsellours to Philopater, to salute him, bearynge gifts, and to shewe these for the things that he hadde done, it fortuned that he had a greater desyre to go to them as sone as might be. So he came to Jerusalem, and dyd sacrifice to the most mighty God, and when he hadde done, he dyd to the place as was convenient. And after when he was come in, he wondered to see the costly worke, and marvylling at the fine buyldynge of the temple, he desyred to go also into the innar tabernacle, that was the holiest of all, but when they denyed him, sayinge, it was not leaful, no not to eny that were borne there, to go in, no not so much as for the priests themselves, save only for the cheafe bishop, and that but onse in the yeare onlye, yet would he not be turned one *wyth*. And when they read unto him the law, yet would he not cease, but said he must needs go in; and although this honer was denyed unto them, yet that it ought not to be so unto hym, and axed them why no man stopped hym from goeing into eny temples. And when one had made answer unadvysedlye, that they dyd well because they dyd not; but this, quoth he, shall be done, and let the cause what so eny the lyst, he would in, whether they would or not. And when the pryestes hadde fallen to their faces upon the ground, and were in all theyre vestements, and prayed unto the hyghest God, to helpe them in theyre most nede, and that he would put away his strength, that threatened to hurt them, and had filled the temple with crying and weepinge, the rest that were in the citie being greatly amased, and not knowing what had happened, came out as fast as they could. Virgens that were in the chambers, and women in child-bed, ran forth, casting dust upon their heedes, and filling the streets with mourning and lamentation. And the banners that they hadde little before proposed to go meet hym, being forgettynge, the manner that he came them, they bare them about the citie, and forsakinge ye young infants, bothe mothers and nurses ran wandering about the streates, some one way, some another, unto the high temple, and being gathered together, strived diversly against these thinges whiche he wickedly went about. Besides this, the citizens moved with boldnes, would not suffer him to rush in and accomplish his purpose, but tooke them to theire weapons, and with great cryes, ready to suffer death, they stirred up a great business in that place, but yet removed back by the priestes and seniores; they came again to theire old place of prayer,

and the common people, as they had begonne indeed, were set to prayer; but the elders sendinge to the kinge, assayed many wayes to remove his proud minde from his purposed intent; but he, stifly against them all, purposed to go in, thinkinge to perform that he had onse saide, which thinge, when thei onse sawe, thei hilde againste him, tornynge them to Him, with whom all power is, called upon Him, they and the people, to helpe them at that poynt, and not to wincke at that proude and mischievous dede; insomuch that, for the great noise that was among the careful people, the crye was incomparable, for it seamyd as though they had runne thorow not only the enemies heddes, but thorow the walls also, and all the pavemente; al men rather wishinge to die, than have the place defyled and unhalowed," &c.

DESCRIPTION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

(By a German Traveller.)

MUCH as has been written respecting "England's maiden queen," there is is not one of our native chroniclers gives such a striking picture of her court, as is conveyed in the following description, by a German traveller. It is translated from a rare work, entitled, *Itinerarium Germaniæ, Galliæ, Angliæ, Italiæ; scriptum a Paulo Hentznera, J. C.—Breslæ,* 1627.

"We arrived next at the royal palace of Greenwich, reported to have been originally built by Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, and to have received very magnificent additions from Henry VIII. It was here, Elizabeth, the present queen, was born, and here she generally resides, particularly in summer, for the delightfulness of its situation. We were admitted, by an order Mr. Rogers had procured from the lord chamberlain, into the presence chamber, hung with rich tapestry, and the floor, after the English fashion, strewed with hay, through which the queen commonly passes in her way to the chapel. At the door stood a gentleman dressed in velvet, with a gold chain, whose office was to introduce to the queen any person of distinction, that came to wait on her. It was Sunday, when there is usually the greatest attendance of nobility. In the same hall, where the archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop of London, a great many counsellors of state, officers of the crown, and gentlemen, who waited the queen's coming out, which she did, from her own apartment, when it was time to go to prayers, attended in the following manner:

—First were gentlemen, barons, earls, knights of the garter, all richly dressed, and bareheaded; next came the chancellor, bearing the seals, in a silk purse, between two, one of which carried the royal sceptre, the other the sword of state, in a red scabbard, studded with gold fleurs-de-lis, the point upwards; next came the queen, in the fifty-sixth year of her age (as we are told), very majestic; her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her eyes small, yet black and pleasant; her nose a little hooked, her lips narrow, and her teeth black, (a defect the English seem subject to from their too great use of sugar).

"She had in her ears two very rich pearls, with drops; she wore false hair, and that red; upon her head she had a small crown, reported to have been made of some of the gold of the celebrated Lunebourg-table; her bosom was uncovered, as all the English ladies have it, till they marry; and she had on a necklace of exceeding fine jewels; her hands were small, her fingers long, and her stature neither tall nor low; her air was stately, her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That day she was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads; her train was very long, the end of it borne by a marchioness; instead of a chain, she had an oblong collar of gold and jewels. As she went along, in all this state and magnificence, she spoke very graciously, first to one, then to another, (whether foreign ministers, or those who attend for different reasons) in English, French, and Italian; for, besides being well skilled in Greek and Latin, and the languages I have mentioned, she is mistress of Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch. Whoever speaks to her, it is kneeling; now and then she raises some with her hand. While we were there, William Slaywater, a Bohemian baron, had letters to present to her, and she, after pulling off her glove, gave him her right hand to kiss, sparkling with rings and jewels, a mark of particular favour. Wherever she turned her face, as she was going along, every body fell down upon their knees. The ladies of the court followed next to her, very handsome and well shaped, and for the most part dressed in white. She was guarded on each side by the gentlemen pensioners, fifty in number, with gilt battle-axes. In the antichamber, next the hall where we were, petitions were presented to her, and she received them most graciously, which occasioned the exclamation of 'God save the queen Elizabeth!' She answered it with, 'I thanke you, mine good people.' In the chapel was excellent music; as soon as it and the service were over, which scarce exceeded half an hour, the queen returned in the same state and order, and prepared to go to dinner.

"A gentleman entered the room, bearing a rod, and along with him another, bearing a table-cloth, which, after they had both kneeled, three times, with the utmost veneration, he spread upon the table, and after kneeling again, they both retired; then came two others, one with the rod again, the other with a salt-cellar, a plate, and bread; when they had kneeled as the others had done, and placed what was brought upon the table, they too retired with the same ceremonies performed by the first; at last came an unmarried lady (we were told she was a countess), and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting-knife; the former was dressed in white silk, who, when she had prostrated herself three times in the most graceful manner, approached the table, and rubbed the table with bread and salt, with as much awe as if the queen had been present. When they had waited there a little while, the yeomen of the guard entered, bare-headed, clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose upon their backs, bringing in, at each turn, a course of dishes, served in plate, most of it gilt; these dishes were received by a gentleman, in the same order they were brought, and placed upon the table, while the lady taster gave to each guard a mouthful to eat of the particular dish he had brought, for fear of any poison. During the time that this guard (which consists of the tallest and stoutest men that can be found in all England, being carefully selected for this service) were bringing dinner, twelve trumpets, and two kettle-drums made the hall ring for half an hour together. At the end of all this ceremonial, a number of unmarried ladies appeared, who, with particular solemnity, lifted the meat from the table, and conveyed it to the queen's inner and more private chamber, where, after she had chosen for herself, the rest goes to the ladies of the court.

"The queen dines and sups alone, with very few attendants; and it is very seldom that any body, foreigner or native, is admitted at that time, and then only at the intercession of somebody in power."

MARSHAL JUNOT'S LIBRARY.

The splendid library of Junot, duke of Abrantes, was sold by auction in London, in June 1816. It principally consisted of works published by Didot, and printed by him and Bodoni of Parma, upon vellum, manufactured expressly for the marshal, at a very great expence.

The following were a few of the articles sold, with their prices :

"Œuvres de Crebillon," 4 vols. best edition. Printed by Didot, upon vellum, with plates, by Peyton; proofs before the letters; proofs with only the artists' names; etchings; and a fourth set of the plates, in colours. Paris, 1797. Sold for 26*l.* 5*s.*

"Oratio Dominica," in 155 linguas versa et Exoticis Characteribus plerumque expressa; red morocco. Parma, 1806. Sold for 14*l.*

"Homeri Ilias," Græcè, 3 vols. A magnificent book; Parma, 1808. When Buonaparte assumed the iron crown of Italy, Bodoni undertook this edition of the Iliad, avowing that he meant to present the emperor with the most perfect specimen of the art of printing which could be produced. Sold for 19*l.* 19*s.*

"Horatii Opera." Printed in vellum, by Didot, with the exquisitely beautiful original drawings, by Percier, inserted; also a set of proof plates. Paris, 1799. This, and the two following articles, may be considered as chefs-d'œuvre; they exhibit the perfection of the art of printing upon vellum. The exquisite beauty of the vellum, and the skill of the printer, cannot be surpassed. Two copies only were printed upon vellum, and Didot states, that he picked the sheets of this from both. Sold for 140*l.*

"Fables de la Fontaine," 2 vols. Printed upon vellum, by Didot. A most splendid and magnificent book. Paris, 1802. Of this edition, only two copies were printed upon vellum. Didot states, at the commencement of the volume, that he picked every sheet from both copies. The beauty of the vellum leaves nothing to be desired by the most fastidious eye; and to render this copy more interesting, the admirable original drawings of Percier are inserted, and a set of proof plates. Sold for 170*l.*

"Longus," Græcè. A most splendid and magnificent copy, upon vellum. Paris, 1802. This splendid volume is unique. Didot states, that he took it off upon vellum, expressly for the duke of Abrantes. The original drawings by Prudhon, and a set of proof plates are inserted. Sold for 73*l.* 10*s.*

In this sale, it was expected there would have been the celebrated Bible, which Junot carried off from Portugal, but it was not transmitted with the rest of the library. The government of Portugal was so anxious to redeem this great curio-

sity, that they offered the marshal's widow eighty thousand livres for it; but the duchess refused it, saying, that from the reverence and respect in which she held the memory of her husband, she could not part with it for less than 150,000 livres!

LINES BY HENRY VIII.

THE eagle's force subdues each bird that flies:
What metal can resist the flaming fire?
Doth not the sun dazzle the clearest eyes,
And melt the ice, and make the frost retire?
The hardest stones are pierced through with tools,
The wisest are, with princes, made but fools.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF BRITISH HISTORY.

ABOUT thirty years ago, Mr. Lodge published a work, which he intitled, "Illustrations of British History." It consists of a series of letters, written between the reign of Henry VIII. and that of James I., selected from the manuscripts of the families of Howard, Talbot, and Cecil. Considering how much history may be illustrated by such documents, it is to be regretted, that the treasures in the British Museum, are not more frequently applied to that purpose than they are; and particularly that the three volumes of Historical Letters, collected and transcribed by Dr. Birch, have never been given to the public. As a proof of the value of such collections, it may only be necessary to enumerate a few of the historical facts ascertained by the letters published by Mr. Lodge. They prove, among other things,

That the article of gunpowder, which Baker, and other writers, insisted was not made till the reign of Elizabeth, had been manufactured as early as the reign of Henry the Seventh;

That instructions were issued by king Henry the Eighth, for raising money from his subjects by "loving contributions;" probably the same kind of oppressive exactions as the "patriotic contributions" of the French, at the commencement of the Revolution;

That in the time of Edward the Sixth, the houses in London, belonging to the suppressed monasteries, sold at

fifteen years' purchase, which, for that time, was a good price;

That wine was much used in those days, and among other purposes for bathing;

That the earls of Shrewsbury and Leicester, lord Burleigh, and other noblemen, were engaged in trade, particularly in such articles as were the produce of their mines and estates;

And that the courtiers of that period could feel and express a spirit of independence, when occasion required. The earl of Sussex writes to lord Burleigh, "Sooner than be a camelion, and yield no other shew than as it shall please others to give the colour, I will content myself to live a private life." Addison gives a similar sentiment to his hero in the tragedy of Cato.

Such are a few of the curious facts which these papers bring to light.

WASHINGTON ON A MARRIED LIFE.

THE following elegant letter, on a very interesting subject, from the pen of the celebrated Washington, has been communicated to the present collector by a learned American. It has not, he believes, appeared before in any European publication.

Letter from General Washington to the Marquis de Chastellux

Mount Vernon, April 25th, 1788.

My dear Marquis,

In reading your friendly and acceptable letter of the 21st December, 1787, which came to hand by last mail, I was, as you may well suppose, not less delighted than surprised, to come across that plain American word "my wife." A wife! Well, my dear marquis, I can hardly refrain from smiling, to find you are caught at last. I saw, by the eulogium you often made on the happiness of domestic life in America, that you had swallowed the bait, and that you would, as sure as you are a philosopher and a soldier, be taken, one day or other. So your day has at length come. I am glad of it with all my life and soul. It is good enough for you: now you are so well served for coming to fight in favour of the American rebels

all the way across the Atlantic Ocean, by catching that terrible contagion, which, like the small-pox or the plague, a man can only have once in his life, because it commonly lasts him (at least with us in America: I don't know how you manage these matters in France) for his life-time. And yet, after all the maledictions you so richly merit on the subject, the worst wish I can find it in my heart to make against Madame de Chastellux and yourself, is, that you may neither of you get the better of this domestic felicity during the course of your mortal existence.

If so wonderful an event should have occasioned me, my dear marquis, to have written in a strange style, you will understand me as clearly as if I had said, (what, in plain English, is simple truth); do me the justice to believe, that I take heartfelt interest in whatever concerns your happiness; and in this view, I sincerely congratulate you on your auspicious matrimonial connexion.

I am happy to find that Madame de Chastellux is so immediately connected with the Duchess of Orleans, as I have always understood that this noble lady was an illustrious pattern of connubial love, as well as an excellent model of virtue in general.

While you have been making love under the banner of Hymen, the great personages of the north have been making war under the inspiration, or rather the infatuation of Mars. Now, for my part, I humbly conceive you had much the best and wisest of the bargain; for certainly it is more consonant to all the principles of reason and religion (natural and revealed) to replenish the earth with inhabitants, rather than depopulate it by killing those already in existence; besides, it is time for the age of knight-errantry and mad heroism to be at an end.

Your young military men, who want to reap the harvest of laurels, don't care, I suppose, how many seeds of war are sown; but, for the sake of humanity, it is devoutly to be wished, that the manly employment of agriculture, and the humanizing benefits of commerce, should supersede the waste of war and the rage of conquest; that the swords might be turned into plough-shares, the spears into pruning-hooks, and, as the Scriptures express it, "the nations learn war no more."

I will now give you a little news from this side of the Atlantic, and then finish. As for us, we are plodding on in the dark road of peace and politics. We, who live in these ends of the earth, only hear of the rumours of war, like the roar of distant thunder. It is to be hoped our remote

local situation will prevent us from being swept into its vortex.

The constitution, which was proposed by the federal convention, has been adopted by the states of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and Georgia. No state has rejected it. The convention of Maryland is now sitting, and will probably adopt it, as that of South Carolina will do in May. The other conventions will assemble early in the summer. Hitherto, there has been much greater unanimity in favour of the proposed government than could have been reasonably expected.

Should it be adopted (and I think it will be), America will lift up her head again, and in a few years become respectable among the nations. It is a flattering and consolatory reflection, that our rising republic has the good wishes of all philosophers, patriots and virtuous men, in all nations; and that they look upon it as a kind of asylum for mankind. God grant that we may not be disappointed in our honest expectations by our folly and perverseness!

With sentiments of the purest attachment and esteem, I have the honour to be, my dear marquis, your most obedient and humble servant,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

P.S. If the duke de Lauzun is still with you, I beg you will thank him, in my name, for his kind remembrance of me, and make my compliments to him.

May 1*st*.—Since writing the above, I have been favoured with a duplicate of your letter, in the hand-writing of a lady, and cannot close this without acknowledging my obligations to the flattering postcript of the fair transcriber. In effect, my dear marquis, the characters of this interpreter of your sentiments are so much fairer than those through which I have been accustomed to decipher them, that I already consider myself as no small gainer by your matrimonial connexion; especially as I hope that your amiable amanuensis will not forget, sometimes, to add a few annotations of her own to your original text.

G. W.

VERSES WRITTEN IN SHORT HAND UPON THE BACK OF A THOUSAND POUND BANK NOTE.

THE following effusion is from the pen of a banker's clerk, who, about forty years ago, was well known in Lombard Street by the familiar name of JEMMY TAYLOR. He has been dead many years, and it is the only production that can with any degree of certainty be traced to him.

What strange vicissitudes of fate,
What change of masters and of state,
This poor bank note has known!—
From Thompson's* hand, in trim so neat,
'Twas kick'd about in Lombard Street,
And made to scour the town.

My lord demands the bargain'd price,
Away to Charing Cross it flies,
His balance to augment;
With mouldy bonds and legal pow'rs,
It pass'd away some peaceful hours,
In iron durance pent:

From hence, too soon, alas! 'twas torn,
In Stephen's grasping clutches borne,
By Fate's unkind decree;
But how it shock'd Britannia's† pride!
Besides, 'tis om'nous to reside
So near the fatal tree. ‡

Here, barter'd for a pigmy race,
It skulk'd within some runner's § case,
A long and tedious round;
Through many a court, and many a square,
From Jermyn Street || to Temple Bar,
And to its native ground.

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* The cashier who signed it, *Thompson*.

† Alluding to the figure of Britannia in the corner of the bank-notes.

‡ The fatal tree was some sign, which it was then customary for bankers to have. The house of Smith, Wright, and Gray, in Lombard Street, was known by the sign of the "Three Kings," and another, in Cornhill, the "Bunch of Grapes;" and even now there are bankers in the Strand and Fleet Street, whose original signs of the Anchor, and the Leathern Bottle, were, not long ago, remaining.

§ A "banker's runner" was then the term for one who is now chiefly employed in presenting bills, &c. for payment.

|| In Jermyn Street was the house of Graham and Co. eminent bankers.

And here again new scenes arise,
Away from house to house it flies,
Of chequered chance the sport:
Haply conducted for a while,
Where Byde,* in macaronic style,
Stands thund'ring through the court.

And now again fresh ills it knows,
Scorch'd by the glare of Crawford's† nose,
Or scar'd by Maxwell's ‡ frowns.
Blasted and damn'd by surly Pott;
Greas'd in the shining paws of Scott,
And sneez'd upon by Jones.

Can Fate no gentler lot contrive?
Yes, see! 'tis lodg'd at number five, §
In calm and noiseless state;
No noisy bustling crowds invade
The safe scrutoire in which 'tis laid,
The sleepy, hush'd retreat.

At night, in solemn pomp convey'd
Where beef and mutton hang display'd,
Provisions for the throat:
There sleeps with gems and rings collate,
Safe from the claws of man or rat,
A solitary note.

ON KISSING.

It was a custom among the ancients to place infants, just born, on the ground, whence the parents, or the next in blood, affectionately raised them up, and, in proof of bene-

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* Byde, a dashing junior partner in the then firm of Archer, Byde, and Co. whose house was in White Hart Court.

† Crawford, Maxwell, &c. clerks to eminent city bankers.

‡ Bob Maxwell was chief clerk to Messrs. Brown, Collinson, and Co. The author seems to have closely taken off their predominant foibles or singularities.

§ "No. 5, Lombard Street," seems to have been a house of very little business, and the safe place, or strong room, where the note was lodged, was adjoining to the pantry.

volence and affection, impressed a kiss upon their lips. To the circumstance of placing them upon the ground, Juvenal alludes, when he says,

> Infantem tollis? foribus suspende coronam
> Jam pater es ——"

According to Zenodotus, the people of Abydos, at public and solemn festivals, took infants from the arms of their nurses, who attended on purpose, and carried them round to be kissed by those who were present.

Silvianus Massiliensis, in one of his epistles, says, "Kiss the feet of your parents like a maid servant, their hands as a pupil, their lips as a daughter."

It was formerly the custom to kiss, by putting ear to ear, as appears by the following epigram:

> "Oscula posco, meis tu libas auribus aures
> Nostra tuis tundens tempora temporibus.
> Oscula ab ore ipso veniant, non oscula dicas
> Hæc igitur, dicas scilicet auriculas."

To this mode of kissing there is frequent allusion in the ancient writers, both Greek and Latin, and, in particular, by Plautus. Parents also took their children by the ears when they kissed them. There is at Rome an ancient monument, on which a winged Cupid is represented as taking a female by the ears and kissing her.

The women of England (says Polydore Virgil) not only salute their relations with a kiss, but all persons promiscously; and this ceremony they repeat, gently touching them with the lips, not only with grace, but without the least immodesty. Such, however, as are of the blood-royal, do not kiss their inferiors, but offer the back of the hand, as men do by way of saluting each other.

Erasmus writes in raptures to one of his friends on this subject: "Did you but know, my Faustus," says he, "the pleasures which England affords, you would fly here on winged feet, and, if your gout would not allow you, you would wish yourself a Dædalus. To mention to you one among many things, here are nymphs of the loveliest looks, good-humoured, easy of access, and whom you would prefer even to your favourite Muses. Here also prevails a custom never enough to be commended, that wherever you come, every one receives you with a kiss, and when you take your leave, every one gives you a kiss; when you return, kisses again meet you.

If any one leaves you, they leave you with a kiss; if you meet any one, the first salutation is a kiss; in short, wherever you go, kisses everywhere abound; which, my Faustus, did you once taste how very sweet, and how very fragrant they are, you would not, like Solon, wish for ten years' exile in England, but would desire there to spend the whole of your life."

Antonio Perez, secretary to the embassy from Philip the Second, of Spain, writes thus to the earl of Essex: "I have this day, according to the custom of your country, kissed, at an entertainment, seven females, all of them accomplished in mind, and beautiful in person."

Dr. Pierius Winsemius, historiographer to their high mightinesses, the states of Friezland, in his *Chronijck van Frieslandt*, printed in 1622, informs us, that the pleasant custom of kissing was utterly unpractised and unknown in England (just as it is this day in New Zealand, where sweethearts only know how to touch noses when they wish to be kind), until the fair princess Rouix, the daughter of king Hengist, of Friezland, "pressed the beaker with her *lipkens*," (little lips,) and saluted the amorous Vortigern with a *husjen*, (little kiss.)

ANNE BOLEYN.

Among the Harleian MSS. there is (No. 2252) "A Ditty, setting forth the inconstancy of Fortune, from a fable of a falcon, who flew from the other birds to the top of a mountain, adorned with a fine rose-tree, where a loving lion chose her a nest." Wanley has ventured on an explanation of this allegory, which carries with it great appearance of probability. "By the falcon," he says, "is meant queen Anne Boleyn, it being her device; by the mountain, England, and by the lion, king Henry VIII." The poem, though distinguished by the quaintness of the older times, is interesting and curious. It thus commences:

"In a fresshe mornynge among the flowrys,
My service sayinge at certayne owrys,
Swetly the byrds were syngynge amonge the shewrys
For that joye of good fortune:

To walke alone, I dyd me aplye;
Amonge the hylls that were so hye,
I sawe a syghte afar myne eie
That came by good fortune.

I mervaylyd whate hyt sholde be:—
At laste I espyed a company
That dyd abide all on a tree,
To seke for fortune.

There cam a fawcon, fayre of flyghte,
And set hyr downe presente in syghte,
So lyke a byrde, comlye and brighte,
Whyche thoughte hyt good fortune.

All that were abyll to flee with wynge,
They were ryghte joyfull of hyr comynge
That swetly they begane to syng
For joye of good fortune.

In the next stanza, the falcon takes her flight to an adjacent mountain to seek her fortune; where,

Alone, on the toppe ther growde abrere,
That bare well, I wotte, the rose so cleere,
Whyche fadyd no tyme of the yere,
There fownde she fortune.

In the mydds of the busshe downe dyd she lyghte,
Among the rosys of golde so bryghte,
Sayinge, that pleasantly I am plyghte
In the prime of my fortune.

Ther cam a lyon full lovinglie,
That all the smalle byrds ther myght se,
Syngynge, "Fayre fawcon, well do to me,
Here ye your fortune."

The knot of love in hym was faste,
And so farre entryd into his bryste,
That ther he chose the byrde a neste;
Soche was hyr fortune.

She spake these words presumatlye,
And said, "Ye byrds beholde and se,
Do not gurge for thus wyll it be,
Such ys my fortune."

A mavys meke, movyd in mynde,
And sayd, " Whoo wyll seke shall fynde,
Beware a myste make you not blynd,
Trust not in fortune."

A storm soon follows, which excites the surprise of her feathered mate, while it exposes the flattery and deceitfulness of fortune, and causes the writer to exclaim :—

To derely boughte, so friendly sowghte,
And so sone made a quene,
So sone lowe broughte hath not been sene—
O ! what is fortune ?

They dyd hyr presente to a tower of stone,
When, as she shold lament hyrselfe alone,
And be consell—for helpe ther was none
Suche was hyr fortune.

The queen then looks forward to exchange her imperial crown for a crown immortal, and commends her soul into the hands of our Saviour; but she previously laments, that those of her own household and family should feel the effects of her disastrous fortune; and she speaks of an early attachment in the following stanza, which probably has a reference to Lord Percy.

I had a lover, stedfaste and trewe,
Alas ! that ever I changed for new,
I cowlde not remembyr, full sore I rew
To have this fortune.

SCOTSMAN IN AMERICA.

We copy the following admirable letter, from a New York paper. If we are not greatly mistaken, the humour which it displays in some parts, would have done no discredit to the pen of Smollet.

" Maister Prenter,

" You maun ken that I am ane of the chields frae the land o'Cakes, or in plain lallands, a Scotsman. I was ne'er weel awa' frae my mither's apron string till twathree days after

Cannlemas, this year, when I took a ferly into my head to come out and see what sort o' folk they're in America; we ca them yankies in our part o' the kintra, but some o' your carles here, say that they're only a wee wheen o' them yankies, and that they laive like a sill to get that name, as I would to be called a sneckdrawer. Weel, as I was saying, I thocht I would come out and see what sort o' chaps ye're here, and soe I've gaen a gude deal about amang ye, and I've seen mair than the king kens o'. Maybe ye would like to ken what I think o' ye, but weel I wat ye think aneuch o' yoursells, and I'se warrand it 'll be as safe to keep a caum sugh till I get hame, for ye ken a cock craws crouse on its ain midden head, and it's no cannie to sit in Rome and feght wi' the pope. And if I was to say oni thing that did na juist please ye, naebody kens but ye might put me in that auld grusome lenking Talbuith, ye ca' the State's Prison, to shoo breeks, or to mend shoon, or some ither daft like occupation, and then I trow I wud woss I was at hame, casting peats, or howkin potawtos in my auld Grannie's kail yard. Sae I wunna e'en whussle *the Soo and Geordie*, for fear your corporation wud think I was makin a fule of them for keeping grumphies to soop the causey, and sae had me through the whuns for it. Sae I'll say naething ava about thae kittle things, but I want to hae juist twa words wi' some of my ain breethren here, the Scotsmen, as they ca' themsells. I heard an unco rippit made about what a nice haudlin they were ga'n to hae on Saint Andro's day; and a hantil o' them said that as I was a Scotsman, I maun come and tak my kail wi' them. Weel, I thocht there was'na muckle harm in't, though it was unco dear to gie five dollars for juist a waimfu'; its mair nor thretten punds Scots, and I'm sure I could get a gude dinner in Luckie Mc Leery's, in the Gallowgate, for muckle less siller, forbye a drap gude drink to the bargain. However, monie a gash carle's dune as daft an action, sae I even gaed; and atweel we didna want for company. Some o' them were unco braw, buskit wi' blue ribbands roun their necks, as braid's your luif, wi' gowd and siller on them, and a picture o' Sant Andro, made out o' some auld capper baikie, and as big's the crown o' your hat, hingan at the end o' it. I was geyan hungry, for there's na parritch to be gotten here, and thin tea and coffee mak an unco fushionless breakfast for a young chield like me, wha's teeth are langer than his beard. They promised to let us fa' to gin four o'clock, but I wat it was five oors at e'en or e'er they let us put the spune in our mouth. And when it cam, siccan a dinner! Ane would hae thocht, to look at the tables, that it had been a dinner for a wheen Lunnen aldermen, instead o' plain rough and round Scotsmen; I kenna how

mony kinds o' veevres there were, a' unco temptsome nae doubt, for gustin the gab and garring ane eat till his kyte is as tent as a drum, and his fecket like to rive, to sae naething o' gi'en him the gout; but then as it was intended for a Sant Andro's dinner I expeckit some gude barley kail' wi' plenty o' singit sheeps' heads and trotters, some gude aitmeal farls, belyve a sonsy haggis, or a wheen meally puddins, as was fitten to set before a yaup chield wi' a tume stamach, that ca's himsel a Scotsman. But waes my heart, for a' sheeps' heads and haggises there, a hen micht haud them in her steekit nieve and it be ne'er a bit the fouer. A wheen whigmaleeris stud up like Wully Wastle's castle, wi' bits of blue flags hingan frae them; and the soup they gied us, for ony thing I ken, micht be thocht vera gude in France, where, they say, they seldom get ony thing better than boild puddock broo, but it 'll ne'r gang doun wi' the like o' me; and if it had na' been for some roasted bubbly jocks, and twa three deuks, I dinna kin what we wou'd hae dune. But hunger's gude kitchen, they say, and sae we yockit till't, and did the best we could. Then they gied us some shilpit wine to drink, for there was neither Athole brose, nor yet a cog o' gude swats to be gotten, though ye could hae gien a' the carse o' Gowrie for't. They sent round a bottle atweal, o' some thing they ca' whiskey, and some o' them smell't and pree' it as I would do sugar o' lead, but I wat naebody that e'er pree'd the gude peat-reek would hae leukit at sic dish washings.

"And this was the muckle heard tell o' Sant Andro's dinner! But waur than a' that yet. Where we came frae, it's the fashion to drink toasts after dinner; ye dinna ken muckle about that yet in this kintra. Weel, I kenna wha had the makin o' them, but if he was a Scotsman, he weel deserved to hae his lugs claw't, and if he wasna a Scotsman, I wonder what set him to scaud his mouth in other folks' kail? The toasts micht do vera weel for Americans, but for Scotsmen it was a black burnin shame. I'se gie ye only twa o' them; (I would turn them into Scots, but they dinna deserve it.) 1st. *The king of Great Britain, and all friendly powers.* 2d. *The vice president of the United States, elevated by the voice of a free and intelligent people, to the second situation in the only representative government upon earth.* Rub your specks, honest friend, and read them owre again. They're aneuch to gar ane scunner. As to the last, I would juist like to ken if ony body that drank it, believe't what they were saying? And I would juist speer what government it was they copiet frae, when they pat their girrs thegither to cooper up this ane? But for a Scotsman to gie the ither toast about the king, it's perfectly awsome to think

o't! Ye'll no forget, that a' the Scotsmen there were either subjects o' the king like mysel, or had ance been subjects, and if they drank his health ava' they should hae dune't in a mair respectfu' like way than that. They didna drink his health because he had ance been their sovereign; and because they had sat and beckit themsells i' the sun in the lown o' his dyke side, and on his bonnie green knowes; na, na, past favors are sune forgotten, and now they dinna care a custock for our gude auld king. And what was't made them drink his health, but juist that he happen't no to be crackin croons wi' uncle Sam. And sae they drank him and a' the freendly pouirs; he wasna gude eneuch to be drank his lane, but they gied ye a nievefu' o' them a' at ance. Juist like an auld wife sellin h[illegible]'t pears, giein the bits o' weans twathree mae, because t[illegible]e no vera gude. And wha's the freendly pouirs they tied in one same tether wi' him, but sic loons as the dey o' Algiers, the grand Turk, the coomie president of Hayti, and the emperor o' Cheeny? Siccan a cogfu' to put gude auld George amang! And by way o' syndin't owre their thrapple, they played the king's anthem; and a' this was doin honor to the king!!! Juist as muckle honor as I would gie to the hangman if I was to gie for a toast, *Jack Draw-the-raip, and a' the thief-grippers*, and then play the rogue's march after! Juist compare the way the fause Scotsmen speak o' the king, and o' the vice president. Juist tell me whilk o' them leeves amang the maist *intelligent people*. There were twathree mae things a wee queer at that meeting, but it would take a mune to tell them a', sae I'se naething mair, but juist leave a' I've said to the consideration o' ilka man that's gotten an unce o' mother wit, whether he's Scots or American, Heeland or Lalland.

"And now, Maister Prenter, gif ye'll put this bit screed in a neuk of your newspaper, I will be muckle obleegit to you; and ony ither body that prents a paper likes to copy't, I'll say he's a gude carl, and wuss him weel. But tak care that your bits o' laddies spell't richt, and just as I hae written it.

"And I'll be your leal freend,

"RINGAN TEUGH-AND-STIEVE."

New York, Fuirsday, at e'en.

DR. FRANKLIN'S EPITAPH.

DR. FRANKLIN'S well known Epitaph on himself as a printer, is of later date than either of the two following epigrams, which most probably suggested the idea.

The World.

The world's a book, writ by th' eternal art
Of the great Author; printed in man's heart;
'Tis falsely printed, though divinely penn'd,
And all the *errata* will appear at th' *end.*

The world's a *printing-house,* our words are thoughts,
Our deeds are *characters* of several sizes;
Each soul's a *compositor,* of whose faults
The *Levites* are *correctors;* and heaven *revises;*
Earth is the common *press,* from which being driven,
We're *gather'd,* sheet by sheet, and *bound* for heaven.

Scholars have often indulged in *spiritualizing* books. "A woman," says one, "is a book." Another has the following Epigram on Marriage:

Let the good man, for nuptial rites designed,
Turn over every *page* of woman kind;
Mark every *sense,* and how the *readings* vary,
And when he's *read* them thorough, let him marry.

THE HARVEST TALE.

"O FATHER, dear father! lament now with me;
This morning I've been at our wood,
And the fine flowing leaves of your favourite tree
Around on the grass are all strew'd;
And sure 'tis a pity! for lovely and green,
All summer they yielded a shade,
Dear father, to you, who against it would lean,
While sister and I round it play'd.

" Of late they began to change colour indeed,
Like the corn when 'tis ripe on the field:
And the dark glossy green became yellow and red,
As if they ripe berries would yield:
I thought this was pretty, and ne'er heard you say
That the leaves would soon fall from the tree;
And I never was happier than t'other fine day,
When you look'd there at sister and me."

" Why, my boy, I am griev'd at the tale you have told,
But the leaves every year drop around,
They are green when in youth, and turn red when they're old,
Then the wind blows them down to the ground.
But take comfort, my boy: when the winter is fled,
The leaves will appear on the tree,
And again form a bower, thy father to shade,
And the gambols of sister and thee."

" Why, that's good;—but, my father, I've sad news to tell,
Old William, who liv'd at hill-side,
And lately came hither, so wan and so pale,
Old William this morning hath died."
" Old William hath died? Ah! indeed, I am sad;
But age, when it ripens, must fall;
Though green was his summer, his autumn must fade;
Such, my boy, is the end of us all."

" Then he falls like the leaves of your favourite tree!
But when the long winter is o'er,
Old William again on the hills shall we see
A feeding his flock, as before?"
" Ah, no! my sweet boy! the dead wander no more
In the bounds of this wind-wasted scene;
But to regions immortal all good spirits soar,
More lovely, more lasting, and green."

A.

WILL OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH OF ENGLAND.

In the name of God, Fdir, and Son, and Holy Gost, thre Persons and one God, I, Henry, sinful wretch, be the grace of God, kyng of Englond, and of Fraunce, and lord of Irlond, being in myne hole mynd, mak my testament in manere and forme, that sayth, first, I bequeth to Almyghty God, my sinful soul; the whiche had never been worthye to be man, but trough his mercy, and his grace, whiche lyffe I have mispendyd, whereof I put me whollily in hys grace, and hys mercy, with all myn herte. And what tym hit liketh hym, of hys mercy, for to tak me to hym, the body for to be buried in the church of Canterbury, after the discrecion of my cousin, the archbysheoppe of Canterbury. And, also, I thank all my lordes, and trewe people, for the trewe service that theye have done to me, and y ask hem forgiveness, if I have missentreted hem in any wyse. And also, fur as they have offendyd me in wordis, or in dedis, in any wyse, y prey God forgeve hem hit, and y do. Also, y devyse and ordeyn, that ther be a chantre perpettuall of twey preestis, for to sing and prey for my soul in the aforseyd chirch of Canterbury, in soche plase, and aftyr soch ordinanse as hit semeth best to my aforseyd cousin of Canterbury. Also, I ordeyn, and devyse, that of my goodis restitution be made to all hem that y hev wrongfully greived, or any good had of theirs, without any iust tytle. Also, y will and ordeyn, that of my goodis, all my debtis be all paied in all hast possible; and that my servants be rewardyd aftyr ther nede, and desert of servise; and especyal Wilken, Iohn Warren, and William Thorpe, gromes of my chambre. Also, y will, that all those that be bond in eny debt that y owe in eny wyse, or have undertake to eny man for eny debt that I owe, or that they can dwlye shewe hit, that all soch persons be kept harmlysse. Also, y will, that all fees and wages that are not paied, to be paied; and especyal to my seruants of houshold, befor eny oder. And also, that all myn annuityes, fees, and donacions, grauntyd by me, befor this tym, be my lettres patents; and yn especiall to all hem that have been trewe servants to me, and toward me, alway. Also, y will and prey, that my son, that he have recommendyd Thomas de Crois, that hath well and trewly servyd me, and also Jacob Raysh and Halley. Also, y will, that the queen be endowyed of the duche of Lancastre. Also, y will, that all my officers, both of houshold and other, the which nedeth to have pardon for eny thing that touch theyr offices, both of losse and oder thing, they have pardon thereof, in semblable manere, as y of my

grase have be wont to do befor this tym. And for to execute this testimony well and trulich, for grete trust that I have on my son, the prince, y ordeyn and mak hym my executor of my testiment forseyd, kalling to hym soche as hym thinkyth in his discrecion, that can and will labor to the sonnest spede of my will comprehendyd in this myn testament. And to fulfill trwly all things forseyd, y charge my forseyd son upon my blessying. Wetnessying my well belouyd cousins, Thomas, archbysheoppe of Canterbury forseyde, and Edward, duke of York; Thomas, bisheoppe of Duresme; Richard, the lord Grey, my chamberlaine; John Tiptost, myn treasurer of England; John Propbete, wardeine of my priuie seale; Thomas Erpingham; John Nobery; Robert Waterton, and meny oder, being present. In wettnessying whereof, my priuie seale, to my commandement, is set to this my testament. I geve at my manere of Grenwich, the xxi dey of the moneth Januer, the yere of our Lord, M.CCCC.VIII. and of our reigne the tenth.

HOUSEHOLD OF HENRY THE EIGHTH.

THE following extract from a curious old MS. contains some very singular directions for regulating the household of Henry the Eighth.

"His highness's baker shall not put alums in the bread, or mix rye, oaten, or bean flour with the same, and if detected, he shall be put in the stocks. His highness's attendants are not to steal any lock or keys, tables, forms, cupboards, or other furniture, out of nobleman's or gentleman's houses, where they go to visit. Master cooks shall not employ such scullions as go about naked, or lie all night on the ground, before the kitchen fire. No dogs to be kept in the court, but only a few spaniels for the ladies. Dinners to be at ten, suppers at four. The officers of his privy chamber shall be loving together, no grudging nor grumbling, nor *talking* of the king's pastime. The king's barber is enjoined to be cleanly, not to frequent the company of misguided women, for fear of danger to the king's royal person. There shall be no *romping* with *maids* on the staircase, by which dishes and other things are often broken!! Care shall be taken of the pewter spoons, and that the wooden ones used in the kitchen be not broken or stolen. The pages shall not interrupt the *kitchen maids!*

The grooms shall not steal his highnesse's straw for beds, sufficient being allowed for them. Coal only to be allowed to the king's, queen's, and lady Mary's chambers. The brewers are not to put any brimstone in the ale." Among the fishes for the table, is mentioned the porpoise; if too big for a horse-load, an extra allowance to purveyor. Twenty-four loaves a-day allowed for his royal highness's greyhounds. "*Ordered*, That all *noblemen* and *gentlemen* at the end of the sessions of the parliament, depart to their *several counties*, on pain of the royal displeasure!!!"

OWEN FELTHAM ON PULPIT ORATORY.

"THE *excess* which is in the defect of preaching, has made the pulpit slighted; I mean, the much bad oratory we find it guilty of. 'Tis a wonder to me how men can preach so little, and so long: so long a time, and so little matter: as if they thought to please, by the inculcation of their vain tautologies. I see no reason, that so high a princess as Divinity is, should be presented to the people in the sordid rags of the tongue: nor that he which speaks from the Father of languages, should deliver his embassage in an ill one. A man can never speak too well. Long and distended clauses are both tedious to the ear, and difficult for their retaining. A sentence well couch'd takes both the sense and the understanding. I love not those cart-rope speeches, that are longer than the memory of man can fathom. I see not, but that divinity, put into apt significants, might ravish as well as poetry. The weighty lines men find upon the stage, I am persuaded, have been the lures to draw away the pulpit's followers. We complain of drowsiness at a sermon; when a play of a double length, leads us on still with alacrity. But the fault is not all in ourselves. If we saw divinity acted, the gesture and variety would as much invigilate. But it is too high to be personated by humanity. The stage feeds both the ear and the eye: and through this latter sense, the soul drinks deeper draughts. Things acted possess us more, and are, too, more attainable, than the passable tones of the tongue. Besides, here we meet with most composed language,—the *dulcia sermonis*,—moulded into curious phrases; though 'tis to be lamented, such wits are not set to the right tune, and consorted to divinity; who, without doubt, well deck'd, will cast a far more radiant lustre, than those

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obscene scurrilities, that the stage presents us with, though drest and spangled in their gaudiest attire. At a sermon well dress'd, what understander can have a motion to sleep? Divinity well ordered, casts forth a bait, which angles the soul into the ear: and how can that close, when such a guest sits in it? They are sermons, but of baser metal, which lead the eyes to slumber. And should we hear a continued oration, upon such a subject as the stage treats on, in such words as we hear some sermons, I am confident, it would not only be far more tedious, but nauseous and contemptful. The most advantage they have of other places, is, in their good lives and actions; for 'tis certain, Cicero and Roscius are most compleat, when they both make but one man. He answered well, that after often asking, said still, that action was the chiefest part of an orator. Surely, the oration is most powerful, where the tongue is diffusive, and speaks in a native decency, even in every limb. A good orator should pierce the ear, allure the eye, and invade the mind of his hearer. And this is Seneca's opinion: fit words are better than fine ones. I like not those that are injudiciously made; but such as be expressively significant: that lead the mind to something, beside the naked term. And he that speaks thus, must not look to speak thus every day. A kemb'd* oration will cost both sweat, and the rubbing of the brain. A kemb'd I wish it, not frizled nor curl'd: divinity should not lasciviate. Unwormwooded jests I like well; but they are fitter for the tavern, than the majesty of a temple. Christ taught the people with authority. Gravity becomes the pulpit. Demosthenes confest he became an *orator*, by spending more oyl than wine. This is too fluid an element to beget substantials. Wit procur'd by wine, is, for the most part, like the sparklings in the cup, when 'tis filling: they brisk it for a moment, but die immediately. I admire the valour of some men, that, before their studies, dare ascend the pulpit; and do there take more pains, than they have done in their library. But, having done this, I wonder not, that they there spend sometimes three hours, but to weary the people into sleep. And this makes some such fugitive divines, that, like cowards, they run away from their text. Words are not all, nor matter is not all; nor gesture: yet, together, they are. 'Tis much moving in an orator, when the soul seems to speak, as well as the tongue. St. Augustin says, Tully was admired more for his tongue, than his mind; Aristotle more for his mind, than his tongue; but Plato for both. And surely, nothing decks an oration more, than a judgment able well to conceive and

* Dressed.

utter. I know God hath chosen by weak things to confound the wise; yet I see not but in all times, a washed language hath much prevailed. And even the Scriptures, (though I know not the Hebrew) yet I believe they are pen'd in a tongue of deep expression; wherein almost every word hath a metaphorical sense, which does illustrate by some allusion. How political is Moses in his Pentateuch! How philosophical Job! How massie and sententious is Solomon in his Proverbs! How quaint, and flamingly amorous, in the Canticles! How grave and solemn in his Ecclesiastes! That in the world there is not such another dissection of the world as it. How were the Jews astonished at Christ's doctrine! How eloquent a pleader is Paul at the bar! In disputation, how subtle! And he that reads the Fathers, shall find them, as if written with a crisped pen. Nor is it such a fault as some would make it, now and then, to let a philosopher or a poet come in and wait, and give a trencher to this banquet. St. Paul is precedent for it. I wish no man to be too dark, and full of shadow. There is a way to be pleasingly plain, and some have found it. Nor wish I any man to a total neglect of his hearers. Some stomachs rise at sweetmeats. He prodigals a mine of excellency, that lavishes a terse oration to an apron'd auditory. Mercury himself may move his tongue in vain, if he has none to hear him but a non-intelligent. They that speak to children, assume a pretty lisping. Birds are caught by the counterfeit of their own shrill notes. There is a magic in the tongue, can charm the wild man's motions. Eloquence is a bridle, wherewith a wise man rides the monster of the world—the people. He that hears, has only those affections that my tongue will give him.

> Thou mayst give smiles or tears, which joys do blot:
> Or wrath to judges, which themselves have not.

You may see it in Lucan's words:

> Flet si flere jubes, gaudet, gaudere coactus:
> Et te dante, capit judex, quam non habet iram.

I grieve, that any thing so excellent as divinity is should fall into a sluttish handling. Sure, though other interposers do eclipse her, yet this is a principal. I never yet knew a good tongue, that wanted ears to hear it. I will honour her in her plain trim: but I will wish to meet her in her graceful jewels: not that they give addition to her goodness; but that she is more persuasive in working on the soul she meets with.

When I meet with worth, which I cannot over-love, I can well endure that art, which is a means to heighten liking. Confections that are cordial, are none the worse, but better, for being gilded.

SURNAMES.

THE first trace of surnames in history, is to be found in the pact made between the Romans and the Sabines, in which a special clause was inserted, that the Romans should add to their own names a Sabine name; and that the Sabines should, in like manner, take a Roman name in addition to their own.

These new names became the family or surname, and the old names continued to be proper in personal names: the former were called *Cognomina*, and *Gentilitia nomina*, and the latter *Prænomina*.

This custom afterwards obtained in France and England, for which see Camden and Ducange.

Amongst the Hebrews, surnames were unknown. To preserve the memory of their tribes, the custom was, to take in addition, the name of the father, as MELCHI *ben* ADDI, MELCHI, *the son of* ADDI. The Greeks adopted the same system, for which our readers need only refer to Homer. The Russians also, used this method, as Peter Alexiowitz, Peter, the son of Alexis.

Scaliger tells us, that the Arabs, on the contrary, take their fathers' name, without preserving their own; as *Aven* PACE, *Aven* ZOAR; the son of Pace, the son of Zoar. If Pace had a son, who, at his circumcision, was called Haly, he would still go by the name of *Aven* Pace, but the children of Haly would be called Aven Haly.

The Romans, in process of time, greatly multiplied their surnames, to distinguish the particular branches of a family, to which they sometimes added a third, to perpetuate the memory of some remarkable action or event, such as *Africanus* assumed by Scipio, and *Torquatus* by Manlius.

These three different kinds of names were severally distinguished by the terms *Nomen*, *Cognomen*, and *Agnomen*. The first only was hereditary. Vide Spanheim *De Præst. et vsu Numism.* Diss. 10.

The *Agnomen* of the Romans was imitated by other nations, for the race of their princes; as *Edmund Ironside*, *William Rufus*, *Edward the Black Prince*, *Harold Harefoot*,

Philippe le Hardi, Philippe le Bel, William the Bastard, Louis le Debonnaire, John Lackland, &c. These names, being personal, did not descend but to distinguish the race. Another was adopted, which sometimes had no reference to either the nomen, cognomen, or agnomen, of any branch of the family; as Valois, Bourbon, Hapsburg, Oldenburg, &c. to distinguish the races of the kings of France, emperors of Germany, and kings of Denmark. Sometimes these names had a reference to one of the three, as Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart.

Surnames began to be adopted in England, under the reign of Edward the Confessor; but did not begin to be general, until the reign of Edward the Second; for, previously, the custom obtained as amongst the Hebrews, Greeks, and Saxons, as John Richardson, John the son of Richard, &c.; but this, in the beginning, was a custom principally confined to the lower classes; the higher ranks added the name of their estates, of which abundant evidence is found in Doomsday Book. Some, also, took the names of their trades, profession, or offices, as *Gulielmus Camerarius*, William Chamberlain. It is unnecessary to cite examples on this point.

The system of distinguishing a person as the son of such a person, was also held in Wales; but, in course of time, for the sake of euphony and brevity, the *a* in *ap* was omitted, and EVAN *ap* RICE, EVAN *the son of* RICE, became Evan Price.

"A LOOKING-GLASS FOR A DRUNKARD; OR, A DRUNKARD DEFINED;

"IN which description is plainly shewed, the filthy, abominable sin of drunkennesse, proved by many places in Scripture. How, through drunkennesse, many have been punished, others threatened and admonished; very needful to be set up in every house, for the information of the judgement, and the reformation of the lives of those men and women, who take pleasure in the sin of drunkennesse, the common sin of these times. London: imprinted for J. D. and are to be sold by George Wilford, in Little Britain, neer the Hospitall-gate, 1652."

This is a very short but comprehensive tract, which has formed the basis of many similar exhortations of more modern

date. The following extracts contain the whole of it, with the exception of a few impurities.

The Definition of a Drunkard.

A Drunkard is the annoyance of modesty; the trouble of civility; the spoil of wealth; the destruction of reason. He is the brewer's agent; the alehouse benefactor; the beggar's companion; the constable's trouble. He is his wife's woe; his children's sorrow; his neighbour's scoffe; his own shame. In summe, a tubbe of swill; a spirit of sleep; a picture of a beast; a monster of a man.

The Evils attending Drunkennesse, hurtful to the Soul and Body.

Drunkennesse confounds the memory, dulls the understanding, distempers the body, defaceth the beauty, hurts the mind. It inflames the blood; it engenders unnatural thirst, a stinking breath, redness of the eyes. It diminisheth strength; it brings woes, sorrows, wounds without cause; corrupteth the blood, drowneth the spirits. It enricheth the carcasse with surfets; turneth blood into water; turns reason to poyson. It causeth vomiting and filthinesse. By excessive drinking, come dropsies, consumptions, and cold diseases, with untimely deaths. Many, by drinking healths to others, leave none to themselves. Drunkenness is a flattering devil, a sweet poyson, a delightsome sin, which, whoso hath in himself, hath not himself; and he that useth it, is not himself in the concrete, but sinfulness itself in the abstract; being a voluntary devil, the common shame of nature, and the prodigious disgrace of mankind.

Examples laid down in Scripture, shewing how drunkennesse made some fall by the sword, others became murderers, others being drunk, were murdered, betrayed; many destroyed in the middle of their sin, sporting, &c.

The Amalekites lay scattered on the earth, so that David slew them. 1 Sam. xxx. 16.

Ammon's heart was merry, so that Absolom's servants slew him. 2 Sam. xxviii. 29.

Benhadad, with fifty-two other kings, were by Israel overcome. 1 Kings xx. 16, &c.

Belshazzar's countenance fell down, and the Medes took his kingdom. Dan. v. 31.

David useth means to move Uriah to cover his sin committed. 2 Sam. xi. 13.

Elah was, by his servant conspiring against him, murdered. 1 Kings xvi. 9, 10.

Gaal, with his brethren, conspired against Abimelech. Judg. ix. 26, 27.

Herod, in his drunken banquet, caused John to be beheaded. Matt. xiv. 10.

The Israelites drank till they were thirsty. Hell was prepared for them. Isa. v. 12, 14.

Nabal's heart was merry, and suddenly died within him. 1 Sam. xxv. 36, 27.

The Philistines, sporting with Sampson, were, by the fall of an house, slaine, Jud. xvi. 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

Priests and prophets stumble in judgment, and faile by vision. Isa. xxviii. 7.

The Corinthians profaned the Lord's supper by their immoderate drinking before. 1 Cor. xi. 21.

These fore-mentioned places of Scripture and examples, prove plainly the evil consequence of drunkennesse. Now follow threatnings and exhortations to drunkards.

Threatnings.

Wo to them that rise up early in the morning, to follow strong drink, that continue till night, the wine inflaming them. Isa. v. 11. Wo to them that are mighty to drink wine, and to men of strength, mingling strong drinke, which causeth men to erre, and to go out of the way, being swallowed up with wine and strong drink. Isa. v. 22. chap. xxviii. 7, 8. &c. Awake now, ye drunkards, weep and howle, all ye drinkers of wine, because of the new wine, for it shall be pulled from your mouth. Joel i. 5, &c.

Exhortations.

The drunkard shall come to poverty, rags shall be his clothing. Prov. xxiii. 21. Wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise. Prov. xx. i. Remember Christ's admonition, take heed of drunkennesse. Luke xxi. 34. Forget not Paul's and Solomon's counsel. 1 Cor. v. 11. Prov. xxiii. 20. Company not with drunkards, &c.; and know that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven. 1 Cor. xxvi. 10, 11. Therefore he shall not be drunken with wine, wherein is excess, but be filled with the spirit. Eph. v. 18.

A POET'S PETITION.

THE following petition was presented by John Cleveland, an English poet, of the seventeenth century, to Oliver Cromwell, when a prisoner in Yarmouth gaol for his attachment to the royal cause. Burnet calls it a humble petition; but it certainly cannot be considered as such: it was, however, an effectual one, and obtained Cleveland his release, by order of the Protector.

"May it please your Highness,

"Rulers within the circle of their government have a claim to that which is said of the Deity,—*they have their centre everywhere, and their circumference nowhere.* It is in this confidence that I address to your highness, as knowing no place in a nation is so remote as not to share in the ubiquity of your care; no prison so close, as to shut me up from partaking of your influence. My lord, it is my misfortune, that after ten years of retirement from being engaged in the difference of the state, having wound myself up in a private recess, and my comportment to the public being so inoffensive, that in all this time, neither fears nor jealousies have scrupled at my actions; being about three months since at Norwich, I was fetched with a guard before the commissioners, and sent prisoner to Yarmouth; and if it be not a new offence to make enquiry where I offended, (for hitherto my faults are kept as close as my person,) I am induced to believe, that next to the adherence to the royal party, the cause of my confinement is the narrowness of my estate; *for none stand committed, whose estate can bail them:* I only am the prisoner, who have no acres to be my hostage. Now, if my poverty be criminal (with reverence be it spoken), I must implead your highness, whose victorious arms have reduced me to it, as accessary to my guilt. Let it suffice, my lord, that the calamity of the war hath made us poor; do not punish us for it. Whoever did penance for being ravished? Is it not enough that we are stript so bare, but it must be made an order to a severe lash? Must our scars be engraven with new wounds? Must we first be made cripples, then beaten with our crutches? Poverty, if it be a fault, is its own punishment; who suffers for it more, pays use upon use. I beseech your highness put some bounds to our overthrow, and do not pursue the chase to the other world. Can your thunders be levelled so low as our grovelling conditions? Can that towering spirit, that hath quarried upon kingdoms, make a

stoop at us who are the rubbish of those ruins? Methinks I hear your former achievements interceding with you not to sully your glories with trampling on the prostrate, nor clog the wheels of your chariot with so degenerous a triumph. The most renowned heroes have ever with such tenderness cherished their captives, that their swords did but cut out work for their courtesy: those that fell by their prowess sprung up by their favours, as if they had struck them down, only to make them rebound the higher. I hope your highness, as you are the rival of their fame, will be no less of their virtues. The noblest trophy that you can erect to your honour, is to raise the afflicted. And, since you have subdued all opposition, it now remains that you attack yourself, and with acts of mildness vanquish your victory. It is not long since, my lord, that you knocked off the shackles from most of our party, and by a grand release did spread your clemency as large as your territories. Let not new proscriptions interrupt our jubilee. Let not that your lenity be slandered as the ambush of your further rigour: for the service of his majesty (if it be objected), I am so far from excusing it, that I am ready to allege it in my vindication. I cannot conceive fidelity to my prince should taint me in your opinion; I should rather expect it should recommend me to your favour. Had not we been faithful to our king, we could not have given ourselves to be so to your highness: you had then trusted us *gratis*, whereas now we have our former loyalty to vouch us. You see, my lord, how much I presume upon the greatness of your spirit, that dare prevent my indictment with so frank a confession, especially in this, which I may so justly deny, that it is almost arrogancy in me to own it; for the truth is, I was not qualified enough to serve him: all that I could do was to bear a part in his sufferings, and give myself up to be *cherished* in his fall. Thus my charge is double, my obedience to my sovereign, and what is the result of that—my want of a fortune. Now, whatever reflections I have on the former, I am a true penitent for the latter. My lord, you see my crimes! As to my defence, you bear it about you! I shall plead nothing in my justification but your highness' clemency, which, as it is the constant inmate of a valiant breast, if you graciously please to extend it to your supplicant in taking me out of this withering durance, your highness will find that mercy will establish you more than power, though all the days of your life were as pregnant with victories as your twice auspicious third of September.

Your highness' humble and
submissive petitioner,

J. C.

SCOTTISH PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

THE following singular specimen of Scottish pulpit eloquence, in the seventeenth century, is extracted from an old tract, entitled "A Sermon preached in St. Giles Kirk, at Edinburg, commonly called Pockmanty* Preaching, by Mr. James Row, some time Minister of Strowan." The tract is published without date, but its contents appear to determine the time when the sermon was preached to have been in the year 1643, when the solemn league and covenant was formed at Edinburgh by the persuasion (according to Hume) of Sir Henry Vane, one of the commissioners from the English parliament, then at open war with the misguided Charles. The text is from Jeremiah xxx. 17: "For I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord; because they called thee an outcast, saying, this is Zion, whom no man seeketh after."

The preacher thus commences and anatomises his discourse: "I need not trouble you much by telling you what is meant by Zion here—ye all ken it is the poor kirk of Scotland; for the kirk of Scotland is wounded in her head, in her hands, in her heart, and in her feet. First, in her head, in the government; 2dly, in her hands, in the discipline; 3dly, in her heart, as in the doctrine; 4thly, in her feet, as in the worship." The first of these general divisions was naturally susceptible of subdivision, and the preacher displayed much quaint ingenuity in pointing out in what respects the kirk had been affected in each of her five senses, particularly in that of hearing, "by the bringing in of the organs," since which she has become "as deaf as a door nail." After discussing the second and third general heads, Mr. Row proceeded as follows:

"Now I come to tell you she is wounded in her feet, and that I call the worship of the kirk of Scotland. The kirk of Scotland was a bonny trotting nag, but then she trotted sae hard that never a man durst ride her but the bishops, wha, after they got on her back, crosslanged her, hapshacked her; and when she became a bonny pacing beast, they took great pleasure to ride on her; but their cadging her up and down from Edinburgh to London, and it may be from Rome too, gave her sik a het coat, that we have these twelve months bygone been stirring her up and down to keep her fra foundering: yea, they made not only a horse, but an ass, of the kirk of Scotland. How sae quo' ye? What mean ye by this? I'll tell you how they made Balaam's ass of her: ye ken well

* Portmanteau.

enough Balaam was going an unlucky gait, and first the angel met him in a broad way, and then the ass bogled and started, but Balaam got by the angel, and till her and battarmed her sufficiently; that was when episcopacy came in, and then they gave the kirk of Scotland her packs. Afterwards, Balaam met the angel in a straight gait, and then she startled mair than before; but Balaam till her again, and whaked her soundly; that was when the five articles of Perth were brought in. The third time the angel met Balaam in sae strait a gait that the ass could not win by, and then it pleased the Lord to open blind Balaam's eyes, and that is this happy day's work: now God has opened all our eyes. We were like blind Balaams, ganging an unlucky gait, and riding post to Rome; and what was gotten behind him upon the ass wot ye? I'll tell you what was a pockmanty, and what was in it, trow ye, but the Book of Canons, and of Common Prayer, and the High Commission? But as soon as the ass sees the angel, she falls a flinging and a plunging, and o'ergangs the pockmanty, and it hing by the string on one side, and aff goes blind Balaam, and he hings by the hough on the other side; and fain would the carl have been on the saddle again, and been content to leave his pockmanty; but, beloved, let not the false swinger get on again, for, if he get on again, he will be sure to get on his pockmanty also."

This eccentric discourse is closed by several quaint exhortations "to subserve the covenant," which, doubtless, had their intended effect with numbers of the several classes to whom they were addressed.

LINES TO GARRICK.

THE following elegant compliment to the British Roscius appeared in the "Champion, or Evening Advertiser," of July 17, 1742. Garrick made his first appearance on a London stage, October 19, 1741.

O thou, the Phœnix of the age!
The prop and glory of the stage!
Thou Proteus, that with so much ease
Assum'st *what* characters you please;

That, were Democritus alive,
He at the tragic strains would grieve;
Heraclitus himself would smile
To hear thee in thy comic style.

Where didst thou learn thy wond'rous art
To find the way to every heart?
At once to rise, at once break forth,
In all this sudden blaze of worth?

How does my swelling bosom glow,
To see thy *Lear's* majestic woe!
Yet, wondrous change! in the same night,
How does thy *Lying Knave* delight!

When in thy *Richard* I behold
The tyrant subtle, stern, and bold,
My soul, with various passions tost,
Is in the quick transition lost.

When next I see thy well-feigned woe,
I pity thee, altho' my foe;
With Lady Anne I straight relent,
And am rejoic'd that you repent.

But when the tyrant you resume,
And fix the hapless infants' doom,
Scarce can I think thou play'st a part,
But wish to stab thee to the heart.

How can thy gentle nature bear
T'assume the murdering villain's air?
Search all the characters, you'll find
Not one less suited to thy mind.

'Tis here thy genius is admir'd;
'Tis here thou seem'st almost inspir'd:
Each other part thou actest well,
But 'tis in this thou dost excel.

STEGANOGRAPHY.

THE art of secret writing, or writing in cypher, was, according to Polybius, invented by Æneas, the author of a Treatise on Tactics, and other works: he produced twenty methods of writing in cypher, which no person could unfold, but we doubt much whether they would preserve this quality at the present day. The article *Cypher*, in Rees' Cyclopedia, by Mr. Blair, the surgeon, is an admirable treatise on the subject; but at the present day, the art has become extremely difficult. Sir Sidney Smith,

it is said, never failed in an attempt to decipher anything that came under his eye, whether the language were Turkish, Arabic, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, or English: of this, a remarkable instance occurred when commanding in Egypt. A letter was sent to him in Arabic, to be forwarded, requesting him first to read it: he did so, and simply returned it to the pacha, who had written it with the key, adding, that if he wished to transmit secrets in future, he would do well to observe two things; the first, to be sure they were sufficiently concealed, and the next, to confide them to other hands. Report adds, that the pacha, ashamed of having been discovered, observed a conduct more correspondent with that loyalty and honour, of which our illustrious countryman had given him so delicate an example.

It is not less strange than true, that this art, so important in diplomacy, as long as couriers are liable to be intercepted, was held in abhorrence by the elector Frederic the Second, who considered it as a diabolical invention. Trithemius, abbot of Spanheim, had composed several works to revive this branch of knowledge; and Boville, an ignorant mathematician, being unable to comprehend the extraordinary terms he made use of to explain his method, published that the work was full of diabolical mysteries. Poissevin repeated the assertion; and Frederic, in a holy zeal, ordered the original work of Trithemius, which he had in his library, to be burnt, as the invention of the devil.

BURNET'S HISTORY.

In the Lansdown Library, there is a copy of "Burnet's History of his own Times," filled with remarks on the margin in the hand-writing of Swift. They are, as may be supposed, distinguished by great acuteness and wit, and not without some portion of coarseness and malevolence. Burnet appears to have been no favourite with the dean. We select a few specimens.

Preface, p. 3. *Burnet.* "Indeed, the peevishness, the ill-nature, and the ambition of many clergymen, have sharpened my spirits perhaps too much against them; so I *warn* my readers to take all that I say on those heads with some grains of allowance."—*Swift.* "I will take his *warning*."

P. 28. *Burnet.* "The earl of Argyle was a more solemn sort of man, grave and sober, and free of all scandalous vices."—*Swift.* "As a man is free of a corporation, he means."

P. 49. *Burnet.* "I will not enter farther into the military part; for I remember an advice of Marshal Schomberg, never to meddle in military matters. His observation was, 'Some affected to relate those affairs in all the terms of war, in which they committed great errors, that exposed them to the scorn of all commanders, who must despise relations that pretend to exactness, when there were blunders in every part of them.'"—*Swift.* "Very foolish advice, for soldiers cannot write."

P. 5. *Burnet.* "Upon the king's death, the Scots proclaimed his son king, and sent over Sir George Wincan, *that married my great aunt,* to treat with him while he was in the Isle of Jersey."—*Swift.* "Was *that* the reason why he was sent?"

P. 63. *Burnet.* (Speaking of the Scotch preachers in the time of the civil wars.) "The crowds were far beyond the capacity of their churches or the reach of their voices."—*Swift.* "And the preaching beyond the capacity of the crowd. I believe the church had as much capacity as the minister."

P. 163. *Burnet.* (Speaking of *Paradise Lost.*) "It was esteemed the *beautifullest* and *perfectest* poem that ever was writ, at least in *our* language."—*Swift.* "A mistake! for it is *in English.*"

P. 189. *Burnet.* "Patrick was esteemed a great preacher, * * but a little too severe against those who differed from him—* He became afterwards more moderate."—*Swift.* "Yes, for he turned a rank whig."

P. 263. *Burnet.* "And yet, after all, he (K. Charles II.) never treated her (Nell Gwyn) with the *decencies* of a mistress."—*Swift.* "Pray what *decencies* are those?"

P. 327. *Burnet.* "It seems, the French made no great account of their prisoners, for they released 25,000 Dutch for 50,000 crowns."—*Swift.* "What! ten shillings a-piece! By much too dear for a Dutchman."

P. 483. *Burnet.* "I laid open the cruelties of the church of Rome in queen Mary's time, which were not then known; and I *aggravated,* though *very truly,* the danger of falling under the power of that religion."—*Swift.* "A BULL!"

P. 525. *Burnet.* "Home was convicted on the credit of *one* evidence.—Applications, 'tis true, were made to the duke of York for saving his life: but he was not born under *a pardoning planet.*"—*Swift.* "Silly fop!"

P. 586. *Burnet.* "Baillie suffered several hardships and fines, for being supposed to be in the Rye-house plot; yet during this he seemed so composed, and ever so cheerful, that his behaviour looked like the revival of the spirit of the noblest Greeks and Romans."—*Swift.* "Take notice, he was *our cousin*"

P. 727. *Burnet.* "I come now to the year 1688, which proved memorable, and produced an extraordinary and *unheard of* revolution."—*Swift.* "The devil's in that! Sure all Europe *heard* of it."

P. 752. *Burnet.* (Doubting the legitimacy of the pretender, and describing the queen's manner of lying-in.) "All this while the queen lay in bed; and in order, to the warming one side of it, a warming-pan was brought; but it was not opened, that it might be seen whether there was any fire in it."—*Swift.* "This, the ladies say, is very foolish."

P. 799. *Burnet.* "When I had the first account of king James's flight, I was affected with this dismal reverse of fortune in a great prince, more than I think fit to express."—*Swift.* "Or than I will believe."

P. 816. *Burnet.* "It was proposed that the birth of the pretended prince might be enquired into, and I was ordered to gather together all the presumptive proofs that were formerly mentioned: it is true these did not amount to a full and legal proof; yet they seemed to be such violent presumptions, that when they were all laid together, they were more convincing than plain and downright evidence, for that was liable to the suspicion of subornation, whereas the others seemed to carry on them very convincing characters of truth and conformity."—*Swift.* "Well said, bishop."

Vol. II. p. 669. *Burnet.* (Speaking of the progress of his own life.) "The pleasures of sense I did soon nauseate."—*Swift.* "Not so soon with the wine of some elections."

MISS SEWARD'S ENIGMA.

A FEW years ago, the newspapers amused the public with publishing an enigma, which we were assured was composed by Miss Seward, and found in her will, with directions to her executors to pay £50 to the person who should discover the true solution. The unmeaning puzzle immediately set the small wits, who indulge in such trifles, at work, and the periodical journals and newspapers teemed with answers. The enigma stating that the solution would give the name of an ancient and renowned city, all the classical towns of any note that could be thought of were fixed for the identical one meant. Persepolis was a favourite city with more than one Œdipus. Others contended that Hecatompylos was the lucky town. Some were for Heliopolis; Alexandria had a few adherents, and Athens was mentioned; while others took a sudden leap down the tide of ages, and descended at once to

Rheims and Wirtemberg, while an arch wit wrote a most elaborate essay, to prove that the words "ancient city" had been substituted for "ancient thoroughfare," and that the subject of the enigma was actually "MUTTON LANE."

When competition for the prize, or the complaisance of editors, was exhausted, it was discovered that the enigma was but a curtailed copy of a rebus published in the Gentleman's Magazine in March 1757. It was then attributed to Lord Chesterfield, and could scarcely have been the production of the lady named, as she was at that time only ten years of age. The following is a copy of the original bagatelle:

The noblest object in the works of art,
The brightest scenes which nature can impart;
The well-known signal in the time of peace,
The point essential in a tenant's lease;
The farmer's comfort as he drives the plough,
A soldier's duty, and a lover's vow;
A contract made before the nuptial tie,
A blessing, riches never can supply;
A spot that adds new charms to pretty faces,
An engine used in fundamental cases;
A planet seen between the earth and sun,
A prize that merit never yet has won;
A loss which prudence seldom can retrieve,
The death of Judas, and the fall of Eve;
A part between the ancle and the knee,
A papist's toast, and a physician's fee;
A wife's ambition, and a parson's dues,
A miser's idol, and the badge of Jews.

If now your happy genius can divine,
The correspondent words in every line;
By the first letter plainly may be found,
An ancient city that is much renowned.

ON PURGATORY.

WHEN God Almighty had his palace fram'd,
The glorious shining place he heav'n nam'd;
And when the first apostate angel fell,
He doom'd him to a certain place call'd hell:
There's heav'n and hell confirm'd in sacred story,
But there I ne'er read word of purgatory;—

That cleansing place the priests of late have found,
For crazy souls to flux in till they're sound.
The priest found that for the good Roman race,
For God's Word ne'er mention'd such a place.
Oh Rome! we own thee for a learn'd wise nation,
To add a place wanting to God's creation.

Bibl. Sloan 1691.

A RECIPE FOR THE PAINS OF PURGATORY.

Of lay ignorance seven drachms, as many drachms of monk's devotion as you can get, half a score plenary indulgences, and a dozen of well-contrived equivocations; venial sins as many as you please, and a pocket full of dispensations. Boil these in a Jesuit's brain-pan, and put thereto the doctrines of probable opinions and seminary priests' loyalty. After fermentation, clap in nine modern miracles performed as by the asines of Father Crespie. To give it a tincture, sprinkle a small dash of penance, and roll up the whole in a mass of the pope's infallibility, and take it in a cup of absolution at the hour of death. *Probatum est.*

Ibid.

ANAGRAMS.

The writing of anagrams, trivial as this recreation may now appear, was once the favourite amusement of men of learning and ingenuity, and has found an advocate in one of the most learned of our English writers, Camden, who in his "Remains" has bequeathed to the world a treatise on this curious subject.

"The only quintessence," says this learned writer, "that hitherto the alchymy of wit could draw out of names, is *anagrammatisme*, or *metagrammatisme*, which is a dissolution of a name, truly written, into the letters as its elements, and a new connexion of it by artificial transposition, without addition, subtraction, or change of any letter, into different words, making some perfect sense applyable to the person named." He then proceeds to observe, that "the precise in this practice" adhere strictly to the rules in the definition here laid down, with the exception only of omitting or retaining the letter H, according to their convenience, "for that it cannot challenge the right of a letter." But the "licentiats,

on the other hand," he adds, "think it no injury to use E, for Æ; V, for W; S, for Z; and C, for K, and contrariwise." The same author calls the *difficilis que pulchra*, the charming difficulty of making an anagram, "a whetstone of patience to them that shall practise it; for some have been seen to bite their pen, scratch their heads, bend their brows, bite their lips, beat the board, tear their paper, when the names were fair for somewhat, and caught nothing therein." Such was the "charming agony" of anagrammatizing; yet, adds the venerable author, notwithstanding "the sour sort of critics, good anagrams yield a delightful comfort and pleasant motion in honest minds."

Of the antiquity of this invention there can be no doubt. Camden seems disposed to refer its origin even to the time of Moses, and conceives that it might have formed some share in the mystical traditions, afterwards called *cabala*, communicated by that divine lawgiver to the chosen Seventy. Another writer on this subject observes, that the cabalists among the Jews were professed anagrammatists; the third part of their art which they called *themuru*, that is "changing," being nothing but the art of making anagrams, or of finding the hidden and mystical meaning in names; which they did by transposing, changing and differently combining the letters of those names. Thus, of the letters of *Noah's* name in Hebrew, they made *grace;* and of the *Messiah*, they made *he shall rejoice*. But, leaving this question to be settled by others more deeply conversant in biblical learning, it may be sufficient to state, that the art of anagrammatism may be traced to the age of Lycophron, a Greek writer who flourished about three hundred years before the Christian era. In his obscure poem of "Cassandra," which is on the subject of the war of Troy, he has recorded two of his anagrams. One is on the name of Ptolemy Philadelphus, in whose reign Lycophron lived, and is as follows:

Πτολεμαις. Απο μελιτος——Made of honey.

The other on Ptolemy's wife, Arsinöe, was thus:

Αρσινοη. Ερας ιον——Juno's violet.

We are also informed by Eustachius that this practice of anagrammatism was by no means uncommon among the Greeks. Of some examples which he gives, the transposition of the word Αρετη, *virtue*, into Ερατη, *lovely*, is the best.

Among modern nations, the French appear to have most cultivated this species of wit, which Camden says "they exceedingly admire, and celebrate for the deep and far-fetched antiquity and mystical meaning thereof." In the reign of Francis the First, when learning began to revive, they "began

to distill their wits herein;" and among their first efforts was an anagram on the name of that monarch."

François de Valoys——De façon suis royal.

Le Laboureur, the historian who wrote the "History of Charles VI." and the "Genealogies of Noble Families," was extremely well pleased with an anagram made on the mistress of Charles IX. which he assures us was historically just. Her name was *Marie Touchet*, which being anagrammatized, forms *Je charme tout*. An equally happy anagram was made of the name of the assassin of Henry III. of France. He was called *Frère Jacques Clement*. The anagram, without changing any thing, is *C'est l'enfer qui m'a créé*. Another, not less expressive, was formed by changing *Louis de Boucherat* into *est la bouche du roi*, M. de Boucherat being chancellor of France when the anagram was made.

The following Latin anagram, also of French origin, deserves particularly to be recorded. It is on the name of the unfortunate Mary Stuart:

Maria Stevarda Scotorum Regina—
Trusavi regnis morte amarâ cado.

With the exception of the slight liberty, used in Latinizing the word Stuart, this anagram is excellent, from the strong illustration which it furnishes of the cruel fate of that much injured princess.

It is to a Frenchman, also, according to Camden, that the following very remarkable transposition of our Saviour's name is to be ascribed:

Ιησους—Συνεις, *Thou art that sheep*. Allusion being made to the passage in Isaiah, chap. 53. v. 7. where it is prophetically said—"He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and, as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so openeth he not his mouth."

There is another very extraordinary anagram in reference to our Saviour, and, indeed, to that very circumstance of his life, which the preceding passage in Isaiah seems so clearly to have predicted. In the 18th chapter of John, v. 38. Pilate is said to have put this question to Christ: "What is truth?" to which he received no answer. These words in Latin, "*Quid est veritas?*" form the admirable anagram, "*Est vir qui adest?*" which is perhaps the most appropriate reply that could have been made; for in Him, of whom the question was asked, truth might be said to have been personified.

Calvin, in the title of his *Institutions*, printed at Strasburg in 1539, calls himself *Alcuinus*, which is the anagram of Calvinus, and the name of a person of eminent learning in the time of Charlemagne, who contributed greatly to its restora-

tion in that age. Calvin, who had a very strong enmity against Rabelais, is said to have turned his name *Rabelæsius* into *rabie læsus*, while the wit, in revenge, found *jan cul* in the name of Calvin.

Of the success of the Romans in this art we have no examples. Calvin alludes to the partiality of the Italians for it, "as the bishop of Grassa," he says, "a professor, therein testifieth;" but he does not give us a single instance of their skill. "In England," he adds, "I know some, who, forty years since, have bestowed some idle hours herein with good success; albeit our English names, running rough with cragged consonants, are not so smooth and easy for transposition as the French and Italian." Accordingly, he only furnishes a single instance of English anagrammatism, which is on James I.

Charles James Stuart:——Claims Arthur's seat.

"And this," says the author, gravely, "shows his undoubted rightful claim to the monarchy of Britain, as successor to the valorous king Arthur!" This anagram was the production of Dr. Walter Gwyn, who, as appears from a note to one of Owen's epigrams, published a collection of these *jeux d'esprit*. It farther appears from Owen's note, that the anagram was written previous to the actual occurrence of the event which it seemed to indicate. In that case, it is not merely applicable to its original, as required by Camden's definition, but prophetically so, which, it is presumed, must be the highest merit, or *ne plus ultra* of this species of composition.

Although Camden supplies us with only one English anagram, yet he subjoins a long list of transpositions in Latin by Englishmen, "of the names of divers great personages, in most of which the sense may seem applyable to their good parts." Among the following, the first five, which relate to queen Elizabeth, may be thought worth transcribing: the first is Camden's own.

Elizabetha Regina.....	Angliæ hera beâsti.
Elizabetha Regina.....	Angliæ eris beata.
Elizabetha Regina Angliæ	Anglis agna et Hiberiæ lea.

In respect to the appropriateness of this anagram, it may be observed, that Gray, in his "Bard," has the following line on queen Elizabeth:

"Her *lion* port, her awe-commanding face."

Out of the words "Elisabetha Regina Anglorum," the two following were made, both of which are remarkably apposite;

"Magna bella tu heroina geris."
"Gloria regni salva manebit."

The last anagram we shall transcribe from Camden, relates to lord chancellor Ellesmere, whose name, Thomas Egerton, was appropriately transposed into *Gestat Honorem;* to this Camden subjoins the following couplet:

Oris honore viget et mentis *gestat honorem,*
Juris Egertonus, dignus honore coli.

In a volume of Sir Julius Cæsar's collections in the Lansdown MSS. there is a collection of anagrams, on the names of the king, the marquis of Buckingham and Hamilton, lady Compton, and Mr. Christopher Villiers, which Sir Julius has very emphatically marked "*trash.*" Great liberty is taken with the names, and the anagrams are some of them not very apposite; each is followed by some doggrel verses. The following are the best of them:

Jacobus Steuartus:——Tu es ob justa carus.
George Earle Buckinghame:——Oh! graveable king, grace me.

Sir Symonds d'Ewes, in his account of Carr, earl of Somerset and his wife, notices an anagram which appeared at the time "not unworthy to be owned by the rarest wits of the age."

Thomas Overbury:——O! O! base murthyr!

Kippis was very severe on Sir Symonds for praising such anagrams; but the fact is, that they were then the fashionable amusement of the wittiest and the most learned, as well as of those whose genius did not call them

"——— to purchase fame
In keen iambics, but mild anagram."

Sylvester, the translator of Du Bartas, considered himself fortunate, when he found in the name of his sovereign the strongest bond of affection to his service: *viz.*

James Stuart:——A just master.

One "Mistris Mary Fage," who flourished in the time of Charles I. was perhaps the most prolific anagrammatist England ever produced. She published a whole book of anagrams and acrostics, under the title of "Fame's Rowle," in which the names of the king and queen, and all the dukes, marquesses, earls, viscounts, bishops, barons, privy counsellors, knights of the garter, and judges of the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, to the number of no less than four hundred and twenty, are anagrammatized, and each anagram illustrated by an equally curious acrostic. The following may serve as a specimen of her manner.

To the Right Hon. John earl of Weymes, Lord Weymes.

John Weymes.

Anagrammma——Shew men joy.

I n your great honour, free from all alloy,
O truly noble *Weymes*, you *shew men joy*;
H aving your vertues in their clearer sight,
N othing there is can breed them more delight.

W ith *joy* your wisdome, so doth men content;
E ver we pray it might be permanent;
Y our virtuous life doth breed so great delight;
M en wish you endless *joy*, you to requite;
E ternall *joy* may unto you succeede,
S *hewing men joy* who do your comfort breed.

An anagram on Monk, afterwards duke of Albemarle, on the restoration of Charles II. forms also a chronogram, as it includes the date of the event it records:

Georgius Monke, Dux de Aumarle—
Ego Regem reduxi, Anno Sa MDCLVV.

It was in the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I. as the examples already enumerated may in some degree prove, that this description of wit, together with the study of "rebuses" and "illusions" was in the highest repute. It was no doubt borrowed from the French or the Italians, who were always great proficients in the production of these "quaint conceits." Thomas Billon, a Provençal, was so celebrated for this species of wit or talent, that he was retained by Louis XIII. with a pension of twelve hundred livres, in quality of anagrammatist to the king; and in the reign of Louis XIV. one Daurat had acquired so much celebrity in this line, that the most illustrious persons of the court gave him their names to anagrammatise.

During the golden age of anagrammatism, Owen, the celebrated Welsh epigrammatist, flourished; and although many of his compositions were founded upon those light conceits which form the subject of the present article, yet it must be allowed that most of his epigrams are very ingenious, and that many of them have not been surpassed by any Latin writer since the time of Martial. The three following bear immediately on anagrams:

Anagramma,—Galenus—Angelus.

Angelus es bonus anne malus; *Galene!* salutis
Humanæ custos, *angelus* ergo bonus.

Lib. 2. Ep. 49.

De Fide,—Anagramma quincuplex.

Recta fides, *certa* est, *arcet* mala schismata, non est,
Sicut *Creta*, fides fictilis, arte *caret*.

lb. Ep. 12.

Brevitas,—Anagramma triplex.

Perspicuâ brevitate nihil magis afficit aures;
In *verbis*, *ubi res* postulat, esto *brevis*.

Lib. 3. Ep. 31.

In a "New Help to Discourse," 12mo. London, 1684, we have an English anagram, with a very quaint epigrammatic "exposition."

Toast——A Sott.

"A toast is like a sot; or, what is most
Comparative, a sot is like a toast;
For when their substances in liquor sink,
Both properly are said to be in drink."

It is however on proper names that anagrams have chiefly been exercised; and much of their merit arises from the association of ideas—"a trifler can only produce what is trifling, but an elegant mind may delight by some elegant allusions, and a satirical one by its causticity." A slight reversing of the letters in a name produced a happy compliment; as, in Vernon was found *Renoun;* and the celebrated Sir Thomas Wiat bore his own designation in his name,—a wit. Of the poet Waller, the anagrammatist said,

"His brows need not with laurel to be bound,
Since in his *name* with *lawrel* he is crown'd."

Randle Holmes, the author of a Treatise on Heraldry, was complimented by an expressive anagram:

Lo! men's herald.

The word Loraine forms *alerion*, on which account that family took alerions for their coat of arms.

"Anagrams," says Mr. D'Israeli, "were often devoted to the personal attachments of love or friendship,—a friend delighted to twine his name with that of his friend. Crashawe the poet had a literary intimate of the name of Car, who was his posthumous editor; and in prefixing some elegiac lines, discovers that his best friend Crashawe was Car; for so the anagram of *Crashawe* runs—*he was Car*. On this quaint discovery, he has indulged all the tenderness of his recollections:

"Was Car then Crashawe, or was Crashawe Car?
Since both within one name combined are.
Yes, Car's Crashawe, he's Car: tis love alone
Which melts two hearts, of both composing one,
So Crashawe's still the same," &c.

A happy anagram on a person's name might have a moral effect on the feelings, as there is reason to believe that certain celebrated names have had some influence on the moral character. When one Martha Nicholson was found out to be *soon calm in heart*, the anagram, in becoming familiar to her, might afford an opportune admonition. Perhaps the happiest anagram of this sort was that produced on Lady Eleanor Davies, the wife of the celebrated Sir John Davies, the poet, She was the Cassandra of the age; and several of her predictions encouraged her to conceive she was a prophetess. As her prophecies in the troubled times of Charles I. were usually against the government, she was at length brought by them into the high court of commission. The prophetess was not a little mad, and fancied the spirit of Daniel was in her, from an anagram she had formed of her name:

Eleanor Davies:——Reveal, O Daniel!

The anagram had too much by an *l* and too little by an *s;* yet *Daniel* and *Reveal* were in it, and that was sufficient to satisfy her inspirations. The court attempted to expel the spirit from the lady; but the bishops reasoned the point with her out of the scriptures, to no purpose, she poising text against text, until one of the deans of the arches, says Heylin, "shot her through and through with an arrow borrowed from her own quiver." Taking up a pen, he hit upon this excellent anagram:

Dame Eleanor Davies:——Never so mad a ladie!

This happy fancy put the solemn court into a laughter, and Cassandra into the utmost dejection of spirits. Foiled by her own weapons, her energy suddenly forsook her; and either she never afterwards ventured on prophecying, or the anagram perpetually reminded her hearers of her state—for we hear no more of this prophetess.

Addison relates a humourous account of an anagrammatist, who after shutting himself up for half a year, and taking many liberties with the name of his mistress, discovered, on presenting his anagram, that he had mis-spelt her surname. He was so thunderstruck with his misfortune, that in a little time after he lost his senses, which, indeed, had been very much impaired by the continual application he had given to his anagram.

The selection of anagrams here made might have been considerably extended, but they will be sufficient to show the ingenuity of the writers in former times in this art, and it may now only be necessary to transcribe a few of the best anagrams of the present day, made by those who, as Camden says, have

"bestowed some idle hours in distilling their wits herein." In the following French words will be found an extraordinary anagram—"*La Revolution Française.*" Take from these the word "*Veto,*" known as the first prerogative of Louis XIV. opposed to the revolutionists, and the remaining letters will form the words "*Un Corse la finira,*" in English, "A Corsican shall end it." Bonaparte was rather a fertile subject for anagrams, as will appear from the following examples:

Napoleon Bonaparte:——No: appear not at Elba.
Napoleon Bonaparte:——Bona rapta, leno, pone.
Lucius Napoleon Bonaparte:——O! subaltero Nerone arma Imperator. capiunt populi.

The great rival with Bonaparte in the military glories of the age furnishes a no less appropriate anagram:

Arthur Wellesley Duke of Wellington—
Let well foil'd Gaul secure thy renown.

That on the hero of the Nile was still better, and perhaps one of the happiest of modern anagrams:

Horatio Nelson:——Honor est à Nilo.

The following one is very descriptive of the melancholy event which it records. The letters P. C. must here be taken to stand for Princess Charlotte.

Princess Charlotte Augusta of Wales—
P. C.
Her august race is lost!
O! fatal news!

The following are amusing, and, generally, very appropriate:

Revolution	Love to ruin.
Telegraph	Great help.
Catalogue	Got as a clue.
Charades	Hard case.
Lawyers	Sly ware.

When, at the General Peace of 1814, Prussia became enriched with a portion of Saxony, the king of Prussia issued a new coinage of rix dollars with the name of that coin, which, in German, is Reichstahler, impressed on them. These circulate in the Prussian part of Saxony; and the Saxons, by thus dividing the word *Ein-Reich-stahl-er*, make out a sentence, of which the literal translation is, "He stole a kingdom." The French, who are very fond of making anagrams, have discovered that *La Sainte Alliance* is nothing more than *La Sainte Canaille.*

PROCLAMATION AGAINST MILTON.

THE biographers of Milton speak highly of the lenity of Charles II. to the immortal bard, but mention an order which was issued to seize two of his political works. It was not, however, until 1797, that a copy of the royal proclamation for that purpose was discovered, when it was found to be much more severe than was generally believed. The following is a copy of this royal order for seizing and burning the works of a man, whose talents have been the admiration of ages.

"By the King,

"A Proclamation for calling in and suppressing two books, written by John Milton, the one intituled, Johannis Miltoni, Angli pro Populo Anglicano Defensio contra Claudii Anonymi, alias Salmasii, Defensionem Regiam; and the other, in answer to a book intituled, The Portraiture of His Sacred Majestie in his Solitudes and Sufferings; and also to a third book, intituled, The Obstructors of Justice, written by John Goodwin.

"CHARLES R.

"Whereas John Milton, late of Westminster, in the County of Middlesex, hath published in print two several books, the one intituled, Johannis Miltoni Angli pro Populo Anglicano Defensio, contra Claudii Anonymi, alias Salmasii, Defensionem Regiam; and the other, in answer to a book intituled, The Portraiture of His Sacred Majeste in his Solitudes and Sufferings. In both which are contained sundry treasonable passages against vs and our government, and impious endeavours to justifie the horrid and unmatchable murder of our late dear father of glorious memory.

"And whereas John Goodwin, late of Coleman-street, London, clerk, hath also published in print a book, intitled, The Obstructors of Justice, written in defence of the traitorous sentence against his late Majesty. And whereas the said John Milton and John Goodwin are both fled, or so obscure themselves, that no endeavours used for their apprehension can take effect, whereby they might be brought to legal trial, and deservedly receive condign punishment for their treasons and offences: now to the end that our good subjects may not be corrupted in their judgments with such wicked and traitorous principles as are dispersed and scattered throughout the before-mentioned books: we, upon the motion of the Commons in Parliament now assembled, do hereby strictly charge and command all and every person and persons what-

soever, who live in any city, borough, or town incorporate, within this our kingdom of England, the dominion of Wales, and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, in whose hands any of those books are or hereafter shall be, that they, upon pain of our high displeasure, and the consequence thereof, do forthwith, upon publication of this our command, or within ten days immediately following, deliver, or cause the same to be delivered, to the mayor, bailiff, or other chief officer or magistrate in any of the said cities, boroughs, or towns incorporate, where such person or persons so live; or if living out of any city, borough, or town incorporate, then to the next justice of peace adjoining to his or their dwelling or place of abode: or if living in either of our universities, then to the vice-chancellor of that university where he or they do reside.

"And in default of such voluntary delivery, which we expect in observance of our said command, that then and after the time before limited is expired, the said chief magistrate of all the said cities, boroughs, or towns incorporate, and the justices of the peace in their several counties, and the vice-chancellors of our said universities respectively, are hereby commanded to seize and take all and every the books aforesaid, in whose hands or possession soever they shall be found, and certifie the names of the offenders unto our privy council.

"And we do hereby also give special charge and command to the said chief magistrates, justices of the peace, and vice-chancellors, respectively, that they cause the said books which shall be so brought unto any of their hands, or seized, or taken as aforesaid, by virtue of this our proclamation, to be delivered to the respective sheriffs of those counties where they respectively live, the first and next assizes that shall after happen. And the said sheriffs are hereby also required, in time of holding such assizes, to cause the same to be publicly burnt by the hands of the common hangman.

"And we do further strictly charge and command, that no man hereafter presume to print, vend, sell, or disperse any of the aforesaid books, upon pain of our heavy displeasure, and of such further punishment, as for their presumption in that behalf may any way be inflicted upon them by the laws of this realm."

"Given at our court at Whitehall, the 13th of August, in the twelfth year of our reign, 1672."

THE FIRE OF LONDON.

THE following lines on the fire of London in 1666 were found written on a blank leaf of an early edition of one of the classics. They are entitled,

On the unhappy Conflagration of England's Metropolis.

Let teares distill to quenche those fiery flames;
Let eyes be engines to extoll the names
Of weeping poets; let Parnassus' hill
Drop doleful elegies into my quill.
Were Ovid now alive, free from his hearse,
He'd prove our friend in making English verse;
Would God! Melpomene (that weeping muse,)
Would England's fair metropolis peruse;
Now clad in ashes, she would be content
T' engrave black fancy on its monument.
But stay, her children now their summons have
To usher this, their mother, to her grave;
Now England's clad in black at th' obsequie,
As sore displeas'd at London's livery.
O! that our wits could make this dame survive,
Whose death of joy did English heart deprive;
Then might this fire be but to refine her,
And make her lustre to appear diviner;
But, if that cannot be, we all may rue it,
And say, *Nunc seges ubi Troja fuit.*

I WOULD AND I WOULD NOT:

Supposed to be written by Nicholas Breton, a Native of Staffordshire, who distinguished himself in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth by writing Pastorals, Sonnets, and Madrigals.

I would I were a man of greatest power,
That sways a scepter on this world's great masse,
That I might sit on toppe of pleasure's tower,
And make my will my way, where'er I passe;
That Law might have her being from my breath,
My smile might be a life, my frowne a death.

And yet I would not; for then doe I feare
Envy or malice would betray my trust;
And some vile spirit, though against the heire,
Would seeke to lay mine honor in the dust:
Treason or murther would beset me so,
I should not know who were my friend or foe.

No; I doe rather wish the lowe estate,
And be an honest man of meane degree;
Be lov'd for good, and give no cause of hate,
And clime no higher than a hawthorne-tree;
Pay every man his owne, give reason right,
And worke all daye, and take my rest at night.

For sure in courtes are worlds of costly cares,
That comber Reason in his course of rest:
Let me but learne how thrift both spends and spares,
And make enough as good as any feast;
And fast, and pray my daies may have good end,
And welcome all, that pleaseth God to send!

I would I were a Player, and could act
As many parts as come upon a stage;
And in my braine could make a full compact
Of all that passeth betwixt youth and age;
That I might have five shares in every play,
And let them laugh, that bear the bell away.

And yet I would not; for then doe I feare,
If I should gall some goos-cappe with my speech,
That he would fret and fume, and chafe and sweare,
As if some flea had bit him by the breech;
And in some passion, or strange agonie,
Disturbe both me, and all the companie.

I would I were a Poet, and could write
The passage of this paltry world in rime;
And talke of warres, and many a valiant fight,
And how the captaines did to honour clime;
Of wise and faire, of gratious, virtuous, kinde,
And of the bounty of a noble minde;

But speake but little of the life of love,
Because it is a thing so harde to finde;
And touch but little at the turtle-dove,
Seeing there are but fewe byrdes of that kinde:
And libell against lewde and wicked harts,
That on the earth do play the devill's parts.

And yet I would not; for then would my braines
Be with a world of toyes intoxicate;
And I should fall upon a thousand vaines
Of this and that, and well I know not what:
When some would say, that saw my frantick fittes,
"Surely the Poet is beside his wittes."

I would I were a man of warlike might,
And had the title of a General;
To point the captaines every one their fight,
Where should the vanguard and the rereward fall,
Who should be leaders of the forlorne hope,
And who the entrance to the army ope.

And yet I would not; for then I might see
How discontent might cause a mutinie,
Whereby the army might in danger be,
To be surprized by the enemie;
Or by the loss of men, for honor's gaine,
To wound my conscience with a bloody paine.

No; I had rather praise the course of peace,
And study how to helpe to holde the same;
And how soone quarrels ill begun may cease,
And how to keepe accord in quiet frame:
That old and young may live contented so,
That to their graves may all in quiet goe.

I would I were an excellent Divine,
That had the Bible at my fingers' ends;
The world might heare out of this mouth of mine,
How God did make his enemies his friends:
I were so follow'd, as if none but I
Could plainely speak of true divinity.

And yet I would not; for then, ten to one,
I should be called but a Precisian,
Or Formalist; and might go preach alone
Unto my holy brother Puritan;
And so be flouted for my zealous love,
In taking pains for other men's behove.

No; I had rather read and understand
The rules of grace, that have the learned led
To know the power of the Almighty hand,
And with what foode the blessed flocke are fed;
Rather than with a thund'ring and long praier
To leade into presumption or despaire.

To tell you truly what I wish to be,
And never would be other, if I could,
But in the comfort of the heav'n decree,
In soule and bodie that I ever should—
Though in the world, not in the world to live,
But to my God my service wholly give.

This would I be, and would no other be,
But a religious servant of my God;
And know there is none other God but He;
And willingly to suffer mercy's rod;
Joy in his grace, and live but in his love,
And seeke my blisse but in the heaven above.

And I would frame a kind of faithfull praier
For all estates within the state of Grace;
That careful love might never know despaire,
No servile feare might faithfull love deface:
And this would I both day and night devise,
To make my humble spirit's exercise.

And I would read the rules of sacred life;
Perswade the troubled soule to patience,
The husband care, and comfort to the wife,
To childe and servant due obedience,
Faith to the friend, and to the neighbour peace,
That love might live, and quarrels all may cease.

Pray for the health of all that are diseased,
Confession unto all that are convicted,
And Patience unto all that are displeased,
And Comfort unto all that are afflicted,
And Mercy unto all that have offended,
And Grace to all, that all may be amended.

Flatter not folly with an idle faith,
Nor let earth stand upon her owne desart;
But shewe, what Wisdome, in the Scripture, saith,
The fruitfull hand doth shew the faithfull heart:
Believe the Word, and thereto bend the will,
And teach obedience for a blessed skill.

Chide sinners, as the father doth his childe,
And keepe them in the awe of loving feare;
Make sin most hatefull, but in words be milde,
That humble patience may the better heare;
And wounded conscience may receive reliefe,
When true repentance pleads the sinner's griefe.

Yet flatter not the foul delight of sinne,
But make it loathsome in the eie of love,
And seeke the heart with holy thoughts to winne
Unto the best way, to the soul's behove:
So teach, so live, that both in word and deede
The wo.ld may joy the heavenly rules to reade.

Heale the infect of sinne with oile of grace,
And wash the soule with true contrition's teares;
And when Confession shews her heavy case,
Deliver Faith from all infernal feares,
That when high Justice threatens Sin with death,
Mercy again may give Repentance breath.

Thus would I spend, in service of my God,
The ling'ring howres of these few daies of mine,
To show how sin and death are overtrod,
But by the vertue of the power divine;
Our thoughts but vaine, our substance slime and dust,
And only Christ for our eternal trust!

This would I be; and say "would not" no more,
But only—not be otherwise than this:
All in effect, but, as I said before,
The life in that life's kingdome's love of His,
My glorious God, whose grace all comfort gives,
Than be on earth the greatest man that lives!

FRENCH BIBLIOGRAPHY.

THE following are a few of the first books printed in the French language:

A.D. 1473. Le Jardin de Devotion, auquel l'âme dévote quiert son amoureux Jhesucrist. Bruges. Colard Mansion.

In the Royal Library at Paris, is the *Penitence D'Adam*, a manuscript translated from the Latin into French, by the same Colard Mansion.

It is singular that the first work printed in French should be printed in the Netherlands.

A.D. 1475. Le Livre de Maistre Aldobrandin, pour la santé du corps garder; composé à la requeste du Roi de France. Gothic type; printed about 1475.

Aldobrandin was a learned physician at Florence; he died A.D. 1327. The family name of Pope Clement VIII. was Aldobrandin.

It will appear that the list commences with a book of piety and a book on medicine: this is the natural order of things,—first to think of the soul, then the body, and afterwards the cultivation and amusement of the mind.

A. D. 1476. Les Grandes Chroniques de France, appellés Chroniques de St. Denis, depuis les Trayens jusqu'à la Mort de Charles VII. in l'Ostel (the Hotel) de Pasquier Bonhomme, le xvi jour de Janvier, l'an de Grâce 1476. 3 vols. folio; Gothic.

It was the Benedictines who were employed to collect materials for the history of France; with what attention to truth may be gathered from the following extract, touching the amours of Charles VII. and Agnes Sorel, by whom, it is well known, he had two children.

"I, chronicler, desiring to write true, have duly informed myself, and without fiction, of the truth; and have found, as well by knights, counsellors, physicians, surgeons, and other domestic servants, examined on oath, as to my office belongs, in order to disabuse the people; that during five years that the beautiful Agnes remained with the queen, the king never frequented her but in grand company, and never in the absence of the queen; never having used to her any free countenance, not even to touch her below the chin; and after the amusements (esbats), Charles retired to his lodging, and the fair Agnes to hers, but he loved to chat with her because she was joyous, and amongst the most beautiful, the youngest, and that she sought all sorts of amusements to cheat his thinking and his ennui."

1476. La Grande Légende Dorée.
1477. La Légende des Saints Nouveaux.

The following will give a fair idea of the contents:

(Article, Life of Saint Macaire.) "Saint Macaire prayed for the devil that he might be admitted into paradise. Our Saviour heard his prayer, and sent him an angel, who told him, that if the devil would say a verse of the Psalm Miserere, beginning thus: *Quoniam iniquitatem meam ego cognosco, et peccatum meum contra me est semper*, he should go into paradise. Saint Macaire went to the devil, and told him, that if he would confess, and say this verse every day, he would go to paradise. The devil told him he would do nothing of the kind,—that he had never sinned; so the devil did not go to paradise. The angel then begged Saint Macaire never to pray for one damned in hell, nor for those who were obstinate in evil, who would not be pardoned."

MILTON'S PORTRAIT.

GRANGER says, that Marshal's Portrait of Milton was the first print of him ever published; and Salmasius, in his "Defensio Regia," says it gave him a more advantageous idea of his person than he ever had before. Milton himself, however, had a very different opinion of it, as may be gathered from the following translation of some Greek verses which he wrote under a copy of the portrait: "Will any one say that this portrait was the work of an ingenious hand? My very friends, looking at my own natural countenance, know not whom it represents, but laugh at the awkward imitation of the idiotic artist."

DRUNKEN PENALTY.

IN the register of the parish of Iken, in Suffolk, there is an entry of the body of a man, dying drunk, being put into the fire. It is as follows: "Sepultorum 1669, Edwardus Reeve, nuper de Iken Hall, rediens, die Veneris decimo Novembris, a Saxmundham; super impletus (nocturno tempore) fortioribus liquoribus, de equo ipsius decidens, confregit collum ejus, ad subitaneam ipsius et horrendam mortem; qui versus matutinem tempus inventus fuit per Thomas Crane, de Sudbourn, mortuus; et proximo die, vespertino tempore, *in ignem positus.*"

ON FORTUNE.

By CUTHBERT BOLTON,—1603.

FORTUNE is sweet, Fortune is sour,
Fortune will laugh, Fortune will lower;
The fading fruit of Fortune's flower
Doth ripe and rot both in an hour.
Fortune can give, Fortune can take,
Fortune can mar, Fortune can make;
When others sleep, poor I do wake,
And all for unkind Fortune's sake.
Fortune sets up, Fortune pulls down,
Fortune soon loves, but hates as soon:
She is less constant than the moon,
She'll give a groat, and take a crown.

Lansdown MS. No. 101.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

THAT arbitrary monarch, James II. had no sooner ascended the throne of England, than he distinguished his reign by an odious attack upon the liberty of the press. The king succeeded to the sceptre on the 16th of February, 1685; and on the 21st of May he issued an order to the Stationers' Company, by the then censor of the press, Sir Roger L'Estrange. In this document, after adverting to what he was pleased to call the scandalous and intolerable licentiousness of the press, he declares the command of it to be a prerogative indispensably necessary to the sovereignty of the crown imperial, and, in the exercise of that prerogative, issued the following order for its future regulation:

1. "That all books of and concerning the common laws of the realm, are to be licensed by the lord chancellor, the lord keeper of the great seal of England, the lords chief justices, chief baron, or one or more of them, or by their or one or more of their appointments.

2. "That all books of history, and books concerning the state of the realm, or other books concerning any affairs of state or history whatsoever, are to be licensed by his majesty's principal secretaries of state for the time being, or one of them, or by their or one of their appointments.

3. "That all books concerning heraldry, titles of honour and arms, or otherwise concerning the office of earl-marshal, are to be licensed by the earl-marshal for the time being, or by one of his appointment.

4. "That all books of divinity, physic, philosophy, arts, and sciences, be licensed and allowed by the archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop of London for the time being, or by one or more of their appointments, or by either of the chancellors or vice-chancellors of the two universities for the time being; the said chancellors and vice-chancellors, however, only having the power to license such books as are to be imprinted or reprinted within the limits of the said universities respectively, but not in London or elsewhere.

5. "That with respect to such miscellaneous books and papers as shall not properly fall under any of the above, they be subjected to the censure of the surveyor of the press for the time being, or such of his deputies as shall by him, the said surveyor, be thereunto authorized and appointed."

The Stationers' Company were commanded to see this order strictly carried into effect, and to take special care that no book should be entered or published at their hall without such license being first obtained.

THE FEAST OF THE ASS.

Of the deplorable state of religion, and of the wretched superstition that reigned in the tenth and several succeeding centuries, no stronger proof need be adduced than that of the *Feast of the Ass*, celebrated in several churches in France, in commemoration of the Virgin Mary's flight into Egypt. This festival was celebrated at Beauvais, on the 14th of January, 1223. They chose a beautiful young woman, whom they richly attired, and placed a lovely infant in her arms. She then mounted an ass richly caparisoned, and rode in procession, followed by the bishops and clergy, from the cathedral to the church of St. Stephen, where she was placed near the altar, and high mass commenced. Instead, however, of the usual responses by the people, they were taught to imitate the braying of the ass; and at the conclusion of the service, the priest, instead of the usual words with which he dismissed the people, *brayed* three times, and the people *brayed* or uttered the imitative sounds *Hinhau! Hinhau! Hinhau!* During the ceremony, a ludicrous composition, half Latin, half French, was sung with great vociferation in praise of the ass; of this medley the following is a translation:

From the country of the east,
Came this strong and handsome beast:
This able ass beyond compare,
Heavy loads and packs to bear.

Now, seignior ass, a noble bray;
That beauteous mouth at large display
Abundant food our hay-lofts yield,
And oats abundant load the field.

True it is, his pace is slow,
Till he feel the quick'ning blow;
Till he feel the urging goad,
On his buttock well bestow'd.
Now, seignior ass, &c.

He was born on Shechem's hill;
In Reuben's vales he fed his fill;
He drank of Jordan's sacred stream,
And gamboled in Bethlehem.
Now, seignior ass, &c.

See that broad majestic ear!
Born he is the yoke to wear:
All his fellows he surpasses!
He's the very lord of asses!
Now, seignior ass, &c.

In leaping, he excels the fawn;
The deer, the colts upon the lawn;
Less swift the dromedaries ran,
Boasted of in Midian.
Now, seignior ass, &c.

Gold from Araby the blest,
Seba, myrrh, of myrrh the best,
To the church this ass did bring;
We his sturdy labours sing.
Now, seignior ass, &c.

While he draws the loaded wain,
Or many a pack, he don't complain
With his jaws, a noble pair,
He doth craunch his homely fare.
Now, seignior ass, &c.

The bearded barley and its stem,
And thistles, yield his fill of them:
He assists to separate,
When its thresh'd, the chaff from wheat.
Now, signior ass, &c.

Amen! bray most honoured ass,*
Sated now with grain and grass;
Amen repeat, Amen reply,
And disregard auliquity.

* Here the ass is made to bend his knees.

The final chorus, as given by Du Cange,* is certainly an imitation of asinine braying; and when performed by the whole congregation, must have produced a most inharmonious symphony.

M. Millin has published an account of this festival, as practised in the cathedral of Sens in the thirteenth century. The details are taken from a manuscript missal of that church, now kept in the town library; originally composed by Pierre Corbeil, archbishop of Sens, who died June 1322. The manuscript is said to be beautifully written, and the cover of it to be ornamented with representations of all the operations of vintage, and other analagous mythological subjects. At the time the missal was written, the ceremonies were become entirely bacchanalian and impious. The priests were besmeared with lees of wine, and entered the choir dancing and singing obscene songs: the deacons and sub-deacons profaned the altar by eating in the filthiest manner, and playing cards upon it, whilst the priest was celebrating mass; pieces of old shoes were put upon the censer, and burnt instead of incense; and the deacons and their companions were afterwards carried through the streets in carts, practising various indecencies. For several days, the most disgusting and extravagant actions were continued, and drunkenness and wanton singing universally prevailed both among the clergy and laity.

Attempts were made, at different periods, to suppress these sottish superstitions, but, unfortunately, without success. Mauritius, bishop of Paris, who died in 1196, laboured to abolish them; but the missal already noticed, which appears to have been drawn up *ex officio*, shews how completely he failed. In 1245, Odo, bishop of Sens, prohibited the offensive disguises, and repressed some of the mummeries and licentiousness which had become part of the festival, but did not remove the whole; for, in 1444, the Faculty of Theology, at the request of several bishops, wrote to all the prelates and chapters to abolish this custom. It is, nevertheless, evident, by the acts of the council held in 1460, that the grossnesses merely of this ceremony were retrenched: the council forbids caricature habits, false and uncouth singing; and orders, that on the *precenter of the fools*, as he was called on this occasion, *not more than three pails of water, at most, should be thrown*, and

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* The final chorus is as follows:

"Hez va! hez va! hez va he!
Bialx, sire asnes, car allez;
Belle bouche car chantez."

on the other naked men, *only one pail each*, and that not *within the church:* the other ceremonies, if practised out of the church, were permitted. From so gentle a remonstrance, it could not be expected that the festival would be materially checked; and we are not surprised to learn that it was officially permitted by acts of the chapter of Sens, in 1514 and 1517. Still later, permissions are found, but with gradual prohibition of indecencies, till at length it ceased, towards the end of the sixteenth century.

This ridiculous festival was not limited to France. Michaelis, who supposes that annual fairs originated in the convention of the people for religious purposes, conjectures, that one of the German annual fairs, denominated *Missen*, from the masses formerly said at those times, owed its rise to some ceremony of this kind. The fair is held on the Wednesday after Easter, near Querfurt, in the place called the Area-Meadow. In England, Robert Grossetête, or Greathead, bishop of Lincoln, in the eleventh century, ordered his dean and chapter to abolish, on account of its licentiousness, the Feast of Asses, which had been annually celebrated in Lincoln cathedral on the feast of the circumcision.

The festival itself probably derives its origin from that principle of accommodation to the manners and prejudices of the people, which led to the adoption of rites and ceremonies, in imitation of the Pagans: *the coronation of the ass* was part of the ceremony of the feast of Vesta, an honour conferred upon this good quadruped, because, according to the Pagan mythology, it had, by its braying, saved Vesta from being violated by the Lampsacon god.

THE KING OF THE CHEROQUOIS TO ROUSSEAU.

THAT wayward philosopher, Jean Jaques Rousseau, was never more happily satirized than in a *jeu d'esprit*, in French, entitled "A Letter from the King of the Cheroquois to J. J. Rousseau," of which the following is a translation.

"Thou wilt no doubt be surprised, that a prince so remote should offer thee his protection and friendship; but to what part of the earth has not the report of thy talents, and particularly of thy misfortunes, penetrated? The accounts which have been given me of both, interest me for thee; and this interest becomes stronger by an infinity of relations, which make me comprehend, that the people whose king I am, and

the climate which I inhabit, are more adapted for thee than those of ungrateful Europe. Yet I could not help wondering, that, notwithstanding all thy misfortunes, it has been thy lot to be protected by princes, beloved by women, and admired by men of superior genius; I have been told, in answer, that, in your Europe, there is a certain refinement in circumstances, of which, as yet, we have no idea; that it would be more to the advantage of a man, and more glorious for him, to meet with great and celebrated misfortunes, than to enjoy the applause of mediocrity; the unfortunate thereby appears greater, becomes an interesting object to one part of the universe, and his pathetic powers can much better exert themselves in drawing misfortunes and misery, than in describing prosperity. Those indeed were new and almost incomprehensible ideas for me. What (did I ask) what becomes then of gratitude? Is gratitude not of the European virtues? I am told, that there is a certain management of virtues; that it is taste and circumstances which decide on them; whence it is clear, that he whose glory it is to be unfortunate, will act against common sense in stooping to that gratitude which acknowledges benefits received: why (says I then, blundering still through the reasonable principles of a savage) the result of this is, that his character is essentially ungrateful. To those reflections there was no answer; therefore 'tis thou that must explain them.

"I come now to those relations and conveniences which might prevail on thee to accept of the invitation to live among the Cheroquois. Thou fliest cities, and abhorrest their luxury; we have no cities; luxury is no word in our language. Thou lovest solitude and retreat; hail to my immense desarts! Thou art frightened at celebrity,—satire is a dart in thy side;—we can neither read nor write, and therefore thou wilt be unknown. In short, thou wilt find us very near that state of simple nature, which thou hast drawn so strongly, and which thou seemest to regret with so much warmth.

"Science and arts have corrupted manners; ours are yet pure.

"Thou hast made inquiries into the origin of inequality among men, the spring of their misery; 'twill be thy task to teach us how to preserve that equality which is yet among us.

"Thou hast sketched out the principles of the laws of society; if ever dreadful necessity should oblige us to police and politeness, we may have recourse to thee.

"Thou hast proved, that the nonsense of dogmas and of sects has torn the religion of Christ to pieces; our religion is as simple as thou couldest wish.

"Thou hast hatched a plan of education, which seems chimerical in Europe, where all is corrupted; but thou mayest give it reality amongst our youths and virgins: there is only a certain Heloise, which would not do for this climate; take my advice, and leave it behind. I have been assured, that the limits thou there settest between vice and virtue are so narrow, that the gross judgments of our people would not be able to distinguish them, especially as vice has been embellished with enticing colours, and so might be capable of making us vicious, because so amiable; leave that book to thy enemies; leave it with a vengeance; but to us, thy friends, bring only what we may profit by.

"To be sure, thy arrival here will not have the triumphant air of Paris, or of London; but it will have that simplicity thou doatest on. I shall wait upon thee on the banks of the Ontario, the calumet in my hand. Adieu!

"P.S.—I have forgotten to mention those writings, which, I am told, have torn the bowels of thy country: bring them not; burn them; but those pretty comic operas of thine bring; they will make us laugh."

THE MARLBOROUGH LETTERS.

In the year 1816, a collection of upwards of three hundred original letters of the great Duke of Marlborough were sold by public auction. They were chiefly addressed to Sir Charles Hedges, the secretary of state, and many of them were of very considerable interest. These letters, together with three notes written by queen Anne to her favourite secretary, were sold for five hundred and seventy guineas.

The notes themselves do honour to the head and heart of the queen. Two of them are upon the melancholy subject of the execution of a capital convict of the name of Jeffries. The first incloses to the minister a petition which her majesty had received in favour of the culprit; upon which she says to her minister, "it appears he has a wife and six children;" and concludes, "*if it be a case of compassion,*" (that is, a case where mercy can properly be shewn,) "take care that his life be saved."

The other note of the following day, states that she has "*been so pressed by the woman,*" (the wife of Jeffries, no doubt,) and positively commands a respite of the execution, to afford time for a full inquiry into the circumstances of the case.

The third communication from her majesty is of an open letter, which she had written to lord *Peterborrow*, and thus submits to the perusal of her secretary.

Her majesty uniformly subscribes herself, "Your very affectionate friend, ANNE R."

LA GRANGE'S PHILIPPICS.

CERTAIN "Philippiques," which M. La Grange composed in 1720, against Philip, duke of Orleans, then regent of France, and other persons of distinction, gave so much offence, that the author, to escape the resentment of the government, fled to Avignon, which, belonging to the see of Rome, afforded him a place of refuge. Being betrayed, however, by a false friend beyond the limits of the sacred territory, he was seized and conducted to the isle of St. Marguerite. Here La Grange so won upon the governor by his wit and gaiety, that his imprisonment was rendered comparatively easy, till, unable to resist his propensity to satire, he lampooned his benefactor, and was thrown into close confinement. He now addressed an ode to the regent himself, in which he humbly implored forgiveness; and his highness was induced by it, to direct the governor to restore the unlucky satirist to his favour and kindness. La Grange made a better use this time of the liberty allowed him; for, not long after, he contrived to effect his escape from the island altogether.

If violence of invective could at any time justify such arbitrary modes of punishment, it must be allowed, that the Philippiques of M. La Grange contained, in this respect, justification sufficient. It is of such raving passages as the following that they were made up.

"Scarce did he (the regent) open his eyelids, when he felt indignant at the barriers which were between him and the throne. With this detestable feeling, he made his only pleasure consist in practising the arts of the Circes and the Medeas; he believed this infernal method capable of removing the obstacle which opposed his desires.

* * * *

Infamous Heliogabulus! Your age returns among us. Voluptuous Sardanapalus! Philip goes farther than you.

* * * *

Pursue this cowardly prince, already vanquished by his fears; make him die, as he has lived, in rage and disgrace; upon his guilty head cause to fall the fate of Mithridates when pressed by the Roman arms; may he, in his extreme despair, have recourse to his own poison."

THE PRAISE OF FOLLY.—By ERASMUS.

This work was composed by Erasmus in seven days. It is an ingenious satire against all ranks and conditions of persons; but more especially the monks, whose ignorance and licentiousness were constant objects of the author's raillery. In one of his colloquies, he tells a story of an abbot and sixty monks living together, who had not a single book among them! So deplorable in fact was their ignorance, that Erasmus's friend and contemporary, George Buchanan, relates that there were some Scottish ecclesiastics, who supposed that Martin Luther was author of a "dangerous book called the New Testament!" Leo X. is said to have laughed heartily at Erasmus's "Praise of Folly;" and even cardinal Ximenes, who was more severe, said to one of its censurers, "Either write better yourself, or allow those to write whom God has made capable of it." The Sorbonne did not relish the joke, however; they censured the work, and it was afterwards placed in the list of prohibited books at Rome.

In general, the writings of Erasmus were very far from being acceptable to the Romish church. His spirit of toleration, and the freedom with which he stigmatized the characters of the clergy, created him a multitude of enemies. One of his principal opponents was Noel Bede, who wrote annotations upon Erasmus's paraphrases of the New Testament, &c. three books; Paris 1625, in fol. (Latin). Bede's superiors, however, were so ashamed of the sort of defence which he made, that they ordered his book to be suppressed, and it is now extremely rare. Erasmus took the trouble to reply to him, and convicted him of having advanced *a hundred and eighty-one lies, two hundred and ten calumnies, and forty-seven blasphemies.* Noel, having nothing to say for himself, attempted to retaliate upon Erasmus, by making extracts from his works, and endeavouring to prove him an heretic; and the Sorbonne was so much better pleased with this mode of attack as to follow it up by a decree of censure, declaring Erasmus "impious, a madman, an enemy to Jesus Christ and to the saints." Nay, a friend of his, M. de Berguin, having translated several of his works, with additions,

was tried by the parliament of Paris, and condemned to be burnt alive. Francis I. with the dukes of Vendome, of Guise, and other great lords, were present at the trial. The sentence was actually executed in 1759; and yet, the same Noel Bede, whom we have just mentioned, presumed, in a sermon which he preached, to rail against the king for not prosecuting heretics with sufficient rigour! The king conceiving, probably, that M. Bede's ideas might be enlightened by a little personal experience on the subject, sentenced him for his impertinence, to be banished the country.

TRISTRAM SHANDY'S HYPOTHESIS OF CHRISTIAN NAMES.

Dr. Ferriar, in his "Illustration of Sterne," supposes that Mr. Shandy's hypothesis of christian names was first suggested to the author by some passages in Montaigne's Essays, and Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. It seems, however, much more probable, that he was indebted for the idea to a poem, written by Aaron Hill's wife, and printed in a collection of miscellaneous poems published by the unfortunate Savage, and now become very scarce. The following is a copy of the poem:

To Lady Harvey on a Conversation concerning Names.

Miranda.

Soul-moving Harvey, in whose smiling eyes
The azure stamp of heav'n distinguish'd shines;
Strong as your beauty let my fancy rise,
And your flute's sweetness modulate my lines:

While I, no poet, yet presume to shew,
In poet's numbers, with unlicens'd flame,
How our first passions from example flow,
And borrow that example from our name.

The bleeding bosom, and the pictur'd Fame
Instruct each young *Lucretia* to be chaste;
While little *Cleopatras* laugh at shame,
And see no faults in those whom beauty grac'd.

Marg'ries and *Joans* may stray from honour's law,
Nor awe to distance *Tom's* and *Dick's* address;
But *Portias* and *Cornelias* rev'rence draw,
And, with the decent pride of caution, bless.

Daphnis and *Corydon*, attractive swains!
Strike in idea, and surprize by sound:
While *Hodge* and *Tristram* lose their am'rous pains,
And fright the *Sylvias* they propose to wound.

Ask your lov'd lord, so letter'd and polite,
Whether *Heers*, *Hop*, and *Rumpf*, in times to come,
Can, in the blaze of story, shine as bright
As the smooth legates of old Greece and Rome?

Had *Bubb Dodington* ne'er been known to Spain,
What barb'rous censures had our nation 'scap'd!
The soft-mouth'd *Signiors* ne'er had mine'd in vain,
Those stubborn consonants, so Goth-like shap'd.

Who, that was christen'd *Julius*, dare be base,
When he looks back at his great pattern's fame?
Or, if some huge *Van Trump* wants air and grace,
Who blames the monster when he hears his name?

Were I to say what title I would wear,
Could I *Knockfergus* or *Kilpatrick* chuse,
When *Dorset* or *Argyle* had tun'd my ear,
Or *Harvey's* softer vowels charm'd my muse?

Oh! what a tuneful thunder shook the tongue,
When *Marlbro'* (conqu'ring sound) alarm'd the foe!
Had *Jablonowski* led our armi on,
The gen'ral's scare-crow name had foil'd each blow.

Epaminondas! Does that sound like *Wills?*
Can ev'n *your* voice make rough *Cadogan* fall,
With that soft grandeur that so smoothly trills,
When we say—*Cæsar! Hector! Hannibal!*

Had *Helena* been *Moll;* or *Paris*, *Hob;*
Troy had but heard, and 'scap'd the fatal flame;
Nay, were our *Walpole's* self but simple *Bob*,
Not ev'n his politics had rais'd his name.

Shunning the vulgar tracks of homely sound,
Go on, fair HARVEY, to distinguish well:
Let names that suit your lovely race be found,
Add a *Bellaria* to the sweet *Lepel.*

Round your lov'd knees, let *Altamiras* stand,
And soft *Cleoras* and *Olympias* smile:
Give us *Augustuses* to grace our land,
And pour their mother's sweetness round the isle.

PERILS OF FREE TRANSLATION.

A NUMBER of works by Dôtet were all at once condemned to the flames, at Paris, by order of parliament, 14th February, 1543. The unfortunate printer himself was afterwards sentenced to be hanged and burned, as a relapsed atheist. The principal charge made against Dôtet was founded upon his translation of Plato's Dialogues. In a passage there, the translator, instead of saying "After death, you will be nothing," says—"After death, you will be nothing *at all*." The Faculty of Theology determined, that the words "*at all*" were not authorized by the original, and that they smelt of heresy and an attachment to the sects of Sadducees and Epicureans. The true cause of poor Dôtet's fall appears to have been the hatred previously conceived against him by the Sorbonne. He is said to have discovered a design which the doctors had formed of extinguishing the art of printing in France; and with an *esprit de corps*, as excusable in printers as divines, he turned his press into an engine of constant hostility against them.

SEXTUS THE FIFTH'S BIBLE.

LECLERC, in his "Universal Library," says, "They speak of the murmurs excited by the Italian version of the Bible made by order of the Pope. Olivares, the Spanish ambassador, thought it shameful that the example of heretics should be followed at Rome."—"Oh, sir," said the pope, "do not trouble yourself: we made it for you, who do not understand Latin." This minister wrote concerning it to his master; many cardinals added letters, in which they represented to his majesty that his interest was more concerned than that of the other powers in the suppression of this Bible, because of the great states the king of Spain possessed in Italy. Olivares accordingly went again to the pope, and made a long remonstrance upon this subject. Receiving no answer, he at last said, "Your holiness makes no reply; I know not what I am to think."—"*I* am thinking," replied Sextus, "of throwing you out of the window, to teach you the respect due to the sovereign pontiff."

What authority is there for the truth of this story? or even for the existence of this pretended Italian version? Leclerc gives none; and the work, if it ever existed, has hitherto eluded the research of the curious.

BELLARMIN'S "VINDICATION OF POPEDOM."

In this celebrated work, which was published at Rome in 1610, Bellarmin asserts the prerogatives of the church of Rome, in a style of bold pretension never perhaps exceeded by any votary of that establishment. According to him, the pope is not only absolute monarch of the universal church, but likewise the complete master of crowns and kings; he is the source of all ecclesiastical jurisdictions, the infallible judge of the faith, superior even to general councils. Bellarmin treats as heretics those who maintain that princes, in temporal things, have no superior but God. A decree of the parliament of Paris, 26th Nov. 1710, suppressed this book, because the propositions which it contained were false and detestable, tending to the overthrow of the sovereign powers ordained and established by God, and encouraging the insurrection of subjects against their princes. The pope caused his nuncio to make strong remonstrances against this decree, which, he said, "brought great detriment to the papal authority;" but the French monarch was inexorable; and "Bellarmin on the Power of the Popes" remained a suppressed book throughout the dominions of his most Christian majesty.

MONTESQUIEU'S SPIRIT OF LAWS.

Few circumstances in literary history are more remarkable than the suppression of Dupin's "Observations on a book entitled the Spirit of Laws." This work, which is said to have been one of the best replies ever made to Montesquieu, was suppressed and burned by the author, at the request of Madame de Pompadour. The family and friends of Montesquieu had used their utmost influence with that lady, then all-powerful at court, to prevail upon her to take this step. She accordingly sent for Dupin, informed him that she took the author of the Spirit of Laws under her immediate protection, and persuaded him to withdraw all the copies and burn the edition. It is not stated what share Montesquieu himself had in this unphilosophical mode of refutation.

THE DUTY OF WIVES.

One of the most curious specimens of the literature of the Hindoos is a poem, supposed to have been written fourteen centuries ago, entitled the "Teroo-Vaulaver-Kuddul, or the Ocean of Wisdom." The following is a prose translation of a portion of this poem:

"On the Duty of Wives.

"She is the true helpmate, who, possessing an amiable temper and prudent disposition, proportions her husband's expenses to his income.

"The goodness of her heart will manifest itself, in feeding holy hermits, in graciously entertaining her husband's guests, and in shewing mercy to the poor. Her prudence will be displayed, in providing, personally, for the future wants of her family, in preparing her husband's meals with regularity, and in maintaining the just reputation of a good manager. She will take care so to arrange the current expenditure, as not to encroach on the capital of her husband's property.

"Where such a conduct in the wife is wanting, though the house should overflow with gold, yet shall it prove to the owner no better than an empty hovel.

"Where an amiable heart and a prudent disposition are united in the wife, no want will be felt in that house: her judicious management will create a sense of abundance in all its happy inhabitants. Therefore, the first qualities in a wife are temper and prudence.

"If you desire earthly blessings, let a good wife be your first object: be assured, no wealth is to be compared to her. Such a wife as above described, is worth enduring a life of penance to obtain.

"A chaste woman, who, considering her husband as the more immediate object of her devotion, dedicates her first waking thoughts to him, is so superior a character, that the very rain will descend at her requisition.

"A good wife will rise early to perform her devotion to the gods, a service she will delight in: she will guard her chastity; prepare her husband's food with care; will conduct herself with such judicious caution, as to secure his good fame, no less than her own; and, finally, she will cultivate a kind, no less than a prudent disposition.

"What avails it to a husband, to guard his wife's honour with spies and bolts? His best security will be, so to conduct himself, as to induce her to be on her guard. Alas! when

once a woman's heart is unhappily set upon strange men, bars and chains will not prevent their guilty intercourse.

"Good wives shall, at death, be born again unto the world of *Daivers*, and there assist at the heavenly feasts and processions.

"The man whose wife is not correct in her demeanour cannot, like a lion, fearlessly face those who slander and contemn him.

"The highest bliss on earth, consists in possessing a faithful wife and obedient children."

FUNERAL ORATION OF FRANCIS THE FIRST.

PIERRE DUCHATEL, in a funeral oration on the death of Francis I. published 1547, took upon himself to affirm, that the soul of the king had gone *direct to Paradise*. This passing over of purgatory gave offence to the doctors of the Sorbonne, who sent a deputation to warn him of his error. The prelate being absent, one of his friends received them, and, in reply, gaily said—"Be not uneasy, gentlemen, every one knows that the late king, my master, never stopped long in any one place, however agreeable. Supposing, then, that he went to purgatory, be assured that his stay would be very short." This pleasantry disarmed the severity of the doctors, and the affair went no farther.

THE JESUITS.

BLANDIUS AQUAVIVA, general of the Society of the Jesuits, published at Rome, in 1686, a work entitled "Method and Institutes of the Studies of the Society of Jesus." The book has become excessively rare, because, being denounced as heretical to the Inquisition by the whole body of Dominicans, it was condemned as such by that tribunal. The reason of its suppression was, that in a chapter "On the choice of opinions in the exercise of theses," advice is given to follow St. Thomas, but with the exception of a few points. For instance, it is said, "we are not obliged to believe, with St. Thomas, that second causes, when they act, have God for their immediate and moving cause." In the second edition, the Jesuits were obliged to omit that chapter, though in the preface they express their hope that they may be allowed, at some future time, to give it. In all the subsequent editions, however, neither preface nor chapter durst ever make their appearance.

MAID OF BALDOCK'S MILL.

THE real name of this celebrated rustic beauty was Mary Cornwall. She has been dead about fifty years, and her remains lie buried in Baldock church-yard. She had at one time four lovers,—"the grave and the gay, the clown and the beau." The "grave" lover was a young clergyman; and it was he who wrote the song of "The Maid of Baldock's Mill," which soon became so popular, that the maid was obliged for many years to avoid the neighbouring market-places and fairs, where it was constantly sung by ballad-singers.

It appears that the divine, though he might have been the most learned, was not the favoured lover. The "Maid of Baldock's Mill" married Henry Leonard, a carpenter, of Baldock. Her father only gave her a portion of £100 or £150, so that she was indebted entirely to her beauty and worth for her celebrity. The following is the song, once so popular:

"Who has e'er been at Baldock must needs know the mill,
At the sign of the horse, at the foot of the hill;
Where the grave and the gay, the clown and the beau,
Without all distinction promiscuously go.

The man of the mill had a daughter so fair,
With so pleasing a shape and so winning an air,
That once on the hay-field's green bank as I stood,
I thought she was Venus just sprung from the flood.

But, looking again, I perceiv'd my mistake,
For Venus, though fair, has the look of a rake;
While nothing but virtue and modesty fill
The more beautiful looks of the lass of the mill.

Prometheus stole fire, as the poets do say,
To enliven the mass he had modelled of clay;
Had Mary been with him, the beam of her eye
Had saved him the trouble of robbing the sky.

Since first I beheld this dear lass of the mill,
I can never be quiet, do what I will;
All day and all night I sigh and sit still;
I shall die, if I have not the lass of the mill."

"BAYLE'S DICTIONARY."

As soon as this celebrated work appeared, it was denounced by Jurieu to the consistory of the Flemish church; and it would to a certainty have been suppressed, had not Bayle promised to correct the faults with which he was charged. It was required of him, 1. That he should withdraw all the obscenities; 2. That he should change entirely the article of David; 3. That he should refute the Manicheans, instead of giving force to their objections and arguments; 4. That he should not make the Pyrrhonists and Pyrrhonism triumph, and that he should alter the article of Pyrrho; 5. That he should not give extravagant praises to Atheists and Epicureans; and 6. That he should not employ the Holy Scriptures to make indecent allusions. It appears that Bayle was in no haste to fulfil his promise, for in the subsequent editions he made no considerable change, except in the article *David*. The best edition of his Dictionary is that published at Rotterdam, in 4 vols. fol. 1720. Next to it in value is that published at Amsterdam, 4 vols. fol. 1730, with additions by Prosper Marchand.

SINGULAR TENURES.

Before the establishment of the feudal system, the possessions of the people were perfectly *allodial*—that is, wholly independent, and held of no superior at all; but by the feudal constitution, large parcels of land were allotted by the conquering generals to the superior officers, and by them dealt out again in smaller parcels to the inferior officers and most deserving soldiers, who were all bound to each other for reciprocal protection and defence. In consequence of this system, it became a fundamental maxim (though, in reality, a mere fiction,) of our English tenures,—"that the king is the universal lord and original proprietor of all the land in the kingdom; and that no man doth, or can, possess any part of it, but what has mediately or immediately been derived as a gift from him, to be held upon feudal services." Those that held immediately under the crown were called the king's tenants *in capite*, or in chief, which was the most honourable species of tenure; those who, in a lower degree of feudatory subordination, held of their lords, were subject to services of a more slavish nature.

These services gradually grew into a slavery so complicated and extensive, as to call aloud for redress; and, at length, by

an act made in the twelfth year of the reign of Charles II. the whole were levelled at one blow; every oppressive tenure being abolished, except only tenures in *frank almoin* (lands held by a religious corporation from the giver in free alms,) copyholds, and the honorary services of grand serjeantry. The tenure of grand serjeantry, thus retained and still existing, is, when the tenant is bound, instead of serving the king generally in his wars, to do some special honorary service to the king in person; as, to carry his banner, his sword, or the like; or to be his champion, his butler, &c. at the coronation. Petit serjeantry bears a great resemblance to grand serjeantry, and consists in holding lands of the king, by the service of rendering to him, annually, some small implement of war, as a bow, or sword; a lance, an arrow, &c.

King John gave several lands, at Kepperton and Atterton, in Kent, to Solomon Attefeld, to be held by this singular service,—that as often as the king should be pleased to cross the sea, the said Solomon, or his heirs, should be obliged to go with him, to *hold his majesty's head*, if there should be occasion for it, "that is, if he should be sea-sick;" and it appears, by the record in the Tower, that this same office of *head-holding* was actually performed in the reign of Edward the First.

William, earl of Warren, lord of Stamford, in the time of king John, while standing upon the castle walls, saw two bulls fighting in the castle meadow, till all the butcher dogs pursued one of the bulls (maddened with the noise of the multitude) quite through the town. The sight pleased the earl so much, that he gave the castle meadows, where the duel of the bulls began, for a common to the butchers of the town, after the first grass was mowed, on condition that they should find a *mad bull*, the day six weeks before Christmas-day, for the continuance of that sport for ever.

John de Roches held the manor of Winterslew, in the county of Wilts, by this agreeable sort of service,—"that when the king abode at Clarendon, he should come to the palace of the king there, and go into the butlery, and draw out of any vessel he should find in the said butlery, at his choice, as much wine as should be needful for making a *pitcher of claret*, which he should make at the king's charge; and that he should serve the king with a *cup*, and should have the vessel from whence he took the wine, with all the remainder of the wine left in the vessel, together with the cup from whence the king should drink that *claret*."

The town of Yarmouth is bound by charter to send to the sheriffs of Norwich a hundred herrings, which are to be baked in twenty-four pies or pasties, and then delivered to the

lord of the manor of East Carlton, who is to convey them to the king. And Eustace de Corson, Thomas de Berkedich, and Robert de Wethen, held thirty acres of land in the town of Carlton, in the county of Norfolk, by the serjeantry of carrying to the king, wherever he should be in England, twenty-four pasties of fresh herrings at their first coming in.

The lands called Pollard's Lands, at Bishop's Auckland, as also the manor of Sockburn, which belonged anciently to the family of Conyers, but came, in 1771, into the possession of Sir Edward Blackett, are held of the bishop of Durham, by the easy service of presenting a *falchion* to every bishop on his first entrance into his diocese.

Dr. Johnson, of Newcastle, met the bishop, Dr. Egerton, in September 1771, on his first arrival at Bishop's Auckland, and presented the falchion on his knee, thus addressing his lordship, according to the old form of words: "My lord! in behalf of myself, as well as of the several other tenants of Pollard's Lands, I do humbly present your lordship with this *falchion*, at your first coming here, wherewith, as the tradition goeth, Pollard slew, of old, a great and venomous serpent, which did much harm to man and beast: and, by the performance of this service, these lands are holden." The tenure of Sockburn originated in a similar service said to have been performed by the great ancestors of the Conyers' family. It would seem that the county of Durham was, in ancient times, as the old women say, "much troubled with worms."

A farm, at Brook-house, in Langsett, in the parish of Peniston, and county of York, paid yearly to Godfrey Bosville, Esq. or his representative, a *snow-ball* at Midsummer, and a *red rose* at Christmas. However extraordinary this tenure may appear, yet there is little doubt that it was very possible to perform the service, as snow is frequently found in caverns or hollows upon the high mountains in the neighbourhood of Peniston, in the month of June. The *red rose* at Christmas was most probably one preserved until that time of the year: but, as the things presented in tenures were usually such as could be procured with tolerable facility, and not those which would occasion difficulty, it is probable that the snow and the red rose were redeemable by a pecuniary payment fixed, at the will of the lord.

BEKKER ON SPIRITS.

In 1694, Balthasar Bekker, a Protestant minister at Amsterdam, published "The Enchanted World, or Examination of Opinions about Spirits;" 4 vols. 12mo. In this work, the author endeavours to prove that there never were either possessed persons or sorcerers, and that the devils take no concern in the affairs of men, and have no power over their persons. His object, he declares, is to controvert the common opinion entertained of the devil, by which he is erected into a powerful divinity, an opinion contrary to the supreme authority of God and the divinity of his Son; since, by admitting it, these can no longer be proved by the attributes of the true God, such as they are given him in Scripture, and which the devil is made to share. "This," says Bekker, in his preface, "is what has determined me to take my pen; and if the devil be angry, he has only to employ his power in punishing me. If he be God, as they pretend, let him defend himself, let him avenge himself upon me who have overthrown his altars in the name of the Eternal." We do not know how Bekker may have interpreted the result, but *punished* he was; for the singularity of the opinions contained in this book made him lose his place as minister at Amsterdam.

LANGLE'S TRAVELS IN SPAIN.

The only edition of this work, avowed by the author, was the sixth; and it may, therefore, be considered as the only genuine one. It appeared at first anonymously, and, being immediately condemned by the parliament of Paris, came at once into great vogue. The following account of the condemnation is given in the secret memoirs of that period:

"This day, 26th February, 1788, the parliament of Paris condemned the "Voyage into Spain," without name of author or printer, to be torn and burnt at the head of the great stair of the palace. The author, however, is understood to be the Marquis de Langle; every one is anxious to see and know him. He is much younger than the Count de Mirabeau, less informed, but gayer, and, in common with him, has been persecuted by his family, and has remained exiled for two years in a small provincial town. Langle himself says, on the subject of the condemnation of books, "In Spain, if a book be in the least free, they burn it. If ever this book passes the Pyrenees, doubtless it will be burned too. So much the better: joy to the books that are burned! The reader loves burned books; so does the bookseller, and so does the author."

WRITING FROM MEMORY.

THE Abbé de Longerue, who flourished during the reign of Louis XIV. was celebrated for his astonishing memory. He found, however, that it must not be too much relied on. Some of his friends happened in conversation to maintain, that nothing was more difficult than to give an historical description of France, which should be neither long nor uninteresting. The Abbé pretended to be capable of doing it from memory, without consulting any book, but entirely by the aid of some charts, which he was to have before his eyes; and that he would call to mind the origin and history of each province, city and principal place, and all the distinguished houses of the kingdom. He began accordingly to dictate such a description to an amanuensis, and, before the lapse of a year, presented it to the public in one volume, folio. While it was in the course of printing, he read fragments of it to different persons, who all agreed in wondering how such profound researches could have come, as from their source, without the least difficulty to him. But as soon as a few whole copies were published, it appeared that correct works were not to be composed in this manner; many notable errors were found in his history, besides bold and hazardous opinions not sufficiently supported. The Abbé was obliged to be at the expense of taking out many leaves which were faulty, and putting in others more perfect. Copies in which these corrections have *not* been made, are much sought after by the curious in books; for such is the nature of that mania by which this sort of people is afflicted, that even a faulty book is more prized than a correct one, if it only happens to be by some degrees rarer.

Notwithstanding all this, the description of France by the Abbé de Longerue, is a book of no ordinary merit. The manner in which all the great fiefs of the crown, when and how they became subject to the king's authority, and finally united to his domain, is related with surprising clearness and circumstantiality. Were the work, however, even better than it is, it could never be sufficiently confided in to be resorted to as a book of instruction; and, unless for the sake of instruction, what are such books worth?

WITCHCRAFT.

THE reign of James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England may be said to have been the witchcraft age of Great Britain. Scotland had always been a sort of fairy land; but it remained for that sagacious prince, at a time when knowledge was beginning to dispel the mists of superstition, to contribute, by his authority and writings, to resolve a prejudice of education into an article of religious belief among the Scottish people. He wrote and published a "Treatise on Dæmonologie;" the purpose of which was, to "resolve the doubting hearts of many, as to the fearful abounding of those detestable slaves of the devil, witches or enchanters." The authority of scripture was perverted, to shew not only the possibility, but certainty, that such "detestable slaves" do exist; and many most ridiculous stories of evil enchantment were adduced to establish their "fearful abounding." The treatise, which is in the form of a dialogue, then proceeds to treat of the punishment which such crimes deserve:

"*P.* Then to make an ende of our conference, sence I see it drawis leatt, what forme of punishment think ye merites this magiciens and witches? For I see that ye account them to be all alike gyltie.

"*E.* (The king.) *They ought to be put to deathe.* According to the law of God, the civil and imperial law and the municipal law of all Christian nations.

"*P.* But what kynde of deathe, I pray you?

"*E.* It is commonlie used be fyre, but there is an indifferent thing to be used in every countrey, according to the law or custume thairof.

"*P.* But *aught no sexe, age, nor rank, to be excused?*

"*E. None at all.*"

Such, in fact, was the cruel and barbarous law of James's native country; and such became the law also of England when he succeeded to the sceptre of Elizabeth. Many hundreds of unfortunate individuals in both countries became its victims, suffering death ignominiously for an impossible offence: neither sex, nor age, nor rank, as James had sternly enjoined, were spared; and it was precisely the most helpless and inoffensive, such as aged and lone women, who were most exposed to its malignant operation. Of those who have suffered death for witchcraft in Britain, by far the greater number have been persons of the last description.

The absurdity of a law, so long since consigned to uni-

versal execration, stands in need of no illustration; but it may furnish amusement as well as instruction, to peruse the sort of details which gained it for a time the respect and submission from two nations which now rank as the most enlightened in Europe. The following is a literal copy of the indictment of certain witches of Borrostowness, who were tried and executed as late as 1679. Four of the unfortunate creatures were poor widows.

"Annaple Thomsone, widow in Borrostowness, Margaret Pringle, relict of the deceast John Campbell, sievewright there, &c. &c.

"Ye, and ilk ane of you, are indytted and acused, that whereas, notwithstanding be the law of God particularlie sett down in the 20 chapter of Leviticus and eighteen chap. of Dewtronomy, and be the lawes and actes of parliament of this kingdome and constant practiq thereof, particularlie be the 73 act, 29 parliament Q. Marie, the cryme of witchcraft is declaired to be ane horreid, abominable, and capitall cryme, punishable with the pains of death and confiscatiown of moveables:—nevertheless it is of veritie, that you have comitted and are gwyltie of the said cryme of witchcraft, in swa far ye have entered in pactiown with the devill, the enemie of your salvatiown, and have renownced our blissed Lord and Savior, and your baptizme, and have given yourselffes, both soulles and bodies, to the devill, and have bein at severall mettings with the devill, and swyndrie wyth witches, in divers places. And particularlie ye, the said Annaple Thompsone, had a metting with the devill the time of your weidowhood, before you was married to your last husband, in your ewming wetwixt Linlithgow and Borrowstones, where the devill, in the lykeness of ane black man, told you, that you wis ane poor puddled bodie, and had ane evill lyiff and difficulties to win throw the world; and promesed iff ye wald followe him, and go alongst with him, you should never want, bot have ane better lyiff; and abowt fyve wekes thereftter the devill appeared to you, when you wis going to the coal-hill, abowt sevin a-clock in the morning. Having renewed his former tentatiown, you did condeshend thereto, and declared yourselff content to follow him and become his servant; whereupon the devill * * * * * * * * * * * and ye and each persone of you wis at several metting with the devill, in the linkes of Borrowstones, and in the house of you, Bessie Vickar; and ye did eatt and drink with the devill, and with on another, and with witches in her howss in the night tyme; and the said Wm. Craw browght the ale, which ye drank, extending to about sevin gallons, from the howss of Elizabeth

Hamilton; and you, the said Annaple, had another metting about fyve wekes ago, when you wis goeing to the coal-hill of Grange, and he inveitted you to go alongst and drink with him in the Grange pannes; and you, the said Margaret Pringil, have bein ane witch this many yeeres by gone, hath renownced your baptisme and becum the devill's servant, and promeis to follow him; and the devill towk you by the right hand, whereby it was for eight days greivowslie pained, but, having it twitched new again, it immedeatlie becam haill; and you, the said Margaret Hamilton has bein the devill's servant these eight or nine years by gone, and he appeared and conversed with you at the town well of Borrowstones, and severall tymes in your owin houss, and drank severall choppens of ale with you * * * * * * * * * * * * and the devill gave you ane fyve merk piece of gold, whilk a lyttil after becam ane skleitt stone; and you, the said Margaret Hamilton, relict of James Pullwart, has bein ane witch and the devill's servant thertie yeres since, hath renounced your baptisme, as said is

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And ye, and ilk ane of you, was at a metting with the devill and other witches at the croce of Murestain above Kenneil, upon the threttein of October last, where you all danced, and the devill acted the pyper, and where you endevored to have destroyed Androw Mitchell, sone to John Mitchell, elder in dean of Kinneill."

The charges thus gravely made against the "poore puddled bodies," Annaple Thompson and her associates, however ludicrous they may now seem, were fully substantiated to the satisfaction of a jury, probably as rational and humane as any which the age could furnish; and for so meeting and dancing, and drinking, and frolicking, with his Satanic majesty, (who condescended to act the piper,) the unfortunate defendants were solemnly condemned "to be taken to the west end of Borrowstoness, the ordinary place of execution there, upon Tuesday, the twentie-third day of December current, betwixt two and four o'clock in the afternoon, and ther to be wirried at a steack* till they be dead, and therafter to have their bodies burned to ashes!"

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* Worried like a bull or a badger by dogs in human shape.

JEMMY DAWSON.

SHENSTONE's pathetic and affecting ballad of Jemmy Dawson has drawn tears from every person of sensibility, or possessing the feelings of humanity; and it will continue to be admired as long as the English language shall exist. This ballad, which is founded in truth, was taken from a narrative first published in the *Parrot* of the 2d of August, 1746, three days after the transaction it records. It is given in the form of a letter, and is as follows:

"A young lady of a good family and handsome fortune had for some time extremely loved, and was equally beloved by Mr. James Dawson, one of those unhappy gentlemen who suffered on Wednesday last, at Kennington Common, for high treason; and had he either been acquitted, or have found the royal mercy after condemnation, the day of his enlargement was to have been that of their marriage.

"I will not prolong the narrative by any repetition of what she suffered on sentence being passed on him; none, excepting those utterly incapable of feeling any soft or generous emotions, but may easily conceive her agonies; beside, the sad catastrophe will be sufficient to convince you of their sincerity.

"Not all the persuasions of her kindred could prevent her from going to the place of execution: she was determined to see the last of a person so dear to her, and accordingly followed the sledges in a hackney-coach, accompanied by a gentleman nearly related to her, and one female friend. She got near enough to see the fire kindled which was to consume that heart she knew was so much devoted to her, and all the other dreadful preparations for his fate, without betraying any of those emotions her friends apprehended; but when all was over, and that she found he was no more, she threw her head back into the coach, and ejaculating, "My dear, I follow thee! I follow thee! Lord Jesus! receive both our souls together," fell on the neck of her companion, and expired the very moment she had done speaking.

"That excessive grief which the force of her resolution had kept smothered within her breast, is thought to have put a stop to the vital motion, and suffocated at once all the animal spirits."

In the *Whitehall Evening Post*, August 7th, this narrative is copied with the remark, that "upon enquiry every circumstance was literally true."

A ballad was cried about the streets at the time, founded on this melancholy narrative, but it can scarcely be said to have aided Shenstone in his beautiful production.

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF TOUCHING THE BODY.

THE following account of an extraordinary case of murder, in Hertfordshire, was found amongst the papers of that eminent lawyer, Sir John Maynard, one of the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal of England.

"The case, or rather history of a case, that happened in the county of Hertford, I thought good to report here, though it happened in the fourth year of king Charles I. that the memory of it may not be lost by miscarriage of my papers or otherwise. I wrote the evidence which was given, which I and many others did hear, and I wrote it exactly according to what was deposed at the trial at the bar of the King's Bench, *viz.*

"Johan Norkett, wife of Arthur Norkett, being murdered, the question was, how she came by her death? The coroner's inquest on view of the body, and depositions of Mary Norkett, John Okerman, and Agnes his wife, inclined to find Johan Norkett *felo de se;* for they informed the coroner and jury that she was found dead in her bed, the knife sticking in the floor, and her throat cut; that the night before she went to bed with her child, the plaintiff in this appeal, (her husband being absent,) and that no other person, after such time as she was gone to bed, came into her house, the examinants lying in the outer room, and they must needs have seen or known if any stranger had come in, whereupon the jury gave up to the coroner their verdict, that she was *felo de se.* But afterwards, upon rumour among the neighbourhood, and their observance of divers circumstances which manifested that she did not, nor, according to those circumstances, could never possibly murder herself, whereupon the jury, whose verdict was not yet drawn into form by the coroner, desired the coroner, that the body, which was buried, might be taken out of the grave, which the coroner assented to; and thirty days after her death, she was taken up in the presence of the jury, and a great number of the people, whereupon the jury changed their verdict. The persons being tried at Hertford assizes were acquitted; but so much against the evidence, that judge Hervey let fall his opinion that better an appeal were brought than so foul a murder escape unpunished; and Pascha, 4th Car. they were tried on the appeal, which was brought by the young child against his father, grandmother, and aunt, and her husband, Okerman; and because the evidence was so strange, I took exact and particular notice, and it was as follows, *viz.*

"After the matters above related, an ancient and grave person, minister to the parish where the murder was com-

mitted (being sworn to give evidence, according to custom), deposed, 'That the body being taken out of the grave thirty days after the party's death, and lying on the grass, and the four defendants present, they were required each of them to touch the dead body. Okerman's wife fell upon her knees, and prayed God to show tokens of her innocence, or to some such purpose—her very words I have forgot. The appellees did touch the dead body, whereupon the brow of the dead, which was before a livid and carrion colour (that was the verbal expression *in terminis* of the witness), began to have a dew or gentle sweat arise upon it, which increased by degrees till the sweat ran down in drops upon the face, the brow turned and changed to a lively and fresh colour, and the dead opened one of her eyes and shut it again, and this opening the eye was done three several times; she likewise thrust out the ring or marriage finger three several times, and pulled it in again, and the finger dropped blood on the grass.' Sir Nicholas Hyde, chief magistrate, seeming to doubt the evidence, asked the witness, 'Who saw this besides you?'—*Witness.* 'I cannot swear what others saw; but, my lord,' said he, 'I believe the whole company saw it; and if it had been thought a doubt, proof would have been made of it, and many would have attested with me.'

"Then the witness, observing some admiration in the auditors, he spake farther:

"'My lord, I am minister of the parish, and have known all the parties, but never had any occasion of displeasure against any of them, nor had to do with them, nor they with me; but as I was minister, the thing was wonderful to me; I have no interest in the matter, but as called upon to testify the truth, and that I have done.'

"This witness was a reverend person; as I guessed, was about seventy years of age; his testimony was delivered gravely and temperately, but to the great admiration of the auditory; whereupon, applying himself to the chief justice, he said, "My lord, my brother, here present, is minister of the parish adjacent, and, I am assured, saw all done that I have affirmed." Therefore that person was sworn to give evidence, and deposed in every point, *viz.* the sweating of the brow, changing of its colour, opening of the eye, and the thrice motion of the finger, and drawing it in again; only the first witness added, that he himself dipped his finger in the blood which came from the dead body, to examine it, and he swore he believed it was blood. I conferred afterwards with Sir Edmund Powell, barrister at law, and others, who all concurred in the observation; and for myself, if I were upon oath,

I can depose, that these depositions, especially the first witness, are truly reported in substance.

"The other evidence was given against the prisoners, *viz.* the grandmother of the plaintiff, and against Okerman and his wife, that they confessed they lay in the next room to the dead person that night, and that none came into the house till they found her dead the next morning. Therefore, if she did not murder herself, they must be the murderers; to that end further proof was made:—

"1st. That she lay in a composed manner in bed, the bed-clothes nothing at all disturbed, and her child by her in bed.

"2dly. Her throat cut from ear to ear, and her neck broken; and if she first cut her throat, she could not break her neck in the bed, nor *contra*.

"3dly. There was no blood in the bed, saving there was a tincture of blood on the bolster where her head lay, but no substance of blood at all.

"4thly. From the bed's-head there was a stream of blood on the floor, which ran along till it ponded in the bendings on the floor to a very great quantity; and there was also another stream of blood on the floor, at the bed's-feet, which ponded also in the floor to a very great quantity, but no continuance or communication of either of these two places from one to the other, neither upon the bed, so that she bled in two places severally; and it was deposed, turning up the mats of the bed, there were clots of congealed blood in the straw of the mats underneath.

"5thly. The bloody knife was found in the morning, sticking in the floor, a good distance from the bed, but the point of the knife, as it stuck, was to the bed, and the haft from the bed.

"6thly. There was a print of a thumb and fore-finger of a left hand.

"Sir Nicholas Hyde, chief justice, said to the witness, 'How can you know the print of a left hand from the print of a right hand, in such a case?'—*Witness.* 'It is hard to describe; but if it please that honourable judge to put his left hand upon your left hand, you cannot possibly put your right hand in the same posture.' Which being done, and appearing so, the defendants had time to make their defence, but gave no evidence to any purpose. The jury departing from the bar, and returning, acquitted Okerman, and found the other three guilty, who being severally demanded what they could say, why judgement should not be pronounced, said no more than 'I did not do it!' 'I did not do it!'

"Judgement was given, and the grandmother and the husband executed, but the aunt had the privilege to be spared execution, being with child.

"I enquired if they confessed any thing at their execution, but they did not, as I am told."

JACOBITE FANATICISM.

When Israel first provok'd the living Lord,
He punish'd them with famine, plague, and sword;
Still they sinn'd on;—he, in his wrath, did fling
No thunderbolt amongst them, but a king
A George-like king was heav'n's severest rod,—
The utmost vengeance of an angry God:
God, in his wrath, sent Saul to punish Jewry,
And George, to England, in a greater fury;
For George, in sin, as far exceeded Saul,
As ever Bishop Burnet did St. Paul.

Lansdown MSS. 852.

SONG.

By Samuel Daniel,—1590.

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that most with cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries
Heigh ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kind
Not well, nor full, nor fasting.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries
Heigh ho!

SIEVWRIGHT'S "PRINCIPLES, POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS."

It is difficult to say to which of the writers the following correspondence does most honour. The active friendship and public spirit of "the Scots Whig and Presbyterian," cannot be more deserving of approbation, than the condescension and generosity with which his application, in behalf of a humble and deserving individual of the episcopal persuasion, was received by the head of the English church.

Letter from Mr. John Garden to His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury; dated Brechin, April 24th, 1767.

May it please your Grace,

I am a layman, content with the fruit of my labour, and have nothing to ask for myself. I am a Scots Whig and Presbyterian; not quite so rigid, indeed, but I would conform to the Church of England, were it by law established, but I shall never wish to see it so here. Our country is too barren and poor; and from the experience I have had of the clergy here, I shall never wish to see them possessed of power, the constant concomitant of great riches; so apt they are to domineer, or to side with those who are disposed to do so, when they can see their own interest in it. This, I am sensible, is no plausible introduction in addressing one of your station; but plain truth tells best, and is always more prevalent (prevailing) than fiction.

I have lately read a book, published this year at Edinburgh, titled "Principles, Political and Religious," by Mr. Norman Sievwright, minister of the authorized episcopal congregation here, to be sold at A. Donaldson's shop, London. I am pleased with the performance; the more so, as an essay, of its nature, from one of his profession in this conntry, would have been looked upon as quite exotic some years ago. The design is certainly laudable, to open the eyes of, and introduce loyalty among a blind, deluded, and disaffected people; a design, wherein the interest and happiness of Great Britain are not a little concerned; and, of consequence, worthy of your grace's attention, whom kind providence has placed at the head of the church of England.

I am absolutely unconnected with the author, either by blood or alliance; but I know him to be a good man and a loyal subject, and the character I give will be confirmed by every honest man that knows him; and though altogether unknown to your grace, and even void of the improper and presumptuous ambition of being so, I have, without Mr. Siev-

wright's knowledge or participation, from the mere motive of public spirit, ventured to address you in this way, and, under your correction, to suggest, that the countenance your grace may be pleased to show him, and your approbation of his design, will be a spur on him and others to exert themselves strenuously in the same way, and cannot miss to have a tendency to make us in this country more unanimous, if not in religious, at least in political matters, which would be no small point gained. Two rebellions, in my time, demonstrate the truth of this. Though my acquaintance and Mr. Sievwright's is of pretty long standing, (sixteen years or thereby,) I was yesterday in his house for the first time. I saw his wife, a grave genteel woman, big with child, and six young children, all clean and decently dressed, and every thing orderly. Mr. Sievwright was not at home. He has only £40 annually to support all this. Great must be the economy, considering the enormous price to which every thing is risen; for cold I know is the charity of the place. I never heard Mr. Sievwright complain, and I believe no man else ever did. I own I was moved at the decent solemnity which I observed; and, upon consideration, nothing could have hindered me from giving that relief which a good God and a generous nature prompted, but want of ability. To whom shall I pour forth the emotions of my soul so properly on this affecting subject, as to him who, next to our amiable king, is God's viceregent for good in the island of Britain? The humanity, generosity, and god-like disposition of soul, for which you are so famed even in this remote corner, leave no room to doubt, that you will unexpectedly send Mr. Sievwright that relief, which, upon due consideration, you shall find his merit deserving of, either by calling him to some small benefice in England, or otherways, as your great wisdom shall seem most meet. These prudential and charitable suggestions are submitted to you with all humility. Begging pardon for this great and uncommon piece of presumption, I have, with the most profound regard, the honour to be,

My lord,

Your grace's

Most obedient and most humble servant,

JOHN GARDEN.

Letter by the Archbishop of Canterbury to John Garden, in answer to the preceding; dated Lambeth, May 25th, 1767.

Sir,

I beg your pardon, that I have suffered your letter, in this busy time, to lie so long unanswered; and I hope the plain speaking of an English Episcopal Whig will be as acceptable

to you as that of a Scots Presbyterian is to me. Your established church hath as much power as ours hath, I believe, or more, though less wealth; and its wealth, perhaps, is not so much less as you may imagine, allowing for the different prices of things—only with you the shares are nearly alike. I wish the incomes of your ministers were somewhat greater, and those of ours somewhat more equally divided. I wish, too, that all your episcopal clergy were friends to the government, and that all the Presbyterians were as candid as you, to such of them as are. But, however vain it may be to form wishes about others, each person may endeavour to act rightly himself; my business is not to abuse either my power by lording it over God's heritage, or my wealth to the purposes of luxury or covetousness, but to do as much good as I can with both. One part of it I am sure you have done, by recommending Mr. Sievwright to me. I have heard of a performance of his relative to the Hebrew language, for which I am enquiring. I have got his "Principles, Religious and Political;" a work that shows much good sense and reading, and hath given me much information concerning the state of episcopacy in Scotland. I should be glad to see him rewarded in proportion to his merits; but one half of the preferments in my gift are no better, all things considered, than what he hath already; and there are, among the English clergy, thrice as many claimants, on good grounds, for the other half, as I shall live to gratify. Besides, I should do Scotland an injury by taking such a man out of it. I must, therefore, content myself with desiring you to put the enclosed little note into his hands; and to tell him, if I live another year, and do not forget, which last I hope you will prevent, notice shall be taken of him again by,

Your friend and servant,
THO. CANTERBURY.

Reply by John Garden to the Letter of the Archbishop of Canterbury: dated June 5th, 1767.

My Lord Archbishop,—May it please your Grace,

I am instantly favoured with yours of the 25th ult. and have communicated the same to Mr. Sievwright. The honour you have conferred on me by your speedy and effectual reply, though far beyond what I have hoped for, is at present swallowed up in the more substantial joy which I feel in living in those days, when one is found at the head of the church of England, who knows so well to make a proper use of that

power and those riches which Almighty goodness, out of mercy to mankind, has been graciously pleased to bestow upon so much merit. Methinks, at present, I feel and fully understand what St. Paul meant when he said, "that for a good man one would even dare to die." What Mr. Sievwright's feelings are, your grace will best understand from himself, for he is also to write to you. Sure I am, I surprized him. From the experience I have of him, I have reason to think, that the more your grace knows of him the better you'll be pleased with him, and the less you'll think your favours misapplied. He is a man of learning, and one whose walk and conversation seem worthy of his calling. He has now got the seventh child, and the wife is presently on the straw, so that the £10 note came seasonably. May those sensations, which a good man feels upon doing a generous action, be your grace's constant attendant. In one word, may God bless you, and preserve you long to bless others.

With the greatest regard and affection,
I am, my lord, your grace's, &c.

JOHN GARDEN.

GYPSEY JURISDICTION.

IN England, 'till the time of Henry the Eighth, the Gypsies were not only tolerated, but entitled to several privileges; amongst others, that, as aliens, they could only be tried by a jury composed of one half aliens. The Scottish government followed a different course, for it left them to be punished by their leader or chief, wisely judging that the best method was to "employ a thief to catch a thief;" and following the laws of King Alfred, that glory of England, in making each society answerable for its members. Of this we have a very remarkable proof in the following curious edict, issued by James the First previous to his accession to the English throne, charging all under him in authority, to give their aid and concurrence to Johnie Faw, "Lord and Erle of Little Egypt, in the execution of justice upon his company and folkes, *conforme to the laws of Egypt*; and in punishing of all yame that rebellis against him."

"James, be the grace of God, King of Scottis, To our Sheriffs of Edinburgh, principal, and within the constabulary of Haddington, Berwick, &c. provestis, aldermen, and baillies of our burrowes, cities of Edinburgh, &c. Greeting.

Forsameikle as it is humblie meanit and schawin to us, be our lovite JOHNNE FAW, LORD AND EARLE OF LITELL EGIPT, that quhair he obteint our letters under our grete seile, direct, to zow, all and sindry our said sheriffs, stewartis, bailies, provestis, aldermen, and baillies of burrowes, and to all and sindry oyris havand autorite within our realme, to assist him in the execution of justice upon his company and folkis, *conforme to the lawis of Egipt*, and in punishing of all yame that rebellis against him; neveryeless, as we are informit, Sebastiane Calone, Egiptiane, ane of the said Johnne's company, with his complicis and partakaris under writtin, yat is to saye, Anteane Dorea, Satona Fingo, Nona Finco, Philip Hatfeyggow, Jowla Bailzou, Grafta Neyn, Giles Bailzou, Bernard Beige, Demer Macskalla, Notfaw Caulour, Martyn Femyne, rebellis and conspiris agains the said Johnne Faw, and hes removit yame all uterly out of his cumpany, and taken fra him divers soumes of money, jewellis, claiths, and oyris gudis, to ye quantite of ane grete soume of money, and on na wyss will pass hame with him; howbeit he has bidden and remanit of lang time upon yame, *and is bunding and oblist to bring hame with him, all yame of his company yat are on live and ane testemoniall of yame yat are deid;* and als ye said Johnne hes ye said Sebastiane's obligatioune, maid in Dunfermling before our master housald, yat he and his cumpany suld remaine with him, and on na wyss depart fræ him, as the samin beiris: In contrar ye tenor of ye quhilk, ye said Sebastiane, be sinister and wrang informatioun, fals relatioun, and circumventioun of us, hes purchest our writings, discharging him, and ye remanent of ye personis above written, his complices and partakaris of ye said Johnne's cumpany, and with his gudis taken be yame fræ him, causses certaine our lieges assist to yame and yair opinions, and to fortify and take yair part against ye said Johnne, yair lord and maister, sua yat he on na wyss can apprehend nor get yame, to have yame hame again within yare own countre, after the tennor of his said band, to his heavy dampnage and skaith, *and in grette perill of tynsall of his heritage*, and expres agans justice. OUR WILL IS HEREFORE, and we charge you straitlie, and commands yat incontinent our letters sene, ze, and ilk ane of zou, within ye boundes of zour offices, command and charge all your legis yat nane of yame take upon hand to reset, assyst, fortify, supple, manteine, defend, or tak part with, the said Sebastiane and his complices above written, for na buddes, nor dyr way, agains ye said Johnne Faw, *yair lord and maister*, bot yat yair and ye in likewyss tak and lay handis upon yame quharever yai may be apprehendit, and bring yame to him to be punist for yair demerits, *conforme to his lawis*, and help and

fortify him to punish and do justice upon yame for yair tres-passes, and to yat effect, lend to him your prisonis, stokis, fetteris, and all oyr things necessyr yrto, as ze, and ilk ane of zou, and all oyrs our legis, will answer to us yrupoun, and under all hieast pain and charge y^t eftie may follow; sua yat ye said Johnne have no cause of complaint hereupon in time cuming, nor resort to us agane to yat effect, notwithstanding any oyr writing sinisterly purchest, be ye said Sebastiane in ye contrar. And als charge all our legis yat nane of yame molest, vex, inquite, or truble ye said Johnne Faw and his cumpane, *in doing yair lefull besoynes*, or oyrways within our realme, and in yair passing, remaining, or away-ganging furth of ye samin under ye pane abuve written, and sicklike yat ye command all skippers, maisters, and marinaris of all schippis within our realme, at all ports and havyns, quhair the said Johnne and his cumpane sal happen to resort and cume, to resaive him and yame yairin, upoun yair expenses; for furin of them forth of our realm to ye partis beyond sey, as yeu, and ilk ane of yame sicklike will answer to us yrupoun, and under ye pane forsaid. Subscrivit with our hand, and under our prive sele, at Falkland, ye fiveteine day of Februar, and of our reign the xxviii zeir."

The decendants of this "Lord and Erle of Little Egypt," continued to travel about Scotland, unmolested, 'till about the beginning of last century. Their chief haunts were on the southern border. The existence of such a body of licensed depredators becoming, at length, obnoxious to the better order of government established in the country, it was declared by law a capital crime to be "by habit and repute" a Gypsey; and Johnne Faw's "heritage" was thus for ever extinguished by the same supreme power which had, in the olden time, so stoutly protected it, when in "perell of tynsall" through the rebellion of Sebastian Calon and his accomplices.

EQUIVOCAL VERSES.

The Jesuit's Double-faced Creed:—In Two Languages.

I hold for sound faith
What Rome's faith saith
Where the king's head
The flock's misled
Where th' altar's dress'd
The people's bless'd
He's but an ass
Who shuns the Mass

What England's church allows
My conscience disavows
The flock can take no shame
Who hold the Pope suprome
The worship's scarce divine
Whose table's bread and wine
Who their communion flies
Is catholick and wise.

Pro fide teneo sanâ
Affirmat quæ Romana
Supremus quando Rex est
Erraticus tum Grex est
Altare cùm ornatur
Populus tum beatur
Asini nomen meruit
Missam qui deseruit
Quæ docet Anglicana
Videntur mihi vana
Tunc plebs est fortunata
Cùm caput fiat Papa
Communio fit inanis
Cùm mensa vino panis
Hunc morem qui non capit
Catholicus est, et sapit.

The Weekly Paquet of Advice from Rome, N° 23, May 6th, 1679.

The Houses of Stuart and Hanover.

I love with all my heart
The Hanoverian part
And for that settlement
My conscience gives consent
Most righteous is the cause
To fight for George's laws
It is my mind and heart
Tho' none will take my part
The Tory party here
Most hateful do appear;
I ever have deny'd
To be on James's side.
To fight for such a king
Will England's ruin bring.
In this opinion I
Resolve to live and die.

Lansdown MSS. 852.

The following lines, in the same style as the two preceding, were written in answer to a question by a republican—What the author thought of the new constitution at the commencement of the French revolution?

A la nouvelle loi
Je renonce dans l'ame
Comme épreuve de ma foi
Je crois celle qu'on blame
Dieu vous donne la paix
Noblesse desolée
Qu'il confonde á jamais
Messieurs de l'Assemblée
Je veux être fidéle
Au régime ancien
Je crois la loi nouvelle,
Opposée à tout bien:
Messieurs les démocrats,
Au diable allez vous en:
Tous les Aristocrats
Ont eux seuls le bon sens.

The newly made law
From my soul I abhor
My faith to prove good
I maintain the old code
May God give you peace
Forsaken Noblesse
May he ever confound
The Assembly all round
'Tis my wish to esteem
The ancient regime
I maintain the new code
Is opposed to all good
Messieurs Democrats
To the devil go hence
All the Aristocrats
Are the sole men of sense.

MISS EDGEWORTH AND THE JEWS.

(By an American.)

"THE story of Harrington by Miss Edgeworth, has excited more than common attention, because it is stated to have been written to conciliate a particular description of people—one of whose members, "an American lady," had complained that her society had been harshly treated in the writings of that celebrated author. Harrington, the hero of this tale, is captivated by a young lady of the Hebrew stock. Both himself and his parents entertain violent prejudices against Jews. These prejudices, in due time, are removed by concurring circumstances; yet, her religion being an insurmountable bar to their marriage, it is suddenly discovered that she had been educated a Christian! and all concludes happily, in the usual way.

"One of our critics in the New York Magazine, after commenting with sufficient amplitude on novel writing in general, and Miss Edgeworth's manner in particular—gives a summary of this fashionable tale, and concludes with the following remarks:—'Miss Montenero is a lovely, sensitive, interesting girl; but she is no Jewess! and the whole fabric, which the author had raised, falls before this single fact. By doing away this prominent impediment to the union of the lovers, she completely destroys the interest of the reader, and the moral of her tale. The mode adopted to dispose of the difficulty, is a tacit admission that it could be got over in no other way. Miss Edgeworth is quite willing to allow the Jews to be very clever, good people; but it is pretty plain that she does not think a Hebrew damsel a proper helpmate for a John Bull.'

"We readily agree with this writer, that by removing the impediment to the match, she has destroyed the interest of the reader; but not, we hope, the fabric *she meant* to raise, or the 'moral of her tale.' Her design was simply to concede that Jews are like other men—good and bad; and this she has effected. But had she intended to inculcate that heartless liberality, which supposes that conflicting opinions in the most essential articles of a religious creed, should be no impediment to a matrimonial union—she would, indeed, have betrayed an evidence of that indifference to all religions, with which she has sometimes been charged. She was perfectly right in admitting that 'the difficulty' must be removed; but there was another—and but one other way—the sacrifice of their love to their religion. Had she finally separated the lovers on this account, our sympathy would have been sus-

tained; and to the virtues intended to be conceded to the still venerated name of Israelite, would have been added that tenacious adherence to their faith which we know they practise; and as long as they sincerely think it right, they are highly commendable in doing so.

"With such laws as could only be performed at Jerusalem, the Jews are now obliged to dispense; but all that are practicable in their dispersed state, they piously obey. Had not this been the case, they would have been long ago amalgamated (like every other ancient people) with the Gentiles; and their very name would have been discovered only in their history. Their absolutely abstaining from intermarriages with any others than those of their own communion, is the principal means by which they are preserved in their separate state; nor can we see how two persons, each conscientiously attached to a creed essentially so different as those of the Jew and the Christian, could live together in that perfect harmony which ought, at least, to be *anticipated* by every individual who enters into the most important of all engagements.

"In the course of her work, Miss Edgeworth has taken occasion to notice the liberality of public sentiment, and the undistinguishing toleration of our laws in America. A recent opportunity would seem, indeed, to shew that not much of the former exists in England. In all the conversations to which Mr. West's celebrated picture has given rise, in the last two or three years, we have never heard it intimated that the English critics had objected to the complexion by which the artist has thought proper to distinguish the High Priest and his adherents from *their brethren*, the disciples of Christ. With us it is seen with one universal feeling of surprise and disgust. There is not the shadow of authority for such a liberty in the Scriptures; and if it be adopted in the license of the poet—though it be temerity to differ with Mr. West—we cannot but say there is a gross absurdity in exhibiting, in the same picture, two groups of persons, *all of the same family*, and the same period of time, of opposite colours—the one white, the other black! *Friends* and *enemies* are very properly discriminated by the expression of their features; but no strength of passion, especially at the moment of its birth, can change the colour of the skin.

"Miss Edgeworth has gone beyond the courtesy of either party, and proved too much when she compliments us so far as to say, that, 'in America, Jews have *frequently* married Christian women; and the wives have continued undisturbed in their faith.' She has been misinformed in this particular. A few such instances, it is true, have occurred; but, in some

cases, one of the parties has wholly embraced the opposite creed—and, in others, they have evinced their total indifference to all religion, by suspending the exercise of their own opinions during the lives of their companions, and returning to it afterwards. In all the various intercourse of social life, we know of no uncharitable barriers between Jews and Christians in our happy community. Talents and virtues are alike honoured in both; but, in the view of a more intimate connection, many a youth, enchained by the charms of a lovely Jewess, has breathed the vain aspiration of Paul and Agrippa—'I would thou wert not almost—but altogether such as I am; *not excepting these bonds.*'"

COMMONWEALTH PURITY.

The following speeches, delivered from the hustings at the election for a knight of the shire for the county of Berks, on the 2d of April, 1649, exhibit not only some curious features in the political history of that period; but may serve to shew that bribery and treating are by no means evils of a modern date, nor peculiarly the offspring of a monarchical system of things. The successful candidate was the eccentric and profligate Philip Herbert, Lord Pembroke, who was thus stoutly opposed by a freeholder, of whom nothing else is recorded than that he was "a well-affected tanner, of the county of Berks."

"Honest Friends,

"You that are of the free-born people of this land, (I speak to none else,) and lovers of the army, and the true English interest; all men else have forfeited their freedoms. I am full of anguish and trouble for your sakes, when I behold this day. I fear you are in a way to ruin yourselves, unless the Lord be merciful to you. The thing you meet for troubles me not a little. 'Tis to chuse a knight. Truly I hoped, and I hope we all hoped, to have done making knights by this time. The *thing* you meet to chuse troubles me more. This fellow that was a Lord—this Pembroke—this Montgomery—this Herbert—this, what shall I call him? Call him what you will, we were promised a representative to begin on June next, and this Parliament to end the last month; if so, why should we send this fellow thither to make mouths for three weeks, and talk of dogs and hawks? I say, let us have the representative, or we are cheated; but if we must make

one knight more, let it not be Pembroke, he is not fit for it. Consider him as a lord, and none of the wisest lords neither; and then consider how many wiser and fitter persons we have for parliament men than ever a lord of them all; and what a brand it will be to us and our country to chuse a lord—such a lord! and surely, unless you are fools and madmen, you will not chuse him. Again, consider him as a lord; and so he is no free-born commoner, and so not capable of our election. Is there not an act against kings and lords? If there is, then let us have no lords, unless you intend to have a king too.

"Let us be wise; we may see a design in this lord as plain as the nose on his face. He was always false; false to the king that loved him; false to the lords that sat eight years with him; and do you not think he will be false to the commons too? I warrant you. Is not Michael Oldsworth, this lord's man, a parliament man? Are not his and other lords' sons parliament men? If he get in too, the time will come when the house of commons will be all lords, and lords' sons, and lords' servants; and then lords will be voted up again; and king be in request again; which, if we live to see again, we have spun a fair thread!

"If all this which I have said be true, (as it is impossible it should be otherwise,) why should we not look on this turncoat lord as a cheat—as one that comes to betray and undo the free-born people—and switch him out of the country?

"I have done. If we must chuse a knight, let him not be a lord. We do not read in all the Scripture of any lord was ever chosen knight of the shire for Berkshire. But rather let us chuse none at all, and unanimously petition the parliament to dissolve, that the representative may succeed; and none but ourselves have any share in the gubernation and government of this commonwealth."

The reply of Pembroke to this harangue is managed with no small address; and though overcharged with quibbles and conceits, is highly amusing for the vein of arch drollery which runs through it.

"GENTLEMEN,

"It was not the old fashion to make speeches before you chose your knights; but I hope you like it the better for not being old. I am sure I do. Give us old fashions again, and we must have king and lords, our old religion, and old laws, and a hundred things older than Adam. I hate any thing that's old, except it be an old man; for

Adam was an old man, and so am I, and I hate myself for being an old man; and, therefore, will love you if you'll make me a new knight. The gentleman that spake before me, I know not where to have him. He is an *individuum vagum*. He is angry the representative goes not on—he is angry the parliament goes not off. He is angry I am a lord—he is angry I would be none. He is angry I seek to be your knight—and he would have me of that sort of seekers which neither seek nor find; and he concludes I am not to be chosen, because no free-born commoner. I fear he is a Jesuit by his subtle arguments; but though I have no logic, I hope I have reason, to answer him, and satisfy you. I answer I am a *free-born commoner*. All these three words fit me. First—

I am 'born,'

Else how came I hither into the world?

I am 'free.'

My accounts for the last year's expence came to six and twenty thousand pounds—that's fair, you'll say; and when you have chosen me your knight, I'll carry you, every mother's son, the whole county, into Wiltshire; and we'll be merry, and hunt and hawk, and I'll be as free as an emperor. So I am free born.

I am 'a commoner.'

Have I been so often at common councils and common halls, to be accounted no commoner? Are not the lords all turned a grazing? Was not I a common swearer before I went to lectures, and a common sleeper ever since? And am not I chancellor of Oxford, where all are commoners? So I am a commoner.

I am no lord.

If I am, why should I come hither to be knight of your shire? But though I am a lord, is not Fairfax so? and yet he is a parliament man. And is not Bradshaw lord president? But I am no lord; for I am for the parliament. I am for voting down the house of lords. And to tell you the truth, I never loved the king since he was dead; and those are lords that go in black for him; but I keep my old blue still, and my diamond hat-band, though the crown jewels are sold; therefore, you may chuse me well enough.

You must chuse me;

Why came I hither else? Why did Cromwell bid me come hither? And I bid my steward come hither to lay in provision, and gather voices. If my steward's bill be right, every throat that votes for me costs me twenty pounds.

"Chuse me, if you would have a representative. I, that have been lord of Pembroke and Montgomery, two counties, may well represent one.

"Chuse me, if you would have no representative, for I'll do and vote what you list; and so, chusing me, you chuse yourselves: so that whether you would have a representative or no, the best way is to chuse me.

"But let me tell you, by the way, now the parliament has fallen into the happy way of making acts of parliament, let them continue This is one of the advantages you have by losing the king. You may have an act of parliament for what you please; and that's better than an ordinance, and lasts longer; for an ordinance of parliament was good no longer than this parliament, which, though it last for ever, an act lasts longer, because that lasts for ever, whether the parliament lasts or no.

For my religion,

Who questions it? I never changed it: I was for bishops when there were bishops, and I was for visitors when there were none. It is well known I am an independent, and had been so twenty years ago, had it not been for Michael Oldsworth, and will be as long as the parliament please. I have been an old courtier, and that's an old court, and the highest court; and old courtiers always love to follow new fashions. That religion is in fashion now.

"I am chancellor of Oxford, which is hard by; therefore choose me. Some of you have sons and cousins there; all that are akin to any that give their voices for me, shall be heads of colleges, and canons of Christ Church, though there be a hundred of them: the rest of you shall have the leases of all the university lands amongst you. What! am I not chancellor?

"The place I stand for, is knight of the shire; none but kings can make knights: make me your knight—you are all kings, and it will be an honour to me, and to my posterity, to have it recorded, I was the first lord that was knighted by so many kings.

"I know now you cannot but chuse me: I knew so before I came hither; and therefore I thank you before hand, and invite you home.

"I will conclude with that very exordium wherewith a famous gentleman, that was of this parliament, concluded his speech upon the like occasion—'Behold your knight!'

CHURCHILL.

THE following tributes to our great English satirist, Churchill, are preserved among the manuscripts of the Rev. Wm. Cole at the British Museum. They appear to have been copied from the *Cambridge Chronicle*, and other prints, about the time of the poet's death.

I.

"Churchill no more! O, cruel Death! 'twas hard
So soon to rob us of our favourite bard;
We should not thus bewail the fatal doom,
Hadst thou but plac'd an equal in his room."

II.

"He's gone! great Churchill's gone! 'tis true,
Yet cease the fates to blame;
Years they allowed him but a few,
But gave eternal fame."

III.

"Prose-driving dunces, waddling fools in rhyme;
Scoundrels of every kind, by vengeance led,
Spit forth your venom, poison all your clime;
Churchill, who scourg'd you to your holes, is dead."

SELLING ONE'S BODY.

THE following curious letter was found among the papers of Mr. Goldwyr, a surgeon, of Salisbury.

To Mr. Edward Goldwyr, at his House in the Close, of Salisbury:

Sir,

Being informed that you are the only surgeon in this city (or county) that anatomises men, and I being under the unhappy circumstance, and in a very mean condition, would gladly live as long as I can; but, by all appearance, I am to be executed next March, having no friends on earth that will speak a word to save my life, nor send me a morsel of bread to keep life and soul together until that fatal day: so, if you will vouchsafe to come hither, I will gladly sell you my body, (being whole and sound), to be ordered at your discretion; knowing that it will rise again at the general resurrection, as well from your house as from the grave. Your answer, sir, will highly oblige.

Yours, &c.

Fisherton-Anger Gaol; Oct. 3d, 1736. JAMES BROOKE.

SAILORS' LETTER.

When Louis XVIII. under the title of Count de Lille, sought the protection of the British shores, he landed at Yarmouth, from the Freya, Swedish frigate. The British sailors of the Majestic rowed him ashore; and the Count, grateful for the attention shewn to him, left a purse of fifteen guineas for the tars to drink his health. When the officer announced the present to the men, they would not touch a farthing of it, but immediately held "a talk" on the subject, when they resolved to send a letter to Admiral Russell, expressive of their sentiments on the occasion. The following is a literal copy of this singular relic of naval literature and magnanimity:

"Majestic; 6th day of Nov. 1807.

"Please your Honour,

"We holded a talk about that there £15 that was sent us, and hope no offence, your honour. We do'nt like to take it, because, as how, we knows fast enuff, that it was the true king of France that went with your honour in the boat, and that he and our own noble king, God bless 'em both, and give every one his right, is good friends now; and, besides that, your honour gived an order, long ago, not to take any money from no body, and we never did take none; and Mr. Leneve, that steered your honour and that there king, says he wont have no hand in it, and so does Andrew Young, the proper coxen; and we hopes no offence,—so we all one and all, begs not to take it all. So no more at present

From your honour's dutiful servants,

"Andrew Young, *Coxen.*
James Mann
Lewis Bryan
James Lord
James Hood
W. Edwards
Jan. Holshaw
Thomas Laurie
Thomas Siminers
Thomas Kesane
Simon Duft
W. Fairclough
John Cherchil
Thomas Laurence
Jacob Gabriel
William Muzzy."

CORPORATION ELOQUENCE.

THAT eminent antiquary, Elias Ashmole, in his Diary, has this memorandum:

"Jan. 17th, 1666—I bestowed on the bailiffs of Litchfield a large chased silver bowl and cover, which cost me £23. 3*s.* 6*d.*"

The gift was no doubt a munificent one at the time, yet one would scarcely have expected it to have called forth such an effusion of corporation gratitude and flattery, as the following letter of thanks—

For the truly honoured Elias Ashmole, Esq. at his chamber in the Middle Temple, over Serjeant Maynard's chamber. In his absence, to be left with the butler or porter of the Middle Temple, London.

"Honoured Sir,

"Upon Thursday, being the 17th day of this inst. January, (a day ever to be *rubrical* among our city remembrances) we received your *tina argentea*, your munificent silver bowl, clothed in its delivery with all those rich circumstances of duly vintage, that could possibly either enable the gift to bespeak the goodness and prudence of the giver, or invite the fairest acceptation in the receiver. For we consider the person from whom: it is the gift of an Elias, a herald not only proclaiming, but actually contributing good things to our city; and that by the hands of a Zacharias,* a faithful messenger, who, with the gift, did emphatically communicate the sense and good affections of the giver. And, if we consider the time it was presented, it was the day of our Epiphany sessions of the peace for this city, where our bailiff, high-steward, sheriff, grand jury, and the rest of the body politic of this ancient and loyal corporation, together with other persons of quality, both of the clergy and laity, were convened together, and so became present at this great offering; as if some propitious stars, arising in the east, had (at this time) gone before our Magus, steering its course to this our city of Litchfield (the Sarepta of our Elias), and stood over the new-erected pyramids of our cathedral (where, as yet, a star appears), darting its benign influence upon this poor and loyal city, inviting the magi from afar to offer some tribute to it; a city

* Zacharias Turnpenny, sacrist of the cathedral.

that hath nothing to glory in, but its ancient and modern loyalty to God and Cæsar, evidenced by her ancient bearing in the city escotcheon (three knights martyred); as ancient as the days of Diocletian, and her name signifying a field of blood then spilt, to which may be well added her modern and unparalleled loyalty to that blessed saint (now in heaven), king Charles the Martyr; universally witnessed by those honourable marks, traces, and wounds of loyalty, she yet bears upon her persons, temples, streets, and walls (trophies of honour), sufficiently blazing to the world the true heraldry of her ancient arms. Nor have you only given us this great *cratera* (upon which you have wisely imprest our city arms;) to solace the best of the city, after their time of suffering, but like one of those true magi, that offered to Christ in his poorest condition, you have largely offered to the repair of his church, our ruined cathedral, which, by the unwearied labour, prudence, piety, and charity of our good bishop, a second Cedda, and the charity of yourself, and others, happily deposited in his hands, is (almost to a miracle) so well and so soon resorted to again; but you have likewise annually and liberally offered, relieved, and refreshed Christ in his members, the poor of our city. And, as if you intended piously to engross and cover all our necessities under that warm and nourishing mantle of Elias, we have received intimation of your promises of greater good intended this city. Now, sir, give us leave to conclude (having been already too tedious), by informing you that, according to your desire, (upon the first receipt of your *poculum charitatis*, at the sign of the George, for England), we filled it with Catholic wine, and devoted it a sober health to our most gracious king, which (being of so large a continent) past the hands of thirty to pledge; nor did we forget yourself, in the next place, being our great Mæcenas, assuring you, that (God willing) we shall take course that this great *lina argentea* shall, with our city mace, and other publick ensigns of dignity and authority, be carefully transmitted, by indenture, from bailiffs to bailiffs, in a continual succession, so long as this ancient and loyal corporation, through the favour of princes (which, we hope, we shall never forfeit), shall have a charter to give it life and being. For which end, your many other multiplied favours to this poor city, we, the present bailiffs of this city, do, in the name, and, by the desire, of our whole company, return you most hearty thanks, subscribing ourselves, what we are,

"Sir, your obliged and faithful friends, to serve you,

JOHN BURNES,
HEN. BAKER."

Litchfield; 26th *Jan.* 1666.

COINCIDENCES AND QUOTATIONS.

AMONG the literary peculiarities of the present age, there is nothing more contemptible than the zeal which some persons discover in detecting a similarity of sentiment between two authors, and charging the latest with direct and wilful plagiarism. The fact is, however, that, in many cases, the imitation is unconscious and unintentional; and that the individual, accused of appropriating to himself the labours of others, has only written "what oft was thought before, but ne'er so well expressed." In such cases, the phrase *literary coincidence* is more proper than the epithet *plagiarism*.

It is remarkable, too, on the other hand, that many lines of our poets, which have become popular quotations, and familiar in our mouths as household gods, are either direct plagiarisms, or ascribed erroneously. A few instances will illustrate these remarks; and, first, of literary coincidences. Cicero, in one of his orations, has the following passage:

"Quid est, quod, in hoc tam exiguo vitæ curriculo et tam brevi, tantis nos in laboribus exerceamus?"

This sentiment, so beautifully amplified by Tully, we find thus more concisely expressed in one of the odes of Horace:

"Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa?"

The thought in the above quotations is so perfectly natural, that it is not at all remarkable, that the orator and the poet should have expressed themselves alike on this occasion; and, besides, plagiarism was not fashionable in those days.

In the tragedy of *King Lear*, there is a passage which bears a strong resemblance to one in Lucretius; yet no one will accuse our immortal bard of having pilfered from the Roman philosopher, except, perhaps, at second-hand. The two passages will exhibit the coincidence:

"Vagituque locum lugubri complet, ut æquum est,
Cui tantum in vitâ restet transire malorum."

LUCRETIUS.

"Thou must be patient: we came crying hither:
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawle and cry——
When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools." SHAKESPEARE.

While on the subject of Shakespeare, it may be mentioned, that the hacknied quotation, from our great poet,—

"We ne'er shall look upon his like again,"

appears to be almost a literal translation of the

"Quando ullum invenient parem?"

of Horace, which, if Shakespeare did not understand in the original, he might have borrowed through an English version.

In Fenton's tragedy of Marianne, are to be found these lines,—

"Awhile she stood,
Transform'd from grief to marble, and appear'd
Her own pale monument,"

which seem to have been, for the most part, literally translated from the following passage of Cyprian:

"Statit ipsa sepulchrum,
Ipsaque imago sibi, formam sine corpore servans."

It is, however, not improbable that Fenton never read a line of Cyprian.

Admitting that the foregoing examples may be classed as mere literary coincidences, the same apology can scarcely be allowed for the following. The beautiful line with which Gray's Elegy commences,—

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,"

is obviously from a passage in Dante, which thus stands in Mr. Cary's translation:

"And pilgrim, newly on his road, with love,
Thrills, if he hear the vesper bell from far,
That seems to mourn for the expiring day."

What renders it more probable that Gray committed a petty literary larceny on this occasion is, that the sweet expression of "trembling hope," in the same delightful passage also occurs in Dante. Before quitting Gray, it is worthy of notice that his line,—

"And leave the world to *darkness* and to me,"

is to be found in the Beggar's Petition, where we have,—

"And leaves the world to *wretchedness* and me,"

which Gray had very evidently parodied.

Every reader of English poetry recollects the beautiful yet simple expression of Goldsmith, in his "Edwin and Angelina,"—

"And tears began to flow."

Goldsmith, however, was not the first to use it. It occurs in Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," and in the "Essay on Criticism" of Pope; and, last of all, it is found in Chatterton's poem, entitled "The Death of Sir Charles Bawdin." This, and similar instances of plagiarism on the part of Chatterton, are among the strongest proofs of the spuriousness of "Rowley's Poems,' which must however be regarded as one of the noblest monuments of the genius of modern times.

The following line in "Pope's Eloisa to Abelard,"—

"I have not yet forgot myself to stone,"

is evidently borrowed from a similar expression of Milton,—

"Forget thyself to marble."

Milton has also,

"Caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn,"

which Pope adopts in the same poem. Other coincidences between him and our great epic bard, are likewise to be traced, which justify the inference, that the "Twickenham Bee" had, just before the composition of "Eloisa to Abelard," been "drinking deep" of the honied stores of his illustrious predecessor.

Blair, in his "Grave," has favoured us with numerous instances of these "literary coincidences," if they are entitled to that indulgence, but it is to be feared that they are not merely accidental. Among the number, the following will be recognized as having its prototype in Pope's "Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady."

"Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
Enlightens but yourselves." BLAIR.

"Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres." POPE.

Of popular quotations, the authors of which are not generally known, or which are not correctly appropriated, there are numerous instances. The first one we shall mention, is the line,—

"Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim."

There is scarcely any quotation more common than this; and those who use it, for the most part, ascribe it to Virgil or Ovid, or some one of the classical writers. The fact, however, is, that the line in question is to be found in the "Alexandrics" of Philip Gaultier, a French poet, of the thirteenth century, whose works were printed at Lyons in 1558. It forms part of a passage, in which the poet addresses Darius, when, in his flight from Alexander, he falls into the power of Bessus. Consequently, the line, in the original, is—

"Inci*dis* in Scyllam," &c.

Another Latin quotation, by no means uncommon, and generally ascribed to Horace, is

"Semel insanivimus omnes."

It forms part of a verse, however, in an Eclogue of Mantuanus, an Italian poet, "De Honesto Amore." The whole is as follows:

"Id commune malum, *semel insanivimus omnes.*"

Mantuanus was, as the name imports, a native of Mantua, and flourished during the fifteenth century. His works were first published at Paris, in three folio volumes, in 1513.

The following line,—

"Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat,"

is, perhaps, as frequently quoted as either of the preceding, and, no doubt, is commonly considered to belong to one of the classical writers of Rome; but it is no more than a literal version of a Greek iambic, in one of the fragments of Euripides; and there is no classical authority for the verb *demento*, as here used.

To come to English popular quotations. That beautiful line in the "Pleasures of Hope,"—

"Like angel-visits, few and far between,"

is borrowed almost literally from Blair's "Grave," where we have

——————"its visits,
Like those of angels, short and far between."

Yet, in a review of the "Pleasures of Hope," this fine thought was highly praised for its originality.

Goldsmith's lines,—

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long,"

are stolen from Young, who has, in his "Night Thoughts,"—

"Man wants but little, nor that little long."

Few popular quotations have more engaged the pens of critics than the following:

"For he that fights and runs away
Will live to fight another day."

These lines are almost universally supposed to form a part of Hudibras; and so confident have even scholars been on the subject, that, in 1784, a wager was made at Boodle's of twenty to one that they were to be found in that inimitable poem. Dodsley was referred to as the arbiter, when he ridiculed the idea of consulting him on the subject, saying, "Every fool knows they are in Hudibras." George Selwyn, who was present, said to Dodsley, "Pray, sir, will you be good enough, then, to inform an old fool, who is, at the same time, your wise worship's very humble servant, in what canto they are to be found?" Dodsley took down the volume, but he could not find the passage;—the next day came with no better success, and the sage bibliopole was obliged to confess, "that a man might be ignorant of the author of this well known couplet, without being absolutely a fool."

Butler has, indeed, two or three passages somewhat similar; the one that comes nearest is the following in Hudibras, book iii. canto iii. verse 243,—

"For those that fly, may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain."

The fact, however, is, that the couplet, thus erroneously ascribed to the author of Hudibras, occurs in a small volume of miscellaneous Poems, by Sir John Mennes, written in the reign of Charles the Second, which has now become extremely scarce. The original of the couplet may, however, be traced to much higher authority, even to Demosthenes, who has the following expression:

"Ανηρ ο φευγων και παλιν μαχησεται,"

of which the English lines are almost a literal translation.

THE LADY BURIED ALIVE.

"How, if when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake .....
..... there's a fearful point."
ROMEO AND JULIET.

In the *Causes Celèbres*, we find the following romantic story related as having actually occurred in France, and been the cause of a judicial proceeding in the courts of that country; with what truth will be afterwards seen.

"Two merchants, living in the street of St. Honorius, were connected with each other by the most sacred and inviolable ties of friendship, possessed of equal fortunes, and both engaged in the same branch of trade. The one had a son, and the other a daughter, nearly of the same age. The first sentiments which made the daughter sensible that she was capable of love, also convinced her that her heart belonged to the son, who, in his turn, was no less attached to her. This reciprocal inclination was encouraged and kept up by frequent visits authorized by both fathers, who with pleasure observed the disposition of their children exactly suited to the intention they had of rendering them husband and wife. Accordingly, a marriage was just about to be concluded between them, when a rich collector of the king's revenues made his addresses to the lady as a lover. The delusive charms of a superior fortune soon induced her parents to change their resolution with respect to their neighbour's son, and the lady's aversion to her new lover being surmounted by her filial duty, she married the collector, and, like a virtuous woman, discharged the gentleman whom she loved from ever seeing her again. The melancholy brought on by an engagement so fatal to her happiness, threw her into a disorder in which her senses were so locked up, that she was taken for dead, and interred as such.

"We may readily suppose her first lover was not the last person who heard the account of this melancholy accident; but as he remembered that she had before been seized with a violent paroxysm of lethargy, he flattered himself that her late misfortune might possibly be produced by the same cause. This opinion not only alleviated his sorrow, but induced him to bribe the grave-digger, by whose assistance he raised her

from her tomb, and conveyed her to a proper chamber, where, by the use of all the expedients he could possibly imagine, he happily restored her to life.

"The lady, probably, was in no small consternation, when she found herself in a strange house, saw her darling lover sitting by her bed, and heard the detail of all that had befallen her during her lethargic paroxysm. It was no hard task to make her entertain a grateful sense of the obligation she lay under to her deliverer. The love she had borne him proved a moving and pathetic orator in his behalf; so that, when she was perfectly recovered, she justly concluded that her life belonged to him who had preserved it; and, to convince him of her affection, went along with him to England, where they lived for several years, superlatively happy in all the tender endearments of mutual love.

"About ten years after, they went to Paris, where they lived without any care to conceal themselves, because they imagined that nobody would ever suspect what had happened: but as fortune is too often an implacable enemy to the most sincere and rapturous love, the collector unluckily met his wife in a public walk, when the sight of her well-known person made such an impression on his mind that the persuasion of her death could not efface it. For this reason, he not only accosted her, but, notwithstanding the discourse she used in order to impose upon him, parted from her, fully persuaded that she was the very woman to whom he had been married, and for whose death he had gone into mourning.

"As the whimsical nature of this event clothed the lady with a set of charms, which the collector never before imagined her to be mistress of, he not only discovered her apartments at Paris, in spite of all the precautions she had taken to conceal herself, but also claimed her as his spouse before the court authorized to decide in similar cases. In vain did the lover insist upon the right he had to her, resulting from the care he had taken of her. To no purpose did he represent, that, without the measures taken by himself, the lady would have been rotting in the grave,—that his adversary had renounced all claim to her by ordering her to be interred,—that he might be justly arraigned as a murderer, for not using the precautions necessary to ascertain her death, and a thousand other reasons, suggested by love, which is always ingenious where it is sincere. But, perceiving that the court was not likely to prove favourable to him, he resolved not to stay for its decision, and, accordingly, made his escape along with the lady to a foreign climate, where their love continued sacred and entire, till death conveyed them to those happy regions where love knows no end, and is confined within no limits."

Some defects in the story, as thus given, will at once occur to every one. It is not said *when* it happened, or *what court* it came before; and, to account for the want of any record of the judgement pronounced on the case, the parties are made to evade judgment by flying into a foreign country. It is, in fact, altogether, but an imperfect version of an incident which is said to have really occurred, not anywhere in France, but at Florence, during the great plague, in the year 1400. Dominico Maria Manni, who relates the story, says, that the sepulchre in which the lady was entombed alive was "pointed out even in his day;" and that the path by which she returned to the land of the living had, from this event, received, and was still known by the *Way of Death*. The name of the Florentine heroine was Ginevra de Amieri, and of her lover Antonio Rondinelli. A father's tyranny, as in the French story, separated those whom nature seemed to have destined for each other; "bathed in tears, Ginevra received the wedding-ring from the hand of a man who had no place in her heart." On the breaking out of the plague, shortly after, she becomes ill, dies (to all appearance), and is buried the same day;—"the law," says Manni, "not, perhaps, then existing, which requires that the dead should be kept at least twenty-four hours above ground." Ginevra's lover does not, like the Gaul, disinter her on a mere speculation of restoring her to life,—a clumsy and improbable contrivance; but, in the dead of night, Ginevra herself awakes in the tomb to all the horrors of her situation, forces her way out, and, as becomes a dutiful wife, (albeit in her shroud) hastens to her still weeping and disconsolate husband. A succession of adventures now awaits the wife alive again, which form, indeed, an admirable foundation for a *cause celèbre*, although they do not appear to have been so esteemed by the French compiler, who has given the story a turn which excludes them entirely. On knocking at the door of her husband, he looks out from the window, and, terrified at the sight of what he conceives to be the ghost of his departed wife, he hastily conjures it to depart in peace, and, before there is time to undeceive him, shuts the window, and will not face the spirit again. Dreadfully shocked at this reception, poor Ginevra has scarcely life and strength enough left to reach her father's house; but there, also, her appearance produces only terror and dismay, and a second time she is dismissed with a *Go in peace, blessed spirit*. A beloved uncle lived not far distant, and to his door she crawled next. Alas! he is even more frightened than either husband or father; and, instead of the *Go in peace, blessed spirit*, he is only able to stammer out some unintelligible ejaculations, while he slaps the door in her face. Ginevra could

bear this denying of house and home no longer; she sunk on the ground, "under the little terrace of St. Bartholomew," and fell as if she was now about to die in good earnest. A thought of her first lover, Rondinelli, now crossed her mind. "Ah!" sighed she, "he surely would not have thus turned me away." The idea gave, happily, a reviving turn to her thoughts. "And why," said she, "may I not try whether he will receive me now, that every one else rejects me?" The way was long to his house; but, gathering strength from the new hopes which began to animate her, she gained his threshold, and knocked. Rondinelli himself opened the door. He also thought the figure before him some unearthly visitant, but, nothing dismayed, asked it calmly "Whose spirit it was?" and "What it wanted?" Ginevra, tearing aside the shroud from her face, exclaimed with an agonized voice, "I am no spirit, Antonio! I am that Ginevra you once loved, but who was buried—buried alive!" She could say no more, but dropped senseless into his arms. Rondinelli, whom one moment had made the most astonished, delighted, and yet alarmed of human beings, soon brought the whole of his family around the fair sufferer by his cries and exclamations. She was instantly put into a warm bed, and, with the help of proper restoratives, was, next day, able to join the family circle of her lover, and in a few days more was as healthy and blooming as ever! What was now to be done? Was Ginevra to return to the husband from whom the grave had separated her, and to whom she had never been attached? or was she to find a new one in the man she had first and always loved, and who had received her into his arms when all the rest of the world had, as it were, cast her out? Love and gratitude decided the question; and, with the consent and privity of Rondinelli's nearest relations, the two lovers were made one. Unlike the hero and heroine of the French tale, they fled not, however, to a foreign land to conceal their loves; for, on the first Sunday after their nuptials, they appeared publicly together at the cathedral of Florence. The friends of Ginevra instantly recognizing her, were confounded with astonishment; they crowded around her, and, as curiosity and affection dictated, showered on her their questions and congratulations. She explained to them the various circumstances attending her resuscitation; reminded them how one after another they had turned her from their doors; and declared that when thus rejected and disowned by husband and kindred, she had found a protector (taking Rondinelli by the hand), in one to whom all her love and all her duty were now transferred. Her first husband, however, having no mind to be thus discarded, insisted strongly on his previous right, a right which, as he alleged,

nothing but death *in earnest* could dissolve. An appeal was made to the bishop, with whom it lay to decide in such matters. The case was solemnly argued before him; and, to conclude the striking differences between the Italian story and the French version of it,—neither did the lovers evade the decision, nor had they any occasion to evade it. The bishop (Oh! most excellent bishop!) decided, that, under all circumstances, the first husband had forfeited all right, not only to the person of Ginevra, but to the dowry he had received with her, which he was ordered to pay over to Rondinelli.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS.

THE earl of Portsmouth, at his seat in Hampshire, has a vast bulk of unpublished papers of Sir Isaac Newton. After Sir Isaac's death, they were examined by a committee of the Royal Society, and being found to consist for the most part of illustrations of the prophecies, and the book of Revelations, the productions of his old age, it was determined, in tenderness to his memory, not to allow any of them to be published. The following is a catalogue of them as annexed to a bond given by Mr. Conduit to the administrators of Sir Isaac, by which he obliges himself to account for any profit he shall make by any of the papers.

Dr. Pellet, by agreement of the executors entered into acts of the Prerogative Court, being appointed to peruse all papers, and decide which was proper for the press.

No. 1. Viaticum Nautarium; by Robert Wright.
2. Miscellanea; not in Sir Isaac's hand-writing.
3. Miscellanea; part in Sir Isaac's hand.
4. Trigonometria,—about five sheets.
5. Definitions.
6. Miscellanea; part in Sir Isaac's hand.
7. Forty sheets in 4to. relating to church history.
8 126 sheets written on one side, being foul draughts of the Prophetic Style.
9. Eighty-eight sheets relating to church history.
10. About seventy loose sheets in small 4to. of chemical papers; some of which are not in Sir Isaac's hand.
11. About sixty-two ditto in folio.
12. About fifteen large sheets doubled in 4to. chemical.
13. About eight sheets ditto, written on one side.
14. About five sheets of foul papers relating to chemistry.

15. Twelve half sheets of ditto.
16. 104 half sheets in 4to. ditto.
17. About twenty-two sheets in 4to. ditto.
18. Twenty-four sheets in 4to.
19. Twenty-nine half sheets, being an answer to Mr. Hooke on Sir Isaac's Theory of Colours.
20. Eighty-seven half sheets relating to the Optics; some of which are not in Sir Isaac's hand.

"From No. 1 to 20, examined on the 20th May, 1727, and judged not fit to be printed.

T. PELLET."

21. 328 half sheets in folio, and sixty-three in small 4to. being loose and foul papers relating to the Revelations and Prophecies.
22. Eight half sheets in small 4to. relating to church matters.
23. Twenty-four half sheets in small 4to. being a discourse relating to the 2d (book of) Kings.
24. 353 half sheets in folio, and fifty-seven in small 4to. being foul and loose papers relating to figures and mathematics.
25. 201 half sheets in folio, and twenty-one in small 4to. loose and foul papers relating to the Commercium Epistolicum.
26. Ninety-one half sheets in small 4to. in Latin, on the Temple of Solomon.
27. Thirty-seven half sheets in folio, being of the host of heaven, the sanctuary, and other church matters.
28. Forty-four half sheets in folio, on ditto.
29. Twenty-five half sheets in folio, being a further account of the host of heaven.
30. Fifty-one half sheets in folio, being an historical account of two notable corruptions of scripture.
31. Eighty-one half sheets in small 4to. being extracts from church history.
32. 116 half sheets in folio, being paradoxical questions concerning Athanasius, of which several leaves in the beginning are very much damaged.
33. Fifty-six half sheets in folio,—De Motio Corporum; the greatest part not in Sir Isaac's hand.
34. Sixty-one half sheets in small 4to. being various sections in the Apocalypse.
35. Twenty-five half sheets in folio of the working of the mystery of iniquity.

36. Twenty half sheets in folio, on the theology of the heathens.
37. Twenty-four half sheets in folio, being an account of the conquest between the host of heaven and the transgressors of the covenant.
38. Thirty-one half sheets in folio, being paradoxical questions concerning Athanasius.
39. 107 quarter sheets, in small 4to. on the Revelations.
40. Seventy-four half sheets in folio, being loose papers relating to church history.

"May 22, 1727, examined from No. 21 to 40 exclusive, and judged them not fit to be printed; only Nos. 33 and 38 should be re-considered. T. PELLET."

41. 167 half sheets in folio, being loose and foul papers relating to the Commercium Epistolicum.
42. Twenty-one half sheets in folio, being the third letter on texts of scripture; very much damaged.
43. Thirty-one half sheets in folio, being foul papers relating to church matters.
44. 495 half sheets in folio, being loose and foul papers relating to calculations and mathematics.
45. 335 half sheets in folio, being loose and foul papers relating to chronology.
46. 112 sheets in small 4to. relating to the Revelations, and other church matters.
47. 126 half sheets in folio, being loose papers relating to the chronology; part in English and part in Latin.
48. 400 half sheets in folio, being loose mathematical papers.
49. 109 sheets in 4to. relating to the prophecies and church matters.
50. 127 half sheets in folio, relating to the university; great part not in Sir Isaac's hand.
51. Eleven sheets in 4to. being chemical papers.
52. 255 quarter sheets, being chemical papers.
53. An account of the corruptions of Scripture; not in Sir Isaac's hand.
54. Thirty-one quarter sheets, being Flammell's explication of hieroglyphical figures.
55. About 350 half sheets, being miscellaneous papers.
56. Six half sheets, being an account of the empires, &c. represented by St. John.
57. Nine half sheets folio, and seventy-one quarter sheets 4to. being mathematical papers.

58. 140 half sheets, in nine chapters, and two pieces in folio: titled—"Concerning the Language of the Prophets."
59. 606 half sheets folio, relating to the Chronology.
60. 182 half sheets folio, being loose papers relating to the Chronology and Prophecies.
61. 144 quarter sheets, and ninety-five half sheets folio; being loose mathematical papers.
62. 137 half sheets folio, being loose papers relating to the disputes with Leibnitz.
63. A folio common-place book; part in Sir Isaac's hand.
64. A bundle of English letters to Sir Isaac, relating to mathematics.
65. Fifty-four half sheets, being loose papers found in the *Principia*.
66. A bundle of loose mathematical papers; not Sir Isaac's.
67. A bundle of French and Latin letters to Sir Isaac.
68. 136 sheets folio, relating to Optics.
69. Twenty-two half sheets folio, De Rationibus Mortuum, &c.; not in Sir Isaac's hand.
70. Seventy half sheets folio, being loose mathematical papers.
71. Thirty-eight half sheets folio, being loose papers relating to optics.
72. Forty-seven sheets folio, being loose papers relating to the Chronology and Prophecies.
73. Forty half sheets folio, Procestus Mysterii, Magni Philosophicus, by W. Yworth; not in Sir Isaac's hand.
74. Five half sheets, being a letter from Rizetto to Martine; in Sir Isaac's hand.
75. Forty-one half sheets, being loose papers of several kinds; part in Sir Isaac's hand.
76. Forty half sheets, being loose papers, foul and dirty, relating to calculations.
77. Ninety half sheets folio, being loose mathematical papers.
78. 176 half sheets folio, being loose papers relating to chronology.
79. 176 half sheets folio, being loose papers relating to the Prophecies.
80. Twelve half sheets folio, an abstract of chronology.
** Ninety-two half sheets folio, the Chronology.
81. Forty half sheets folio, the history of the Prophecies, in ten chapters, and part of eleventh unfinished.

82. Five small bound books in 12mo. the greatest part not in Sir Isaac's hand, being rough calculations.

"May 26, 1727, examined from No. 41 to 82 inclusive, and judged not fit to be printed, except No. 80, which is agreed to be printed; and part of Nos. 61 and 81, which are to be re-considered. T. PELLET."

"It is astonishing," says Dr. Charles Hutton, in his Mathematical Dictionary, "what care and industry Sir Isaac had employed on the papers relating to chronology, church history, &c. as, on examining the papers themselves, which are in the possession of the family of the earl of Portsmouth, it appears that many of them are copies over and over again, often with little or no variation, the whole number being upwards of four thousand sheets in folio, or eight reams of folio paper, besides the bound books, &c. in this catalogue, of which the number of sheets is not mentioned."

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

BURKE remarks, that the "rude, unimproved state of society is peculiarly favourable to the strong emotions of sublimity." How just this observation is, may be seen from the choice specimens of eloquence, which have been occasionally published as the speeches of Indian warriors. For sublimity of sentiment, pungency of satire, and comprehensiveness of ideas, they stand, perhaps, unrivalled, and approach nearer to the language of holy writ, in sententious wisdom, than any other compositions.

Mr. Jefferson observes, in his "Notes on Virginia," "I may challenge the whole orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, and of any more eminent orator, if Europe has furnished more eminent, to produce a single passage, superior to the speech of Logan, a Mingo chief, to lord Dunmore, when governor of Virginia." Red Jacket, another Indian, appeared, some years ago, in the Supreme Court of New York, and made a defence of an Indian on trial for killing a white man, in a speech two hours long. Mr. Hamilton, who was present, sat enraptured with the majesty of the sable warrior's oratory.

These men of the forest are wasting away; they will soon be driven into the Pacific Ocean. Why has no kind hand yet collected and put into some durable form the existing

memorials of their genius and eloquence? Must it be left to some future Macpherson, to collect the scattered fragments, and interweave them in fictitious story, to delight another age?

THE PLAGUE OF RICHES.

Letter from the Rev. Mr. Matthew Pilkington to Dr. Delany.

THOUGH you expected to see me the happiest man in the world, by the extraordinary honours which I received from his excellency, yet I cannot forbear acquainting you, you are greatly disappointed in that respect.

Before I received his bounty, (which far surpassed my hopes, and was far more the effect of his generosity than any merit of mine,) I thought *riches* were so necessary an ingredient in human life, that it was scarce possible to attain any degree of happiness without them. I imagined, that, if I had but a competent sum, I should have no care, no trouble to discompose my thoughts, nothing to withdraw my mind from *virtue* and the *muses*, but that, if possible, I should enjoy a more exalted degree of content and delight in them than I had hitherto; but now I perceive these kind of notions have been the pure genuine effect of a very empty purse.

My hopes are vanished at the increase of my fortune; my opinion of things is of a sudden so altered, that I am taught to pity none so much as the *rich*, who, by my computation (after three tedious weeks' experience), must of necessity have an income of plagues proportioned to their fortunes.

I know this declaration surprises you; but, in order to convince you, I will, as exactly as possible, set down, by way of *diary*, the different emotions of mind which I laboured under during the first three weeks' *guardianship* (for I can hardly call it possession) of that same unfortunate, care-bringing £50; and have not the least doubt but you will believe my assertions to be true.

Monday, Feb. 16th.—Received this morning the agreeable news of being ordered to wait on his excellency, the lord Carteret; but, suffering a great deal of perplexity about appearing before one in so eminent a station, and so admired and eminent for learning, and every other perfection of

the mind,—went, however, to the castle,—met with a very gracious reception,—had full proof of that affability, wisdom, and generosity, for which his excellency is so peculiarly distinguished, and which I knew before only by the testimonials of others. Was ordered to go to Mr. T. to receive the premium appointed by my lord.

Memorandum.—I imagined my stature greatly increased, and walked more erect than usual; went in high spirits to the secretary's, but, as a drawback to my happiness, received the dispiriting account of his being confined to his chamber. Denied admittance.

Memorandum.—His excellency easier of access than his officer.

Tuesday, 17th.—The secretary still sick. Paid a visit to his street-door about twelve; returned melancholy.

Wednesday.....ditto.
Thursday.....ditto.
Friday.....ditto.
Saturday.....ditto.
Sunday.....ditto.

Oh! 'twas a dreadful interval of time!

Monday, 23d.—Ordered to wait again on Mr. T. but, happening to be over eager to receive the sum, I hastened away too unseasonably, about half an hour after twelve, and found him asleep.

Memorandum.—Admitted this morning to stand in the hall, and not at the door, as hath been slanderously and maliciously reported, I presume, because it happened so at other times. Walked in the piazzas till after one, ruminating on the various hopes and fears, with which my mind has been tormented this week past. Could not forbear repeating aloud the two lines of the *libel*, which, accidentally, are not more true of Addison than this gentleman.

> "Who, grown a minister of state,
> Sees poets at his levee wait."

Memorandum.—Not under any apprehension of being understood by any persons walking there, which were only a few lawyers, and a parson or two. Saunter again to the secretary—out of hope. Permitted now to go into a wide unfurnished apartment: in half an hours' time admitted to his presence,—received a bill of £50,—returned with great delight.

I now imagined that nothing was wanting to make me really happy: I pleased myself also with the thought of communicating happiness to my friends, who would share in my

success; and particularly to you, who are unwearied in endeavouring to promote the felicity of others. How far I was disappointed will appear by the sequel: so, to proceed with my *diary*;—I wrapt up my bill very carefully, yet could not forbear looking at it sometimes, though not oftener than at every street's length. But, mark the instability of all human affairs! As I was very attentively reading it, a pert swaggering fellow rushes by me; I immediately suspected an attempt upon my treasure,—looked as earnestly as I dared into the fellow's face, and thought I read "robbery" in the lines of his countenance,—so, hastily slipt my bill into my pocket without its cover: met a friend, told him of my success, and the generosity of his excellency; but, pulling out the bank-note hastily, tore it in the middle—dismally frightened!—came home, shewed it to my wife,—was more terrified at hearing that it would now be of no value,—received several compliments from her for my care of it,—and *that I was likely to be rich, since I took such pains to preserve what I got*, and the like. Went directly in a fit of anger and vexation to Henry's bank,—smiled a little, and spoke submissively to the clerk,—obtained a new bill,—returned again with joy: all things settled amicably between us.

Memorandum.—Found, upon inquiry, that the ill-favoured gentleman above mentioned, was one Mr. What-d'ye-call-him, the attorney, of whom I need not have been in such terror, since he never was known to be guilty of such an action in a public way.

Monday night, 12 *o'clock.*—Went to bed as usual, but found myself violently pulled till I awoke. Seized with a great trembling, when I heard a voice crying, *Take care of the bill,*—found immediately it proceeded from the concern of my bedfellow, who it seems was as ill-formed to possess great riches as myself,—pitied her, told her it was safe,—fell asleep soon, but was, in less than two hours, roused again with her crying—*My dear, my dear, are you sure it is safe? Dont you hear some noise there? I'll lay my life there's robbers in the room! Lord have mercy upon us—what a hideous fellow I just now saw by my bed-side with a drawn sword—or, did I dream it?*—Trembled a little at her suspicions,—slumbered,—but was awakened a third time in the same manner,—rose about six, much discomposed,—received a very solemn charge to be watchful against accidents,—*and let me beg of you, my dear, to have a great care of the bill.*

Tuesday, 24th.—Became extremely impatient to have this tormenting bill changed into money, out of a belief that it would be then less liable to accidents—breaking of bankers,

&c. Went to one bank, and was refused; yet was ashamed to go to Henry's so soon,—contrived, however, to get it exchanged, after a great variety of schemes and journies to several places. Came home, spread it upon the table to see the utmost bounds and extent of my riches,—all the rest of the day sat contriving where to lay it, what part of the house would be most secure, what place would be least suspected by thieves, if any should come,—perceived my mind more disturbed with having so much money in my custody than I had before.

Tuesday night, 11 *o'clock*.—Went round my house to inspect my doors whether they were all safe,—perceived a great deficiency of bars, bolts, locks, latches, door-chains, window-shutters, fire-arms, &c. which I never had taken the least notice of before. Peeped with great circumspection under the beds. Resolved to watch this night, and prepare expedients for my security next morning. Watched accordingly.

Wednesday 25th.—Extremely fatigued with my last night's watching,—consulted several hours about preserving my wealth,—believed it most safe in bills. After mature deliberation, hurried away to the bank and took a bill for it, came away with an easier mind, walked about two streets' length cheerfully, but began to reflect, that if my load was lighter, yet, on the other hand, the bill might again be torn, be dropt, or mislaid,—went back in haste, once more received it in money, brought it home, looked frequently behind me as I walked,—hid it,—resolved to lay out the greatest part of it in plate,—bespoke it accordingly,—prepared my fire-arms,—went to bed,—not one wink of sleep all this night.

Thursday, 26th.—Looked a little paler to day than usual, but not much concerned at that, since it was misinterpreted by my friends for the effects of hard study. Invited abroad for dinner,—went,—sat down to table, but in that dreadful moment recollected that my closet, where my whole treasure was deposited, was left open,—was observed to change colour, and looked terrified,—not Macbeth so startled when he saw the ghost of murdered Banquo at the feast.

Memorandum.—Money a perpetual *apparition* to a covetous mind. Ran distractedly home,—found all safe, but returned too late for dinner,—fasted, fretted. Well saith St. Paul—*Money is the root of all evil*.

Thursday night, 12 *o'clock*.—Hired a watchman to guard my doors, went to bed, but no sleep; the same mind-plaguing riches floated uppermost in my thoughts: methinks they cried, *Sleep no more! Wealth hath murdered sleep!*—Slumbered, however, a little towards morning,—dreamt of nothing but

of robbers, assassins, spectres, flames, hurricanes,—waked in great terror.

Dear doctor, it would be too tedious to pursue the dreadful narration any further, every day administering new cause of uneasiness; nor did my concern forsake me in the midst of company and wine. 'Till I had the plate sent home, I was uneasy, lest, after I had ordered it to be made, I should be robbed of my money, and then not be able to pay for it; and when I had it once in my possession, I trembled every instant for fear of losing it for ever. When at home, I was afraid of being murdered for my substance; and when abroad, I was much terrified with the apprehension, that either my servants might possibly be dishonest, and so contrive to deprive me of it while I was absent, or else, that, by carelessness, they might set fire to my house and destroy it all at once. Every bell I heard ring I immediately imagined to be a *fire-bell;* and every *fire-bell* alarmed me with belief that my own house was in a blaze—so that I was plagued without interruption.

Since I have recovered myself a little, I have made an exact calculation of the pleasure and pain I have endured; and I shall shew you the just balance, the more fully to convince you.

A faithful Account of the Happiness and Misery of Matthew Pilkington, Clerk, for the space of Eleven Days, on receiving £50 from his Excellency the Lord Carteret.

Happy,	D.	H.	M.
During the whole time of being with my lord, and 'till I went to the secretary's	0	1	0
By telling my success to several friends, and describing his excellency's person and perfections	0	3	0
By receiving the sum from Mr. T.	0	0	3
By obtaining the new bill for that which was torn, and pacifying my wife	0	3	0
Total happiness	0	7	4
Miserable,			
All the remainder	10	16	56

To conclude all. To keep my mind as calm and as quiet as it was in the days of my poverty, I have expended £32 in plate, to be a monument of his excellency's generosity to me, and that plate I have lodged at a rich neighbour's house for its security. About £10 I have expended in fortifying my

house, against the next *money misfortune* that may happen to me, of which, however, at present, there appears no great danger. And if, providentially, my fortune be advanced, I hope to bear it with greater resolution, and be in a better condition to preserve it.

I am,
Dear Doctor,
Your affectionate friend and servant,
MAT. PILKINGTON.

POLITICAL MYSTERY UNRAVELLED.

IN the year 1773, an event took place, which at the time was considered as singularly mysterious, and led to consequences of great importance. We allude to the discovery and publication of letters of M. Hutchinson, governor of the province of Massachusetts, and his secretary, Mr. Oliver, to Thomas Whately, esq. M.P. and private secretary to lord Grenville. These letters represented the conduct of the people of the colony in the most odious light, and advised the adoption of rigorous measures against them. They were made public by Franklin; but how he got possession of them was the mystery, which has remained to the present day undiscovered. A pamphlet has been recently published, which at last lays open the secret source of Franklin's intelligence. The pamplet contains a biographical memoir of the late Dr. Hugh Williamson, of New York, by Dr. Hosack, of the same place. It is written with great elegance, and relates the whole of the above-mentioned transaction with singular perspicuity.

"Franklin, who had recently rendered himself conspicuous by his examination before a committee of the British Privy-council, and who at this period resided in London, as agent for the colonies of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, obtained possession, through the agency of a *third* person, of certain letters written by governor Hutchinson; secretary Oliver, afterwards lieutenant-governor; Charles Paxton, esq. and other servants of the crown; and sent by them from Boston to Thomas Whately, esq. M.P. and a private secretary of lord Grenville.

"In these letters, the character of the people of Massachusetts was painted in the most odious colours, and their grievances and proceedings, misrepresented by falsehoods, the most glaring and unfounded.

"It would seem to have been equally the object of governor Hutchinson, and his coadjutors, to furnish excuses for the ministry, already sufficiently disposed to adopt every measure of severity towards the colonists, through the prejudiced representations of Bernard and his commissioners; and to poison the minds of the opposition, who had, on most occasions, proved themselves their warm advocates.

"Dr. Franklin lost no time in transmitting these letters to his constituents at Boston. 'The indignation and animosity which were excited, on their perusal, knew no bounds. The House of Representatives agreed on a petition, and remonstrance to his majesty, in which they charged their governor and lieutenant-governor with being betrayers of their trust, and of the people they governed; and of giving private, partial, and false information. They also declared them enemies to the colonies, and prayed for justice against them, and for their speedy removal from their places.'

"The petition and the remonstrance of the people of Massachusetts were communicated to his majesty's privy-council by Dr. Franklin in person, and after a hearing by the board, the governor and lieutenant-governor were acquitted. It was on this occasion, that Mr. Wedderburn (afterwards lord Loughborough), who was employed as counsel on the part of the governor, pronounced his famous philippic against Dr. Franklin; which has always been considered among the most finished specimens of oratory in the English language. In this speech, he charged that venerable character with having procured the letters by unfair means. 'The letters could not have come to Dr. Franklin (said Mr. Wedderburn) by *fair means*—the writers did not give them to *him*, nor yet did the deceased correspondent (Mr. Whately), who, from our intimacy, would have told me of it; nothing then will acquit Dr. Franklin of the charge of obtaining them by fraudulent or corrupt means, for the most malignant of purposes; unless he stole them from the person who stole them. This argument is irrefragable.

"'I hope, my lords, you will mark and brand the man, for the honour of this country, of Europe, and of mankind. Private correspondence has hitherto been held sacred in times of the greatest party rage; not only in politics but religion. He has forfeited all the respect of societies and of men. Into what companies will he hereafter go with an unembarrassed face, or the honest intrepidity of virtue? Men will watch him with a jealous eye—they will hide their papers from him, and lock up their escrutoires. He will henceforth esteem it a libel to be called a *man of letters*, HOMO TRIUM LITERARUM.'"

"A controversy having taken place in the public prints, between Mr. William Whately (the brother of the secretary to whom the letters had been addressed, and who was now dead) and Mr. afterwards Sir John Temple, arising out of the manner in which the letters of governor Hutchinson had been procured and transmitted to Boston, and which dispute was followed by a duel between these two gentlemen, Dr. Franklin, in order to prevent any further mischief, published a letter in the newspapers, in which he assumed the entire responsibility of sending the papers to America. Alluding to this letter of Dr. Franklin, Mr. Wedderburn continued:—

"'But he not only took away the letters from one brother, but kept himself concealed till he had nearly occasioned the murder of the other. It is impossible to read his account, expressive of the coolest and most deliberate malice, without horror. Amid these tragical events, of one person nearly murdered, of another answerable for the issue; of a worthy governor hurt in his dearest interest; the fate of America is in suspense. Here is a man, who with the utmost insensibility of remorse, stands up and avows himself the author of all. I can compare it only to Zanga, in Dr. Young's Revenge—

> Know then 'twas I——
> I forged the letter—I disposed the picture—
> I hated—I despised—and I destroy.

"'I ask, my lords, whether the revengeful temper, attributed by poetic fiction only to the bloody African, is not surpassed by the *coolness* and *apathy* of the wily American.'

"The speeches of Mr. Dunning (afterwards lord Ashburton) and Mr. Lee, who appeared as council in behalf of the assembly of Massachusetts, were never reported at length; but they chiefly insisted upon the noxious parts of the letters of Hutchinson and Oliver.

"By the preceding extracts from the speech of Mr. Wedderburn, it will be seen, that the chief subject of his vehement invective was the disclosure, by Dr. Franklin, of what was termed by the parliamentary orator, a private correspondence. But the truth is, these letters could not be considered in any wise as private, but were as public as letters could be. To use the emphatic language of Dr. Franklin himself, 'They were not of the nature of private letters between friends; they were written by public officers to persons in public stations, on public affairs, and intended to procure public measures: they were therefore handed to other public persons who might be influenced by them to produce those measures. Their

tendency was to incense the mother-country against her colonies, and, by the steps recommended, to widen the breach, which they effected. The chief caution expressed with regard to privacy, was, to keep their contents from the colony agents, who, the writers apprehended, might return them, or copies of them, to America. That apprehension was, it seems, well founded; for the first agent who laid his hands on them thought it his duty to transmit them to his constituents.' In a letter on this subject, addressed to a friend, he also observes: 'On this occasion, I think fit to acquaint you, that there has lately fallen into my hands, part of a correspondence, that, I have reason to believe, laid the foundation of most, if not all, of our present grievances. I am not at liberty to tell through *what channel* I received it; and I have engaged that it shall not be printed, nor any copies taken of the whole, or any part of it; but I am allowed to let it be seen by some men of worth in the province, for their satisfaction only. In confidence of your preserving inviolably my engagement, I send you inclosed the original letters, to obviate every pretence of unfairness in copying, interpolation, or omission.

"Thus, Dr. Franklin performed a service which his situation as a public agent required of him. But, notwithstanding the secrecy with which it had been conducted, the letters were soon after published by the assembly of Massachusetts; not, however, until after the appearance of other copies in Boston, produced by a member, who, it was reported, had just received them from England.

"But it is time that I should declare to you, that this *third person*, from whom Dr. Franklin received these famous letters (and, permit me to add, that this is the first time the fact has been publicly disclosed), was Dr. Hugh Williamson.

"I have before stated his mission in behalf of the academy of Newark, in the state of Delaware. Dr. Williamson had now arrived in London. Feeling a lively interest in the momentous question then agitated, and suspecting that a clandestine correspondence, hostile to the interest of the colonies, was carried on between Hutchinson and certain leading members of the British cabinet, he determined to ascertain the truth by a bold experiment.

"He had learned that governor Hutchinson's letters were deposited in an office different from that in which they ought regularly to have been placed; and having understood that there was little exactness in the transactions of the business of that office, (it is believed it was the office of a particular department of the Treasury,) he immediately repaired to it, and addressed himself to the chief clerk, not finding the prin-

cipal within. Assuming the demeanour of official importance, he peremptorily stated, that he had come for the last letters that had been received from governor Hutchinson and Mr. Oliver, noticing the office in which they ought regularly to have been placed. Without a question being asked, the letters were delivered. The clerk, doubtless, supposed him to be an authorised person from some other public office. Dr. Williamson immediately carried them to Dr. Franklin, and the next day left London for Holland.

"I received this important fact from a gentleman of high respectability, now living; with whom, as the companion and friend of his early days, Dr. Williamson had intrusted the secret."

STEELE'S DOMESTIC LIFE.

THE amiable qualities of Sir Richard Steele are universally acknowledged by his contemporaries; yet they failed to procure him that greatest of all personal enjoyments,—comfort at home. He had for his wife (his second wife) a lady difficult to please, or rather, whom there was no pleasing; beautiful, yet cold, proud of his devotedness to her service, yet without that tender consideration for his happiness, which respect for his genius ought, and real affection for him would have inspired. She appears to have been of that sort of wives who love for their own sakes alone, and who can be very angels as long as every thing is heavenly around them, but who are no sooner touched by the shafts of adversity, than they become angry with their lot, and, instead of dividing griefs with their husbands, which Cicero takes to be the quintessence of connubial friendship, grow as angry with them as if it were in their power to ordain them a life of perpetual sunshine. What a helpmate for a man of such variable fortunes as Steele! alternately the most flourishing and the most needy of men, now rolling in abundance, and the next day paying with a pamphlet for his tavern score! Steele strove not however with his destiny, and submitted to become what is vulgarly called a very hen-pecked husband. The following specimens of the sort of letters which he was in the habit of dispatching to his imperious beauty, whenever business or pleasure detained him from home, must induce at once pity for the writer, and admiration of that genius which could give so much grace to so contemptible a thraldom.

Dearest Being on Earth, Oct. 16th, 1707.

Pardon me if you do not see me till eleven o'clock; having met a schoolfellow from India, by whom I am to be informed in things this night which immediately concern your obedient husband, RICH. STEELE.

Dear Ruler, December 8th, 1707.

I cannot wait upon you to-day at Hampton Court. I have the West Indian business on my hands,* and find very much to be done before Thursday's post. I shall dine at our table at court, where the bearer knows how to come to me with any orders for your obedient husband, and most humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

To Mrs. Steele.

My dear, dear Wife, December 22d, 1707.

I write to let you know I do not come home to dinner, being obliged to attend some business abroad, of which I shall give you an account (when I see you in the evening), as becomes your dutiful and obedient husband,

RICH. STEELE.

Devil Tavern, Temple-bar,
Dear Prue, Jan. 3d, 1707-8.

I have partly succeeded in my business to-day, and inclose two guineas as earnest of more. Dear Prue, I cannot come home to dinner. I languish after your welfare, and will never be a moment careless more.

Your faithful husband,
RICH. STEELE.

Send me word you have received this

Dear Prue, Eleven at night—Jan. 5th, 1707-8.

I was going home two hours ago, but was met by Mr. Griffith, who has kept me ever since, meeting me as he came from Mr. Lambert's. *I will come within a pint of wine.*

We drink your health, and Mr. Griffith is your servant,

RICH. STEELE.

* The plantation in Barbadoes, left to Steele by his first wife.

Lord Sunderland's Office, May 19th, 1708,
Dear Prue, Eleven o'clock.

I desire of you to get the coach and yourself ready as soon as you can conveniently, and call for me here, from whence we will go and spend some time together in the fresh air in free conference. Let my best perriwig be put in the coach-box, and my new shoes, for it is a comfort to be well dressed and in agreeable company. You are vital life to your obliged, affectionate husband, and humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

St. James's, Gentlemen Ushers' Table,
My dear Prue, May 24th, 1708.

I cannot dine at home, but am in haste to speak with one about business of moment. Dear Prue, be cheerful, for I am in pursuit of what will be good news to you.

I am, your most affectionate, obliged husband,

RICH. STEELE.

Think of going with me this afternoon.

Dear Prue,

I shall be at the office exactly at seven, in hopes of seeing the beautifulest object that can present itself to my eyes—your fair self. Pray be well dressed.

Your obedient servant, and affectionate husband,

RICH. STEELE.

We shall stay in town.

Dear Prue, June 5th, 1708.

What you would have me do, I know not. All that my fortune will compass you shall always enjoy, and have nobody near you that you do not like, except I am myself disapproved by you, for being devotedly your obedient servant,

RICH. STEELE.

I shall not come home till night.

Dear Prue, August 28th, 1708.

The afternoon coach shall bring you £10. Your letters show you are passionately in love with me: but we must take

our portion of life as it runs without repining; and I consider, that good-nature, added to that beautiful form God has given you, would make a happiness too great for human life.

Your most obliged husband and humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

Dear Prue, August 30th, 1708.

I sent £10 by the afternoon coach of Saturday, and hope you received it safe. The manner in which you write to me, might, perhaps, to another, look like neglect and want of love; but I will not understand it so, and take it to be only the uneasiness of a doating fondness which cannot bear my absence without disdain.

I hope we shall never be so long asunder more, for it is not in your power to make me otherwise than your affectionate, faithful, and tender husband,

RICH. STEELE.

THE GOLDEN TOOTH.

FONTENELLE says, "If the truth of a fact were always ascertained before its cause were inquired into, or its nature disputed, much ridicule might be avoided by the learned." In illustration of this remark, he relates the following whimsical anecdote:

"In 1593, a report prevailed, that a child in Silesia, seven years old, having lost its first teeth, in the new set a tooth of gold grew up in place of one of the cheek teeth. Hortius, Professor of Medicine in the University of Helmstadt, became so convinced of the truth of this story, that he wrote a history of this tooth, in which he affirmed, that it was partly natural and partly miraculous, and that it had been sent by heaven to that child to console the poor Christians oppressed by the Turks. It is not, however, very easy to conceive what consolation the Christians could draw from this tooth, nor what relation it could bear to the Turks.

"Hortius, however, was but one historian of the tooth; for, in the same year that this work appeared, Rullandus wrote another history of it. Two years afterwards, Ingosterus, another learned man, wrote in opposition to Rullandus respecting the golden tooth, who failed not to make a very elaborate and

scientific reply. Another great man, Libavius, collected all that had been said on the tooth, and added his own peculiar doctrine.

"Nothing was wanting to so many fine works, but a proof that the tooth was really of gold; a goldsmith at length was called to examine it, who discovered that it was only a bit of leaf gold applied to the tooth with considerable address. Their books were first composed on an assumed fact, and then the goldsmith consulted."

FALSE METAPHOR.

In the early period of the French revolution, when the church of St. Genevieve, at Paris, was converted into a Pantheon, to be dedicated to the illustrious dead, the remains of Rousseau were among the first that were deposited there. They were inclosed in a sarcophagus made of boards and plaster, in the form of a long trunk or coffer, at each end of which were folding-doors, apparently capable of being opened.

One of these flaps was open, and out of it projected a naked arm, the hand grasping a torch, the flame of which spread all over the monument. On considering the time and circumstances when this monument was constructed, there is no doubt that the artist intended to represent this philosopher as enlightening the world from the very depth of his tomb, but the mere aspect of this extended arm, and this furiously-flaming brand, rather suggests the idea of an attempt to set the world on fire. In short, it appears to be an emblem much more proper to preserve the memory of Erostratus, than that of the author of the "Social Contract," understood as its partisans understand it.

This sarcophagus is distinguished by being adorned with rough trunks of trees, billets of wood, and branches with leaves, instead of pilasters and other ornaments. The artist appears to have had in his mind the idea of *floreat semper*, eternal verdure; but this is no less impossible to be executed expressively in sculpture, than to be ensured to the productions of a writer of the character of J. J. Rousseau.

LINES

Written in Court at Abingdon Assizes, during the Trial of a Breach of Promise of Marriage, MISS HARRIS *v.* LOADER; *by which it appeared upon evidence, that* MISS HARRIS *had been deserted by her Lover, in consequence of the Gentleman having gained the Affections of a* MISS STONE.

To treat thus a maiden 's a shame and disgrace;
'Twas vile to desert her—unfeeling and base;
Yet, what but such conduct could any one hope,
(Not forgiv'n, I'm sure, would it be by the Pope,)
From one, who by evidence clear it is shewn,
Was really possess'd of the *heart of a* STONE!

H. G.

PHILOLOGICAL LAW PLEA.

IN a publication by the managers of the Infirmary of Aberdeen, they gave a translation into English of a Latin charter, by which they held the ground on which that building is erected. "Joannes Memis, Medicinæ Doctor," was here rendered "*John Memis, Doctor of Medicine.*" Doctor John Memis, however, thought this a very erroneous translation; and that a slur upon his professional character was artfully and maliciously concealed under it. He expected to have seen himself designated *Doctor John Memis, Physician;* and the rather, because, elsewhere, in the same document, *Duo Medicinæ Doctorum in Aberdeniâ,* is translated "*Two of the Physicians in Aberdeen.*" The doctor complained to the managers of the injury thus done to his pretensions, and demanded that they should have the translation re-printed, with his proper designation of *Physician.* This, however, they very irreverently declined; and the doctor felt it necessary, for the vindication of his *status* in society, to bring an action against them before the Court of Session, in which he sought not only for an order upon them (in the nature of a *mandamus*) to make the required alteration in their English version of the charter, but for damages in the premises. The managers went to great lengths in their defence. They gravely pretended that *Doctor of Medicine* was as exact a translation as could be of *Doctor Medicinæ;* that were they to substitute Doctor of *Physic,* or *Physician,* it would be as much to say, that medicine and physic are the same thing, though it be notorious, (for so they alleged,) that neither is all physic medicine, nor all medicine

physic; that, besides, Doctor of Medicine was, for aught they knew, quite as dignified as Doctor of Physic; and that, at all events, they had no intention of depreciating the professional rank of the very learned plaintiff, by calling him by the one designation in preference to the other. "But, why then," rejoined the doctor, "not translate *Duo Medicinæ Doctorum* in the same way as you have done *Medicinæ Doctor?*"—"For the sake of variety of phrase merely."—"No, no: you have translated them differently, for no other purpose but to hold me out to ridicule, and injure me in my profession, as being only a *simple doctor*, in comparison with these gentlemen, whom you style *physicians*. It is a clear case; I demand the judgment of the court."

For several years was this unique question contested with all the obstinacy of legal ingenuity, and at length, in Nov. 1776, the court, to the doctor's great surprise, declared that his complaint was altogether frivolous, and found him liable in the whole costs of suit.

ROGER PAYNE.

"At the mention of this magical name," says the author of the Bibliographical Decameron, "uprise all the spirit and heart's-blood of the bibliomaniac." He rose "like a star diffusing lustre on all sides, and rejoicing the hearts of all true sons of bibliomania." The reader, who is little versed in bibliography, or rather in bibliopegism, may be anxious to know who and what the individual was who could excite such lively enthusiasm; and he will perhaps be disappointed when he learns, that he was nothing more than a bookbinder, but a bookbinder of such eminence, as to render all the productions of his art very valuable. Roger Payne was a native of Windsor Forest; and, after living a life of wretched dissipation, died in 1797. Some of his bills to his customers were singularly curious. The first two which follow were for work done for Dr. Mosley.

"The *Clavis Astro Elimata* was, according to the time and work in the binding, put down at 40*s.* less than the time it took in that work. And (Dr. Mosely) in his great goodness will, I am confident, consider the bad condition of this book; and, through a full desire to do the very best for the learned advice, which is more to me than money—health first, money second-

best, I have agreed to make an abatement in the washing, mending, &c."

"*Harmony of the World, by Haydon; London*, 1642. Bound in the very best manner; the book sewed in the very best manner with white silk, very strong, and will open easy; very neat, and strong boards; fine drawing paper inside stained, to suit the colour of the book. The outsides finished in the *Rosie-Crucian taste*,—very correct measured work. The inside finished in the *Druid taste* with *acorns*, and *S.S.* studded with stars, &c. in the most magnificent manner. So neat, so strong and elegant as this book is bound, the binding is well worth 13*s.* and the inlaying the frontispiece, cleaning and mending, is worth 2*s.* To Dr. Mosely's great goodness I am so much indebted, that my gratitude sets the price for binding, inlaying, cleaning, and mending, at only £0. 10*s.* 6*d.*

"Rec$^{d.}$ the contents by me,

"1796; 11th August. ROGER PAYNE."

We add one more specimen of Roger's bills:

"*Hughes's Natural History of Barbadoes.* The Æortis is entirely taken out by several washings in fair water; there is no danger for future time; it is honestly done; for those things will look fair and clean, but will not stand for time, without the person who washes those things is absolutely to be depended on for honesty, as well as knowing how to take the ink out: if the Æ(ortis) is left in the paper, it will in a short future time make the paper quite rotten. Green morocco joints very neat and strong.

"N.B. Nat. Hist. Green a proper colour,—very fine and strong drawing-paper to suit the colour of the paper of the book, a fine sheet at the beginning and end of the book, and the sides of the boards covered with the same fine drawing-paper; the title was very dirty, which I have cleaned and mended as neat as I possibly could; the corners of the boards wanted a little mending, and the roughness of the leather put to rights as much as possible. I have done every thing according to order, to do the best to make the book a fine copy—3*s.* 6*d.*

"Rec$^{d.}$ the contents,

"March 26th, 1795. Pr. ROGER PAYNE."

SINGULAR DEDICATIONS.

In the dedication of books, one general manner has prevailed ever since books were written—namely, to extol with more or less extravagance the individuals to whom they are inscribed Every reader is familiar with instances of the fulsome extremes to which such adulation has been carried; let ours be the more agreeable task to bring together some of the few cases which are either deserving of imitation for the good taste in which they are conceived, or amusing for their eccentricity.

The happiest, and at the same time one of the shortest, dedications which we remember to have met with, is that prefixed to the poem of "Madagascar," by Sir William Davenant; 1648. It is in these words:

"If these poems live, may their memories by whom they are cherished, Endymion Porter and H. Jarmyn, live with them."

Sheppard, in his "Epigrams, Theological, Philosophical, and Romantic," 1651, has adopted almost literally the same style of inscription:

"If these epigrams survive (maugre the voracitie of Time), let the names of Christopher Clapham and James Winter (to whom the author dedicateth these his endeavours) live with them."

Davenant's dedication had many other imitators; it may be said, indeed, to have given for a time *the mode* to this class of composition.

Nothing can be more pleasing than the idea of thus handing down to posterity the names of those friends by whom one's labours have been "cherished," and but for whose encouragement they might perhaps never have seen the light. How different the feeling of the author, who,

"To his most esteemed and beloved Selfe,
Dat Dedicatque."

Who but some churlish cynic—some growler at the world—some man without a friend to commemorate, could thus proclaim his "selfe" idolatry? Such in fact, in many respects, was Marston, whose "Scourge of Villainy" is inscribed in these terms.

Although Marston was imitated by many, he does not appear to have been copied in this particular by any one. The dedication of "A Scourge" seems more properly to belong to those who are scourged; and so we find the "Scourge of Drunkenness," by William Hornby inscribed:

"To all the impious and relentless-hearted ruffians and roysters under Bacchus' regiment: *Cornuapes* wisheth remorse of conscience and more increase of grace.

Come, Drunkenness, untrusse,
And naked strip thee,
For without mercy
I will soundly whip thee," &c.

Cornuapes is a name assumed by the author, in allusion to a wood-cut on the title, of a wild man of the ape species, smoking a pipe with one hand and holding a scourge in the other.

Of a similar description is the following dedication of Richard Brathwayte's "Strappado for the Divell"—1619.

"The Epistle Dedicatorie

To all vsurers, broakers, and promoters, serjeants, catch-poles, and regraters, ushers, panders, suburbes traders, cockneies that haue manie fathers; ladies, monkies, parachitoes, marmosites and catemitoes folks, hightires and rebatoes, false-haires, periwigges, mouchatoes; grave gregorians and shepointers,—send I greeting at adventures, and to all such as be evill, my Strappado for the Divell."

Instead of a whole class of persons being honoured with such epistles dedicatory, we sometimes find them addressed to the more eminent names in a class, as examples of all that is most wicked or ridiculous in it. It is thus that the prevailing character of the heroes of the Commonwealth is pourtrayed by Denzil Holles in the following dedication of one of his political tracts:

"To the *unparalleled couple*, Mr. Oliver St. John, his majesty's solicitor-general, and Oliver Cromwell, the parliament's lieutenant-general, the *two grand designers of the ruin of three kingdoms*.

"GENTLEMEN,

"As *you* have been principal in ministering of the matter of this discourse, and giving me the leisure of making it, by *banishing* me from my country and business; so it is reason I shall particularly address it to *you*. You shall find

in it some representation of the *grosser lines* of your *features*,—those *outward enormities* that make you remarkable, and your picture easy to be known, which cannot be expected here so fully to the life as I could wish: he only can do that whose *eye* and *hand* have been with you in *secret councils*,—who has *seen* you at your *meetings*,—your sabbaths, where you have lain by your *assumed shapes* (with which you *cozened* the world), and resumed your own, imparting each to other, and both of you to your *fellow-witches*,—the bottom of your design, the policy of your actings, the turns of your contrivances,—all your falsehoods, *cozenings*, *villainies*, and cruelties, with your full intentions to *ruin* the three kingdoms. All I will say to you, is, what St. Peter said to Simon the Sorcerer—"Repent, therefore, of this your wickedness;" and pray to God, if perhaps the thoughts of your hearts may be forgiven you: and if you have not *grace* to pray for yourselves (as it may be you have not), I have *charity* to do it for you, but not *faith* enough to *trust you*. So, I remain, I thank God, not in your power, and as little at your service,

"DENZIL HOLLES,

"At S. Mere. Eglide, in Normandy, this 14th of Feb. 1647. St. V."

To Coryat, the traveller, as the prince of a more harmless class, dealers in strange sights and wondrous adventures, the facetious John Taylor, the water poet, dedicates his satirical work of "Three Weeks', Three Days', and Three Hours' Observations and Travel from London to Hamburgh, in Germany," &c. in these terms: "To the cosmographical, geographical describer, geometrical measurer; historiographical, calligraphical relater and writer; enigmatical, pragmatical, dogmatical observer; surveyor, and eloquent British Grecian Latinist, or Latin Grecian orator; the odcombyan decambulator, perambulator, ambler, trotter, or untyred traveller, Sir Thomas Coryat, knight of Troy, and one of the dearest darlings to the blind goddess Fortune."

The writer, who has comprehended the greatest number of persons *by name* in one dedication, is the anonymous author of a scarce poetical tract, entitled "The Martyrdome of Saint George, of Cappadocia, Titular Patron of England, and the Most noble order of the Garter,"—1614. It is dedicated "to *all* the noble, honourable, and worthy in Great Brittaine, bearing the name of George; and to all other, the true friends of Christian chivalrie, lovers of Saint George's name and vertues." It has been often erroneously stated, that George was a Christian name of very rare occurrence in this country until the accession of the present family to the throne. Burton

mentions George de Charnels, in the time of Edward I. and one of the brothers of Edward IV. was called George, but the name at that time was certainly less common than might have been expected, considering that St. George was the titular patron of England, that he was the patron also of the order of the garter instituted by Edward III. and especially how the Scotch and Irish have honoured their patron saints by the numberless Andrews and Patricks among them. In history, however, we find many Georges previous to the date of this work, as may be seen by consulting any of our biographical collections. Although few may have heard of George Clifford, earl of Cumberland; or George Abbot, archbishop of Canterbury, yet none are strangers to the names of George Buchanan, George Fox, George Monk, duke of Albemarle, or the profligate George Villiers, duke of Buckingham.

The "Battaile of Agincourt," by Michael Drayton, is dedicated—"To you, those noblest of gentlemen of these renowned kingdomes of Great Britaine; who, in these declining times, have yet in your brave bosoms the sparks of that sprightly fire of your courageous ancestors." Although the "declining times" here spoken of are but the first years of the seventeenth century, it would seem, that, in the opinion of Drayton, as the name George increased, the spirit of Agincourt departed from amongst us. Alas! for the present day, which is at least two centuries lower in the scale.

One thing more certain than this decay of courage, was a great increase during these "declining times," (that is, during the reign of James I.) of habits of intemperance and debauchery. And hence the propriety with which Edward Calver, after dedicating his poem of "Passion and Discretion in Youth and Age," (1641) "To the right noble and truly vertuous Lady Temperance," subjoins a metrical apology for thus seeming "*to invocate the winde.*"

Next to dedicating to a shadow, we may class dedicating to nothing and nobody. Of this we have a quaint enough example in the following lines, which present a specimen of what may be termed dedication by inference.

"*To my deare Friend, Mr. Charles Aleyn.*

"When Fame had sayd, thy poem should come out
Without a dedication; some did doubt
If Fame in that had told the truth, but I,
Who knew her false, boldly gave Fame the lye,
For I was certaine, that this booke, by thee,
Was *Dedicated to Eternity.*"

"Thy true lover, ED. PRIDEAUX."

Nothing perhaps is more generally remarkable of dedications, than the little insight which they give us into the real characters of the writers. In the earlier periods of our literary history, it was so much the fashion to play the mountebank on these occasions, that we may search in vain for one line of truth in most of the portraits, or rather *certificates of character*, that we find prefixed by authors to their works. Who, now-a-days, for example, knows anything of *Robert Baron*, or the *Cyprian Academy*, of which he was the author? And yet, to read a letter which he has modestly prefixed to that poem, addressed to him by his uncle Howell, the well-known writer of "The Letters," one would suppose that his fame could not so soon have perished.

"*To Mr. R. Baron, at Paris.*

"GENTLE SIR,

"I received and presently ran over your Cyprian Academy with much greediness, and no vulgar delight; and, sir, I hold myself much honoured for the dedication you have been pleased to make thereof to me, for it deserved a far higher patronage: truly, I must tell you, without any complaint, that I have seldom met with such an ingenious mixture of prose and verse, interwoven with such varieties of fancy and charming strains of amorous passions, which have made all the ladies in the land in love with you. If you begin already to court the Muses so handsomely, and have got such footing on Parnassus, you may in time be lord of the whole hill and those nice girls; because, Apollo, being now grown unwieldy and old, may make choice of you, to officiate in his room and preside over them."

"The "Pocula Castalia," another work by the same Robert Baron, has prefixed to it some more lines of praise from his uncle; in which, by way of diversity of phrase, he thus puns on the name of him who is to be "in time lord of the whole hill and those nice girls."

"You may in time, where now old Phœbus sits,
Be Lord Chief *Baron* of the Court of Wits."

In modern times, plainness and sincerity have come more into repute than they were in the days of the "Lord Chief Baron;" and we do occasionally meet with very lively traits of character substituted for the customary adulation. Where, for example, in all Dr. Delany's works, has he left us a juster picture of himself than in the following dedication of his "Fifteen Sermons upon Social Duties" to the Lady Grace, the first Viscountess Carteret and Countess Granville?

"The author of these discourses pretends not to acquit himself of ambition; he hath perhaps as strong a *bias* of original guilt that way as any mortal; but the truth is, it was early checked, and entirely turned from all hope or prospect of preferment, to the sole view of endeavouring to deserve it. In this situation he was found by your son, near twenty years ago, in an honourable obscurity; and drawn thence, with some distinction, (though without any suit or solicitation on his side,) a little more into the light—at least, into the hurry of the world, where he hath continued to this day—unhonoured, indeed, but (I thank God) unreproached, and (what is perhaps matter of more vexation than vanity) not unenvied; though he stood in no man's way, nor was rival to any mortal, during the whole time, either for wealth, preferment, or power. He had been long before this a constant preacher; nor did his natural vehemence allow him to be indolent, or uninterested in what he delivered. His condition of life, and the circumstances of some particular friends, led him early to the consideration of almost all the following subjects; and a thousand subsequent occasions drew him frequently into repeated re-consideration of them; so that what he now presumes to present to your ladyship, are very truly the first fruits of his early labour and unwearied zeal in the service of religion."

ECCENTRIC ADVERTISEMENTS.

I.

"At the White Hart, in Gray's Inn Lane, near the Queen's Head, liveth Mrs. Stothards, who answers all lawful questions; as, whether life shall be happy or unhappy? and what manner of person one shall marry? and when? and whether the best time be past or to come? and whether a friend be real or not? and all other rational demands: and, knowing their nativity or time of birth, discovers what accidents shall be likely to happen in all their lives. She tells the signification of moles in any part of the body, and gives a very excellent interpretation of dreams, discovering what events are likely to happen thereby.—Advice for 6*d*.

"Go up one pair of stairs without asking."*

Harleian MSS. 5931.

* There is no date to this advertisement, but it appears to have been about the reign of Queen Anne.

II.

"Noble or ignoble, you may be told any thing that may happen to your elementary life, as to what time you may expect prosperity, or, if in adversity, the end thereof; or when you may be so happy as to enjoy the thing desired. Also, young men may foresee their fortunes as in a glass, and pretty maids their husbands, in this noble, yea, heavenly art of *Astrologie.*

"At the sign of the Parrot, opposite to Ludgate church, within Blackfriar's-gateway."*

Harleian MSS. 5931.

III.

"*In Nova fert Animus.*

"These are to give notice, (for the benefit of the public,) that there is newly arrived from his travels, a gentleman, who, after above forty years' study, hath, by a wonderful blessing on his endeavours, discovered, as well the nature as the infallible cure of several strange diseases, which (though as yet not known to the world) he will plainly demonstrate to any ingenious artist, to be the greatest causes of the most common distempers incident to the body of man. The names of which take as follow:

The strong fives
The marthambles
The moon-pall
The hockogrocle.

"Now, though the names, natures, symptoms, and several cures of these diseases, are altogether unknown to our greatest physicians, and the particular knowledge of them would (if concealed) be a vast advantage to the aforesaid person; yet, he well knowing that his country's good is to be preferred to his private interest, doth hereby promise all sorts of people, a faithful cure of all or any of the diseases aforesaid, at as reasonable rates as our modern doctors have for that of any common distemper.

"He is to be spoken with at the ordinary hours of business, at the Three Compasses, in Maiden-lane."

Ibid.

IV.

"Simon Dring desireth to give full satisfaction to all and every one of England, or elsewhere, that can justly accuse him that he hath defrauded him in bargains, or any other way wronged him, that so he may owe nothing but love. Published by my order, from the next house to the Harrow, in Watling-street, in London, so called. SIMON DRING,—1654."

* This bill is headed with the sun, moon, and seven stars.

V.

"In Tenter Alley, Little Moorfields, at the lowermost garden-house, on the right hand, with a sun-dial on the side of the house, liveth an astrological physician, who hath always in readiness chemical medicines for the cure of all diseases incident to men, women, and children; and by the sight of party or urine, can resolve whether they be curable or not; if curable, restores them to health in a short time; and if the disease be mortal, giveth them ease for the remainder of their lives; he helpeth such as are under an ill tongue, or bewitched by natural means. He is constantly at home, from 8 o'clock in the morning 'till 5 at night."

Weekly Intelligencer, *Sept.* 19th, 1655.

VI.

"Whoever you are, to whose hands this comes, let the truth it contains abide upon your mind, as what is intended for your greatest benefit. The method taken, I know, is uncommon, yet, if there is the least probability of success, though it be only with a few, the design will be justified, as intending the glory of God in your salvation. Remember, then, that you were once told in this manner,—that, being zealous for names and parties is what will stand you in no stead at death, except you have the life in you that shall never die. Are you a Christian? or, have you only the name from education, as it is the professed religion of your country? If you can say on your conscience you have endeavoured to lay aside prejudice, wherein you might have reason to suspect yourself of it, and, apprehending your lost condition without a Saviour, as revealed in the Gospel, you have devoted yourself to God in him, and therefore hope you are a true Christian, it is well—give God the praise; but if, in your conscience, you must say you have no more than the name, stay! man, woman, whoever you be, consider, think, before this go out of your mind or hand how you shall escape, if you neglect so great salvation."

From the Postman, *July* 31st, 1716.

VII.

The following is part of one of the advertisements of the eccentric Orator Henley, during the time he gave his lectures. It is copied from a newspaper of the 28th September, 1729.

"At the Oratory, the corner of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, near Clare Market, to-morrow, at half an hour after ten, the postell will be on the turning Lot's wife into a pillar of salt. The sermon will be on the necessary power and attractive force

which religion gives to the spirit of man with God and good spirits.

* * * * *

"The Monday's orations will be shortly resumed. On Wednesday, the oration will be on the skits of the fashions, or a live gallery of family pictures in all ages, ruffs, muffs, puffs manifold, shoes, wedding-shoes, two-shoes, slip-shoes, peals, clocks, pantoufles, buskins, pantaloons, garters, shoulder-knots, perriwigs, head-dresses, modistries, tuckers, farthingales, corkins, minikins, slammakins, ruffles, round robins, toilets, fans, patches; dame, forsooth; madam, my lady; the wit and beau of my grannum; Winifred, Joan, Bridget, compared with our Winny, Jenny, and Biddy, fine ladies and pretty gentlewomen: being a general view of the *beau monde* before Noah's flood to the year 29. On Friday will be something better than last Tuesday. After each, a *bob* at the times."

VIII.

"I, Elizabeth, duchess dowager of Hamilton, acknowledge I have for several months been ill in my health, but never speechless, as certain penny authors have printed; and so, to confute these said authors and their intelligence, it is thought by my most intimate friends, *it is the very last thing that will happen to me.* I am so good an Englishwoman, that I would not have my countrymen imposed upon by purchasing false authors, therefore, have ordered this to be printed that they may know what papers to buy and believe, that are not to be bribed by those who may have private ends for false reports. The copy of this is left in the hands of Mr. Berington, to be shown to any body who has a curiosity to see it signed with my own hand. E. HAMILTON."

Evening Post, *May* 23d, 1730.

IX.

"Whereas Frances, wife of the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Vane, has, for some months past, absented herself from her husband, and the rest of her friends:—I do hereby promise to any person or persons who shall discover where the said lady Vane is concealed, to me, or to Francis Hawes, esq. her father, so that either of us may come to the speech of her, the sum of £100, as a reward, to be paid by me on demand at my lodgings in Piccadilly. I do also promise the name of the person, who shall make such discovery, shall be concealed, if desired. Any person concealing or lodging her after this advertisement, will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour;—or, if her ladyship will return to me, she may depend

upon being kindly received. She is about twenty-two years of age, tall, well-shaped, has light-brown hair, is fair complexioned, and has her upper teeth placed in an irregular manner. She had on, when she absented, a red damask French sacque, and was attended by a French woman, who speaks very bad English.* VANE."

"*January* 24th, 1737."

X.

"A young woman of about twenty-five years of age, who is possessed of an annuity of £30 a-year, is willing to alter her condition, provided she can find a worthy honest man, who must be one of those despised people called Methodists. The young woman cannot boast of the beauty of her person; she had rather be esteemed for the beauty of her mind. He must be a man that loves to do his duty, endeavour to be a good Christian, and must not be ashamed of scoffings and revilings for righteousness' sake. Thirty pounds a-year may be a comfortable assistance to a man in trade, and may enable an honest couple joined in the Lord to pass with some degree of happiness through this transitory life, this vale of tears. Letters directed for S. L. to be left at the Chapter Coffee-house, shall, if approved, be answered."

Daily Advertiser.

XI.

"A WIFE. As a lady has lately accomplished her object of matrimony through the medium of an advertisement, and as I myself have made several useful acquisitions through the same means, I am induced to use it to obtain a *wife*. I am aware that there is a kind of opprobrium attached to this method; but, upon mature consideration, think the objection unfounded; for I may possibly pass my life without obtaining a lady as below-mentioned, and she may possibly do the same;—therefore, this is to give notice, that I am descended from an ancient and respectable family, and am the eldest son of a clergyman of the church of England; about twenty-five years of age; in person rather good-looking than otherwise, five feet seven inches high, and slightly made; will settle £5000 on the lady, who must neither be tall nor short, fat nor thin, between twenty and twenty-five years of age, moderately handsome, moderately accomplished, affectionate, and good-natured, with £10,000. Family will not be regarded, but respectability expected. I pledge the word and honour of a

* Lady Vane was the lady of fashion, whose adventures form so interesting an episode in "Peregrine Pickle."

gentleman that any application shall be kept the most profound secret. Apply by letter to Mr. M. at Holyland's Hotel, 150, Strand."

Morning Post.

XI.

"To Members of Parliament. A person (not an Englishman) of distinguished rank and large pecuniary property, wishes to form a friendly compact with any member of the British House of Commons, where the gratification may be mutual, and the benefit to be derived reciprocal. Honour the strictest pledged and required. Letters post-paid, addressed to M. W. at the Cumberland Tavern, Vauxhall: if from principals, will be immediately attended to."

Morning Chronicle, *April* 15th, 1817.

XII.

" (NOTICE TO TYRANTS!)

☞ *The Sword of Judgement!*
Life or Death!
☞ *Down with prejudices!*

To the feeling bosom!
To the well born soul!

"After having experienced, for upwards of seven years, the most unjust, the most cruel and barbarous treatment which a human being could possibly endure from the hands of sanguinary *dogs!* infamous *monsters!* in human shape! who have by subtilty and villainy arrogated unto themselves prerogatives of the execution of laws, which they themselves daily transgress with impunity; destitute of right, justice, or equity! I hereby declare my determined intentions to fix my residence in my native country, (island of St. Domingo,) thither peaceably to await the development of events the most interesting to humanity, groaning under pressures the most cruel and iniquitous!

"☞ There shall soon commence a *war* the most terrible and sanguinary that has ever existed since the creation of the *world!*

"*Napoleon* shall be delivered in spite of all the measures of those Machiavelian dogs of iniquity! who conduct the affairs of a government the most despicable in the universe! whose baneful and subtle influence has unhappily extended itself almost in all governments of the earth! ☞ Woe be unto them who by perjured villainy! and all who have in any manner contributed to my sufferings!

"☞ St. Domingo shall become the rallying point,—the general concentration of all geniuses and spirits,—the most determined to maintain the *Rights of Man!* to the extinction of all prejudice and of slavery!

"☞ From thence shall emanate Shiloe, the lawgiver, who shall rule the whole earth with a rod of iron!

"BENJ. DE CHASTELLIER,
☞ *Formerly of Baltimore.*

"My 'honest friends' of the north are at perfect liberty to give publicity to the above.

"*May* 5."

Louisiana Advertiser, 12th *May*, 1819.

A CLAIMANT TO "THE MAN OF FEELING," &c.

IN 1777, there was published at Bath an Elegiac Ode to the memory of the Rev. Charles Eccles, rector of Birts Morton, Worcestershire, who was drowned in humanely attempting to succour a young man who was bathing in the river Avon, and had got beyond his depth. Prefixed to it, there is a biographical notice of this unfortunate gentleman, in which, among other things, we are told:

"His merit as a writer will live when every frail memorial that venerating friendship can raise will be buried in oblivion. Goldsmith, that child of simplicity, was his model. Nor do I injure the memory of that excellent writer when I affirm, that, in the pathetic he was surpassed by the tender sensibilities of Eccles. Most of his performances are anonymous, a proof of the modesty that ever attends on real merit. *The Pursuit after Happiness, The Man of Feeling, Julia de Roubigné,* and a *Sermon* preached at Bath on the last General Fast, are the only publications attributed to him. Had Providence vouchsafed to have granted him a longer existence, it is more than probable he would have been a greater honour to the literary world. So excellent a heart, united to so clear a judgment, would certainly have produced a work which humanity and learning would have gloried in."

It is needless to inform the reader who the author of *The Man of Feeling* and its companions really is. The fact was at one time a matter of dispute in the London newspapers; it will be seen from the above notice how it was *decided* at Bath.

THE WIRTEMBERG BIBLICAL LIBRARY.

In the king of Wirtemberg's Library, there are more than 4000 different editions of the whole Bible or distinct parts of it, in European and foreign languages; of the former, it contains:

35 Upper German	3 Lapponic
18 Portuguese	8 Russian
15 Spanish	3 Croatian
43 Italian	21 Bohemian
290 French	10 Wendish
1 Rhœtian	20 Polish
115 Saxon	6 Lithuanian
215 English	7 Lettonian
274 Dutch	4 Esthonian
116 Danish	7 Hungarian
14 Icelandic	5 Welsh
3 Greenlandic	1 Irish
45 Swedish	1 Cantabrian, or Base.
6 Finnish	

PARKER'S, OR THE BISHOP'S BIBLE.

The *Bishop's* Bible, as it is called, which was first printed in 1658 by Richard Jugge, was undertaken by archbishop Parker, who, desiring a new translation of the Scriptures for the use of the churches, divided the whole Bible into several parts, which he distributed among his learned fellow bishops and some other erudite men of his acquaintance. The following is a list of their names, and the several parts allotted to them:

Dr. Wm. Alley, bishop of Exeter,—The Pentateuch.
Dr. Richard Davies, bishop of St. David's,—Joshua, Judges, Ruth.
Dr. Edwin Sandys, bishop of Worcester,—1st and 2d Books of Samuel, 1st and 2d Books of Kings, 1st and 2d Books of Chronicles.
Dr. Andrew Peerson, prebend of Canterbury,—Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Job.
Thomas Beron, prebend of Canterbury,—The Book of Psalms.
A. P. C.—The book of Proverbs.
Dr. Andrew Perne, dean of Ely,—Ecclesiastes, and the Ballet of Ballets of Solomon.

Dr. Robert Horne, bishop of Winchester,—Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Lamentations.
Thomas Cole, of Lincolnshire, one of the Geneva translators,—Ezekiel, Daniel.
Dr. Edmund Grindal, bishop of London,—All the lesser Prophets.
Dr. John Parkhurst, bishop of Norwich,—Aprocrypha.
Dr. Richard Cox, bishop of Ely,—The four Gospels of the Acts of the Apostles.
Dr. Edmund Guest, bishop of Chester,—The Epistle to the Romans.
Dr. Gabriel Goodman, dean of Westminster,—First Epistle to the Corinthians.

The rest of the translators are unknown, nor are there any initials prefixed to any of the remaining books. This Bible was first printed in 1568 by Richard Jugge.

DEATH OF KING JAMES THE FIRST.

Among Mr. Mead's papers in the Harleian Collection of manuscripts, vol. 383, are some letters which give several particulars relative to the death of James the First, which have not been noticed by his biographers and historians. In the Paper Office, there are also other letters on the same subject, which are very interesting. The first of the following is from the collection in the Paper Office; the two latter from the Harleian MSS. vol. 383.

Sir Edward Conway, Secretary of State, to Sir Dudley Carleton, Ambassador in Holland.

Right Honourable,

Your lordship will largely perceive by this inclosed direction from his majesty, and by the letters of credence to the States-General, and to his excellency the prince of Orange, how God hath been pleased to take into his mercy our late king of glorious memory, and how plentifully in his goodness he hath restored to us our most gracious sovereign that now reigneth. I will only tell you to your comfort, that our blessed master of glorious memory went out of this world like a Christian that had a strong heart and an humble mind. Two days before God's act of receiving him to his mercy, he took God to him by receiving of the communion, and at that did

express a lively faith and the definition of a pure Christian; as (to give your lordship a touch) he concluded the verbal creed with these words: "There is no other belief, no other hope!"—and when the lord keeper asked him whether he would have the absolution read, he answered—"As it is practised in the English church, I ever approved it; but in the dark way of the church of Rome, I do defy it." And this I tell you not by report, for I had the honour and comfort to receive it with him.

Paper Office.

Mr. William Neve to Sir Thomas Hollonde.

April 15th, [1625.]

The king's [James I.] body was, about the 29th of March, disbowelled, and his heart was found to be great but soft, his liver fresh as a young man's; one of his kidneys very good, but the other shrunk so little as they could hardly find it, wherein there was two stones; his lights and gall black, judged to proceed of melancholy; the suture of his head so strong as they could hardly break it open with a chissel and a saw, and so full of brains as they could not, upon the opening, keep them from spilling, a great mark of his infinite judgement. His bowels were presently put into a leaden vessel and buried; his body embalmed, and remained there* until the 4th of April; it came from there close in a black velvet coach, and by torch-light, thereto being allowed 300 dozen. Yesternight, between nine and ten of the clock, it was conveyed through Smithfield, Holbourne, Chancery-lane, so to Denmark-house, in this manner:—First, the guards; secondly, gentlemen, esquires, knights, &c.; then pensioners, then trumpets, then heralds, then the body, then the lords in coaches—the prince first, most of them meeting the body at Wood's-close; then of others in coaches, about 120, which would have been more had not the weather been extreme.

The body was, by the gentlemen of the bedchamber, carried into the withdrawing-chamber to the privy-chamber, wherein is an effigie to be laid on a bed of honour and there reposed. The privy-chamber is also fringed with velvet, the presence-chamber with cloth, and the guard-chamber with bays. All state observed there by the servants, as if the king were living.

* At Theobald's.

Mr. Mead to Sir M. Stuteville.

Christ's College, April 9th, [1625.]

Our doctor's letters failed us on Saturday; and since we have no letters but such as tell us there is no news stirring. My last relation of his late majesty's sickness and death, though I hear not for the general contradicted, yet by some, many of the particulars are for circumstances diminished. I am told for certain, that, after Friday at night 'till the hour of his death, his tongue was swoln so big in his mouth, that either he could not speak at all, or not be understood. He desired, when he first understood that death was near him, to have received the communion at the hands of the bishop of Winchester, but he was so sick when he was sent for that he could not come. He had three hours' private talk with the prince, all being commanded from him two or three rooms off, to be out of hearing. When his body was opened by the physicians, they found his heart of an extraordinary bigness, all his vitals sound, as also his head, which was very full of brains, but his blood was wonderfully tainted with melancholy, and the corruption thereof the supposed cause of his death.

The Countess [Duchess] of Buckingham, the Tuesday before he died, would needs make use of some receipt she had approved, but, being without the privity of the physicians, occasioned so much discontent in Dr. Craig, that he uttered some plain speeches, for which he was commanded out of the court; the duke himself, as some say, complaining to the sick king of the words he spoke.

SPEECH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

In 1597, Sigismund III. king of Poland, sent an ambassador to the English court, to complain of some interruption of the Polish commerce by our cruisers. This ambassador, whose name was Paul Dzialenski, was a person of remarkably graceful person and elegant manners, which being told to queen Elizabeth, whose partiality for handsome men is well known, she gave him a public and splendid audience in the presence-chamber, where most of the nobility of the court were assembled.

Most of the English historians give an account of this remarkable audience; but none of them relate the circumstances attending it so minutely as we find them detailed in a letter from Sir Robert Cecil to the earl of Essex. This letter, which

is among the Burleigh papers in the Lansdown manuscripts at the British Museum, vol. 85, is as follows:

"There arriued three daies since in the cittie an Ambassr out of Poland, a gentleman of excellent fashion, witte, discourse, language, and person; the queene was possessed by some of our new counsellors, that are as cunning in intelligence, as in decyphering, that his negotiation tendeth to a proposition of peace. Her Matie, in respect that his father the duke of Finland had so much honoured her, besydes the lyking she had of this gentleman's comeliness and qualities, brought to her by reporte, did resolue to receaue him publickly, in the chamber of presence, where most of the erles and noblemen about the court attended, and made it a great day. He was brought in, attired in a longe robe of black veluett, well jeweld and buttond, and cam to kisse her Mats hands where she stood vnder the state, from whence he straight retired, tene yards off, and then beganne his oration aloude in Latin, with such a gallant countenance, as in my lyfe I neuer behelde. The effect of it was this, that 'the king hath sent him to put her Matie in minde of the auncient confederacies betweene the kings of Poland and England, that neuer a monarche in Europe did willinglie neglect their friendship, that he had euer friendlie receaued her marchants and subjects of all qualitie, that she had suffered his to be spoiled, without restitution; not for lacke of knowledge of the violences, but out of meere iniustice, not caring to minister remedie, notwithstanding many particular petitions and letters receaued; and to confirme her disposition to avowe these courses, (violating both the law of nature and nations,) because ther were quarels between her and the king of Spaine, she therfor tooke upon her, by mandat, to prohibite him and his countries, assuming therby to her self a superioritie (not tollerable) ouer other princes, nor he determined to endure, but rather wished her to knowe, that yf there were no more than the auncient amitie between Spaine and him, it were no reason to looke that his subiects should be impedited, much lesse now, when a strickt obligation of bloud had so conioyned him with the illustrious house of Austria:' concluding, that if her Matie would not reforme it, he would.

"To this I sweare by the liuing God, that her Matie made one of the best aunswers *ex tempore*, in Latin, that euer I heard, being much mooued to be so challenged in publick, especially so much against her expectation. The wordes of her beginning were these: 'Suerlie, I can hardlie beleeue, that yf the king himself were present, he would haue used such a language, for yf he should, I must haue thought, that his being a

king not of many yeares, and that *(non de jure sanguinis, sed jure electionis, imò novitèr electus)* may happilie leaue him vninformed of that course, wᶜʰ his father and auncestors haue taken with us, and wᶜʰ, peraduenture, shal be obserued by those that shall liue to come after him; and, as for you, (saied she to the ambassʳ,) although I perceaue you haue redde many bookes, to fortifie your arguments in this case, yet am I apt to beleeue, that you haue not lighted upon the chapter, that prescribeth the forme to be used between kings and princes; but, were it not for the place you hold, to haue so publickly an imputation thrown upon our justice, wᶜʰ as yet neuer failed, wee would aunswer this audacitie of yours in another style; and, for the particulars of yʳ negotiations, wee will appoint some of our counsell to conferre with you, to see upon what ground this clamor of yours hath his fundation, who haue showed yʳself rather an heralde, than an ambassador.' I assure your Lᴾ, though I am not apt to wonder, I must confesse before the liuing Lord, that I neuer heard her (when I know her spirits were in passion) speake with better moderation in my lyfe.

"You will think it strange that I am thus idle, as to use another bodie's hand: I assure you, I haue hurt my thumme at this hower, and because the queene tould me, she was sorrye you heard not his Latin and hers, I promised her to make you partaker of as much as I could remember, being, as I knew, the worst you would expect from her, and yet the best could come from any other; yf, therefore, this my lettre finde you, and that you write backe, I pray you take notice that you were pleased to heare of her wise and eloquent answer."

ANCIENT VALUE OF BOOKS.

In the year 1471, when Louis XI. borrowed the works of Rasis, the Arabian Physician, from the Faculty of Medicine in Paris, he not only deposited in pledge a considerable quantity of plate, but was obliged to procure a nobleman to join with him as surety in a deed, binding himself under a great forfeiture to restore it. When any person made a present of a book to a church, or a monastery, in which were the only libraries during several ages, it was deemed a donative of such value, that he offered it on the altar, *pro remedió animæ suæ*, in order to obtain the forgiveness of his sins.

ROMANTIC HIGHWAYMAN.

In a letter to Mr. Mead, preserved among that gentleman's papers in the British Museum, and dated February 3, 1625, there is the following account of a singular highwayman:

"Mr. Clavell, a gentleman, a knight's eldest son, a great highway-robber, and of posts, was, together with a soldier, his companion, arraigned and condemned, on Monday last, at the King's Bench bar: he pleaded for himself that he never had struck or wounded any man, never taken any thing from their bodies, as rings, &c. never cut their girths or saddles, or done them, when he robbed, any corporeal violence. He was, with his companion, reprieved; he sent the following verses to the king for mercy, and hath obtained it.

"I that have robb'd so oft, am now bid stand;
Death and the law assault me, and demand
My life and means: I never us'd men so,
But, having ta'en their money, let them go.
Yet, must I die? and is there no relief?
The King of Kings had mercy on a thief!
So may our gracious king too, if he please,
Without his council, grant me a release.
God is his precedent, and men shall see
His mercy go beyond severity."

THE SPECTATOR.

The origin of some of the numbers of the "Spectator," is not a little curious, and shows with what singular talent the admired authors of this best of British Essays converted the most trifling subjects into articles of interest. Number 71, which contains "the epistle of an enamoured footman, in the country to his mistress," and signed "James," originated in the following circumstance:

In the year 1711, James Hirst lived servant with the honourable Edward Wortley. It happened one day, that in delivering a letter to his master, he, by mistake, gave him one which he had written to his sweetheart, and kept back Mr. Wortley's. He soon discovered his error, and immediately hurried to his master in order to retrieve it; but unfortunately, or rather we may say fortunately, for poor James, it happened

to be the first that presented itself, and, before his return, Mr. Wortley had perused the enamoured footman's love story. James intreated to have it returned: "No," said Mr. Wortley, "No, James; you shall be a great man; this letter shall appear in the Spectator."—It was accordingly communicated to Mr. Steele, and published in James's own words, "Dear Betty," &c.

It is generally believed, that the papers in the Spectator written by Mr. Addison, were distinguished by the initials C. L. I. O. but critics are not agreed as to their actual signification. Some attribute them to the vanity of the author, presuming that Addison intended to personify himself with the first of the muses, Clio; others are of opinion, that the letters stand for the initials of the places whence the different papers were dated, as Chelsea, London, Islington, and Oxford, during his stay at the several towns. This supposition is certainly the most probable, and it may be strengthened by transposing the letters (for there is no absolute rule by which their order should be fixed) into the Latin word *loci*, or "*at the place*" where he might have resided at the time he wrote the respective papers. At all events, this is as fair a presumption as that of imputing vanity to a man, in the whole of whose writings there does not appear the slightest tincture of that foible, and whose sole object was to instruct and admonish, and by such means to correct the follies and vices of his time.

PORSON'S MACARONIC VERSES.

NOTHING is perhaps more amusing than the vagaries of a man of genius; those effusions of literary relaxation in which they sometimes indulge. Swift was a great trifler in this way, but many of his pieces are too gross for "ears polite." This, however, is not the case with the following *jeu d'esprit*, written by Professor Porson, during the alarm of French invasion:

"*Lingo drawn for the Militia.*

'*Ego nunquam audivi* such terrible news,
At this present *tempus* my *sensus* confuse;
I'm drawn for a *miles*—I must go *cum marte*,
And, *continus ense*, engage Buonaparte.

'Such *tempora nunquam videbant majores*,
For then their opponents had different *mores*:
But we will soon prove to the Corsican vaunter,
Tho' times may be chang'd—Britons never *mutantur*.

"*Mehercle!* this Consul *non potest* be quiet,
His word must be *lex*—and when he says *fiat*,
Quasi Deus, he thinks we must run at his nod;
But Britons were ne'er good at running, by G—.

"*Per mare*, I rather am led to *opine*,
To meet British *naves* he would not incline;
Lest he should *in mare profundum* be drown'd,
Et cum algâ, non laurâ, his *caput* be crown'd.

"But allow that this boaster in Britain could land,
Multis cum aliis at his command:
Here are lads who will meet, aye and properly work 'em,
And speedily send 'em, *ni fallor, in orcum*.

"*Nunc*, let us, *amici*, join *corda et manus*,
And use well the *vires Di Boni* afford us:
Then let nations combine, Britain never can fall;
She's—*multum in parvo*—a match for them all."

LETTER FROM OLIVER CROMWELL TO GENERAL FLEETWOOD.

"DEAR CHARLES,

"I thank you for yor loving l^re^; the same hopes and desires upon yor planting into my family were much the same wth me that you expresse in yo^re^ to me, however the dispensacion of the Lord is to have it otherwise for the p^r^sent; and therein I desire to acquiesce, not being out of hope, but that it may lie in his good pleasure in his time to give us the mutual comfort d^r^ relaçon, the want whereof he is able abundantly to supply by his own p^r^sence, w^ch^, indeed, makes up all deserts, and is the comfort of all o^r^ comforts and enjoyments.

"Salute yor dear wife from me; bid her beware of a bondage spirit; feare is the natural issue of such a spirit,—the antidote of love. The voyce of feare is: 'if I had doun this, if I had avoyded that, how well it had been wth mee.' I know this hath beene her vaine reasoninge.

"Love argueth on this wise: what a Christ have I! What a father in and thorough Him! What a name hath my father,—mercifull, gracious, long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth; forgiving injustice, transgressions, and sins! What a nature hath my father! He is love! What force in it, unchangeable, infinite! What covenant between him and Christ

for all the seed, for every one, wherein he undertakes all, and the poor soule nothinge. The new covenant is grace to or upon the soule, to wch it is passive and receptive. "I'll do away theire sins. I'll write my law," &c. "I'll put itt in their hearts—they shall not depart from itt," &c.

"This is the love of God; it's Christ dying for men, without strength for men whilst sinners and enemies. And shall we seek for the roote of our comforts within us? What God hath doun, what he is to us in Christ, is the roote of our comfort; in this is stability; in us is weakness. Acts of obedience are not perfect, and therefore yield not perfect peace; fayth as an act yields it not, but, as it carries us unto him, who is our perfect rest and peace, in whom wee are accounted of and ordained by the Father even as Christ himselfe: this is our high callinge. Rest ever here and here only.

"Commend mee to Harry Cromwell; I pray for him that hee may shine and improve in the knowledge and love of Christ. Commend mee to all the officers; my prayers, indeed, are daily for them. Wish them to beware of bitterness of spirit, and of all thinges uncomely for the Gospell. The Lord give you abundantly of wisdom and fayth, and patience! Take heed also of your natural inclination to compliance: pray for me. I committ you to the Lord, and rest your loving father, O. CROMWELL."

"For ye Rt Honble Lt Genll Fleetwood, Commandr in Chiefe of the Forces in Ireland. These."

Dr. Birch's MSS. vol. 4165.

THE FISH AND THE BOOK.

IN 1626, a fish was brought to Cambridge-market with a book in its maw. Of the fact there seems little doubt, but, from the importance that was attached to the circumstance, there is strong reason to believe that it was not purely accidental. Mr. Mead, in a letter to Sir M. Stuteville, in the British Museum, gives the following account of this singular circumstance:

"Christ's Church College, June 24th, 1626.

"But I will now tell you of an accident here at Cambridge, rare, if not strange, whereof I was, yesterday morning, an eye-witness myself. A book *in decimo sexto*, of the bigger size, found in the maw of a cod-fish, then opened in our fish-market in the presence of many. In the same were two pieces

of sail-cloth, one, half an ell at the least, of unequal breadth, but in some part very broad; the other, about half a yard long, of the breadth of a pudding-bag. These found wrapped in the bottom of the stomach; the book above them.

"The title of the book, being opened, was on the top of every page—"Preparation to the Crosse." It was printed in an English letter, which, by the fashion, spelling of some words, as *sande* for sand, *easyar* for easier and the like, seemed to be written about the end of king Henry VIII. wherein I was afterwards fully confirmed by some other passages, if all be of one author.

"When I first saw it, it seemed almost turned into a jelly, and consumed; yet, though it were loathsome then to handle or stand over, yet, finding the table of the two books of the *Preparation to the Crosse* in the middle parts, and so not so slimy, with a tender lifting with my knife, I read them all, put clean paper between these leaves to preserve them, and since escribed all, being the contents of every several chapter. The first was *A Preparation to the Crosse, and how it must be patiently borne.* I took special notice of two other:—

"'1. If thou be tempted of the faith of thy parents: as, wherefore believest not thou that which thy forefathers have believed?

"'2. If thou be tempted of strange religion, of worshipping of saints, pictures or images, or men.' There was another book at the end of these, in whose title-leaf the first of the contents was *A Letter, which was written to the faithful Followers of Christ's Gospell.*

"I saw all with mine own eyes, the fish, the maw, the pieces of sail-cloth, the book, and observed all I have written; only I saw not the opening of the fish, which not many did, being upon the fishwoman's stall in the market, who first cut off his head, to which the maw hanging, and seeming much stuffed with somewhat, it was searched, and all found as aforesaid. He that had had his nose as near as I yester-morning, would have been persuaded there was no imposture here without witness. The fish came from Lynn. How they fed him there, I know not."

EPIGRAM.

Though 'tis a fate that's pretty sure,
If born a poet to be poor,
I'd rather be a bard by birth,
Than live the richest dunce on earth.

PODOLOGY.

When Dr. Gall first announced his new system of Craniology, the wits of Paris found it a good subject on which to exercise their talents, and it was attacked with all the light artillery of jokes and epigrams. Among others, Mercier, the author of the *Tableau de Paris*, entered the lists with his *podology* against *craniology*, in a squib, in which he contended, that "it is not in the head that ideas reside, nor by the head that man differs from other animals; that a man without a head would not, on that account, be less reflecting; in short, that the head says nothing, does nothing, and contributes nothing to the observation of man. It is his *foot* which does every thing. It is in the *foot* that we must seek and find the stamp of man's original dignity. In the foot? Yes, sir, in the foot! Look at the footman, who smiles at your surprize—is it not the foot which supports the head? Does not the foot express anger and indignation? In Spain, all matters of love and gallantry begin with the foot. The foot, in China, plays the first part. There is nothing more rude, than to tread upon another's foot: when a man gets intoxicated, his foot refuses to carry him in that state of debasement; in fact, the foot cannot lie like the mouth and eyes. You must perceive, then, that the foot has all those qualities which prove a man to be a thinking being, or, in other words, the foot is the seat of the soul. If you would know, therefore, whether a woman is tender or faithless, if a man has the understanding of Montesquieu, or the folly of ——, instead of looking at his skull, you must see his foot. Yes, good Dr. Gall; you shall see my *head*, and I will examine your feet."

"A SPECIMEN OF THE SCOTS REVIEW."

A clever *jeu de esprit* appeared in Edinburgh in 1774, entitled "A Specimen of the Scots Review." It consisted of thirty pages, neatly printed in octavo, but without the name of any printer or publisher. It professed to give a prospectus and a specimen of a new Review, but the whole object of the writer appeared to be to laugh at some persons who were obnoxious to him, and particularly to ridicule the virulence, and to lower the pretensions of those who had signalized themselves by their attacks upon the philosophical writings of Hume. In this pamphlet, a promise was held out that the "arch-infidel" was himself to be reviewed, in the first place;

and next, "those authors who have waged an holy war against him." Of these a list is given with their characters, the delineation of which, in no very favourable colours, appears to have exhausted the main object of the piece, though one or two gentle hits are levelled at the historian himself.

This *jeu d'esprit* naturally attracted the attention of Hume, from its prominent reference to himself, and he has recorded his opinion of it in the following letter to Mr. Home, the author of the tragedy of "Douglas."

"St. Andrew's Square, 4th June, 1774.

"Dear John,

"The inclosed came to hand to-day, and, as I take it to be directed to you, I have sent it you. If, on opening it, you find otherwise, you may return it me, that I may find the true owner.

"You have seen, no doubt, the specimen of a Scotch Review. My first conjecture was, that Carlyle was the author; but Dr. Blair has convinced me that it is much more probably the production of your spiritual guide, Tom Hepburn. But, whoever be the father, the child has a great deal of salt, and spirit, and humour. I wish he would continue, though at the hazard of my getting a rap over the knuckles from time to time; for I see in this hero the spirit of a Drawcansir, who spares neither friend nor foe. I think I can reckon about twenty people, not including the king, whom he has attacked in this short performance. I hope all his spleen is not exhausted. I should desire my compliments to him, were I not afraid that he would interpret the civility as paying *black mail* to him.

"I am, dear John,
"Yours sincerely,
"DAVID HUME."

BISHOP WATSON'S APOLOGY FOR THE BIBLE.

THE most important and popular work that the bishop of Llandaff ever wrote, was his "Apology for the Bible," in answer to Paine's Age of Reason. It was published in 1796, and was of singular service in stopping that torrent of infidelity which Paine had excited. Mr. David Dale, the cotton-manufacturer, of New Lanark, was so pleased with the bishop's "Apology," that he asked and obtained permission to print 3000 copies at his own expense, to be distributed among his own workmen, and many thousands were gratuitously cir-

culated in other parts of England and Scotland. The work was, indeed, honoured with the particular notice of royalty itself; and his majesty, George the Fourth, when Regent, caused the following letter to be transmitted to the author.

"My Lord, Carlton-house, May 4th, 1812.

"It affords me the greatest satisfaction to have it in command from the Prince Regent to make known to your lordship, a circumstance which he is sure will, on every account, afford your lordship equal gratification to that which he has himself experienced from it. After dinner yesterday, at Carlton-house, the conversation turned upon the general immorality and profligacy of the present day, when principles and opinions, subversive of all religion and morality, were not only held by many, but studiously endeavoured to be instilled into the minds of others. One of the most violent of these, a Sussex baronet, was mentioned by a Mr. Tyrwhitt, (who, I believe, is not unknown to your lordship,) as having uttered opinions in his hearing so infamous and atheistical, as to force him to leave the company, first, however, exacting from him a promise, that he would attentively peruse a book he should next morning send him. That book was your lordship's 'Apology for the Bible;' and yesterday, the baronet's answer was read, expressive of the greatest thankfulness for having had it put into his hands, as it not only had decidedly and clearly proved the error and fallacy of every opinion he had before entertained, but had afforded him a degree of secret comfort and tranquillity that his mind had previously been a stranger to.

"I have the honour to be, my Lord,

"Your lordship's very much obliged

"and obedient servant,

"W. Braddyll."

To this letter the bishop of Llandaff returned the following answer; it shows the almost unprecedented popularity of his work, which had thus been honoured with royal notice and attention, though the author was not rewarded, but lived and died prelate of the poorest diocese in the British dominions.

"My dear Sir, May 8th, 1812.

"The Prince Regent judges rightly of my character; for the circumstance which he has had the kind condescension to command you to make known to me does indeed fill my

heart with real joy. When the 'Apology for the Bible' was first published in 1796, I received many letters of thanks; not only from individuals, acknowledging the benefit they had derived from the perusal of it, but from public bodies in Ireland and America. I permitted many thousand copies of it to be printed in Great Britain, without any profit, or wish of profit, to myself, and yet I cleared above £1000 by its publication, which sum, accruing from such a source, had my family been less, or my means of providing for it greater, I should have had the greatest satisfaction in consecrating to some work of charity; nay, I was so bent on doing this, that I drew up the subjoined inscription for it:

Rerum universitatis conditori conservatorique
Deo optimo, maximo, unico;
Ob vitam mortalem sub ejus Numine feliciter actam,
Ob spem vitæ immortalis εν Κριστω feliciter agendæ,
Hoc quantulumcunque grati animi monumentum,
Sacrum esse voluit
RICARDUS LANDAVENSIS.

For the very obliging manner in which you have signified to me this instance of the prince's remembrance of a retired bishop, I beg you to accept my best thanks, and to esteem me your faithful friend and servant,

"R. LANDAFF."

STORY OF MR. AND MRS. DUSTAN.

(From the MS. Travels of the late President Dwight, of Yale College.)

THE late President Dwight was at great pains to collect as much information of the early history of the United States, and as many facts and anecdotes of the inhabitants, particularly during the period of Indian warfare, as was in his power. In this he was more successful than could have been expected; and it will probably be owing to his exertions, that many very interesting events, which occurred in the first century after the settlement of the country by white inhabitants, are not in a great measure lost even to the present generation. The following account of the sufferings and heroism of one family in Massachusetts will, we have no doubt, be read with deep interest.

"Haverhill was settled in the year 1637, and incorporated in 1645. During the first seventy-five years from its settle-

ment it suffered often, and greatly, by savage depredations. In the year 1697, on the 5th day of March, a body of Indians attacked this town, burnt a small number of houses, and killed and captured about forty of the inhabitants. A party of them, arrayed in all the terrors of the Indian war-dress, and carrying with them the multiplied horrors of a savage invasion, approached near to the house of a Mr. Dustan. This man was abroad at his usual labour. Upon the first alarm, he flew to the house, with the hope of conveying to a place of safety his family, consisting of his wife, who had been confined a week only in child-bed; her nurse, a Mrs. Mary Taff, a widow from the neighbourhood, and eight children. Seven of his children he ordered to flee with the utmost expedition, in the course opposite to that in which the danger was approaching; and went himself to assist his wife. Before she could leave her bed, the savages were upon them. Her husband, despairing of rendering her any service, flew to the door, mounted his horse, and determined to snatch up the child, with which he was unable to part, when he should overtake the little flock. When he came up to them, about two hundred yards from his house, he was unable to make a choice, or to leave any one of the number. He therefore determined to take his lot with them, and to defend them from their murderers, or die by their side. A body of the Indians pursued, and came up with him, and from near distances, fired at him and his little company. He returned the fire, and retreated, alternately. For more than a mile he kept so resolute a face to his enemy, retiring in the rear of his charge; returned the fire of the savages so often, and with so good success; and sheltered so effectually his terrified companions, that he finally lodged them all, safe from the pursuing butchers, in a distant house. When it is remembered how numerous his assailants were, how bold, when an overmatch for their enemies, how active, and what excellent marksmen, a devout mind will consider the hand of Providence as unusually visible in the preservation of this family.

"Another party of the Indians entered the house immediately after Mr. Dustan had quitted it, and found Mrs. Dustan and her nurse, who was attempting to fly with the infant in her arms. Mrs. Dustan they ordered to rise instantly; and, before she could completely dress herself, obliged her and her companion to quit the house, after they had plundered it and set it on fire. In company with several other captives, they began their march into the wilderness; she, feeble, sick, terrified beyond measure, partially clad, one of her feet bare, and the season utterly unfit for comfortable travelling. The air was chilly and keen, and the earth covered

alternately with snow and deep mud. Her conductors were unfeeling, insolent, and revengeful. Murder was their glory, and torture their sport. Her infant was in her nurse's arms; and infants were the customary victims of savage barbarity.

"The company had proceeded but a short distance, when an Indian, thinking it an incumbrance, took the child out of the nurse's arms, and dashed its head against a tree. What were then the feelings of the mother!

"Such of the other captives as began to be weary, and to lag, the Indians tomahawked. The slaughter was not an act of revenge, nor of cruelty. It was a mere convenience,—an effort so familiar, as not even to excite emotion.

"Feeble as Mrs. Dustan was, both she and her nurse sustained, without yielding, the fatigue of the journey. Their intense distress for the death of the child, and of their companions; anxiety for those whom they had left behind, and unceasing terror for themselves, raised these unhappy women to such a degree of vigour, that, notwithstanding their fatigue, their exposure to cold, their sufferance of hunger, and their sleeping on the damp ground under an inclement sky, they finished an expedition of about one hundred and fifty miles, without losing their spirits or injuring their health.

"The wigwam to which they were conducted, and which belonged to the savage who had claimed them as his property, was inhabited by twelve persons. In the month of April, this family set out with their captives for a settlement still more remote; and informed them, that, when they arrived at the settlement, they must be stripped, scourged, and run the gauntlet, naked, between two files of Indians, containing the whole number found in the settlement, for such they declared was the standing custom of their nation. This information, you will believe, made a deep impression on the minds of the captive women; and led them irresistibly to devise all the possible means of escape. On the 31st of the same month, very early in the morning, Mrs. Dustan, while the Indians were asleep, having awakened her nurse, and a fellow-prisoner, (a youth taken some time before from Worcester,) despatched, with the assistance of her companions, ten of the twelve Indians; the other two escaped. With the scalps of those savages, they returned through the wilderness; and, having arrived safely at Haverhill, and afterwards at Boston, received a handsome reward for their intrepid conduct from the legislature.

"Whether all their suffering, and all the danger of suffering anew, justified this slaughter, may probably be questioned by you, or some other exact moralist. Precedents innumerable, and of high authority, may, indeed, be urged in behalf of

these captives; but the moralist will equally question the rectitude of these. Few persons, however, agonising as Mrs. Dustan did, under the evils she had already suffered, and in the full apprehension of those which she was destined to suffer, would have been able to act the part of nice casuists; and fewer still, perhaps, would have exercised her intrepidity. That she herself approved of the conduct, which was applauded by the magistrates and divines of the day, in the cool hours of deliberation, cannot be doubted. The truth is, the season of Indian invasion, burning, butchering, captivity, threatening, and torture, is an unfortunate time for nice investigation and critical moralizing. A wife, who had just seen her house burnt, her infant dashed against a tree, and her companions coldly murdered one by one,—who supposed her husband and her remaining children to have shared the same fate,—who was threatened with torture, and indecency more painful than torture,—and who did not entertain a doubt that the threatening would be fulfilled, would probably feel no necessity, when she found it in her power to despatch the authors of her sufferings, of asking questions concerning any thing but the success of the enterprise.

"But whatever may be thought of the rectitude of *her* conduct, that of her husband is in every view honourable. A finer succession of scenes for the pencil was hardly ever presented to the eye, than was furnished by the efforts of this gallant man, with their interesting appendages. The artist must be destitute, indeed, of talents, who would not engross every heart, as well as every eye, by exhibitions of this husband and father flying to rescue his wife, her infant, and her nurse, from the approaching horde of savages,—attempting, on his horse, to select from his flying family, the child which he was the least able to spare, and unable to make the selection,—facing in their rear the horde of hell-hounds,—alternately and sternly retreating behind his inestimable charge, and fronting the enemy again,—receiving and returning their fire, and presenting himself equally, as a barrier against murderers, and a shelter to the flight of innocence and anguish. In the back ground of some or other of these pictures might be exhibited, with powerful impression, the kindled dwellings, the sickly mother, the terrified nurse with the new-born infant in her arms, and the furious natives surrounding them, driving them forward, and displaying the trophies of savage victory, and the insolence of savage triumph."

TYRANNY OF HENRY THE EIGHTH.

A SINGULAR instance of the tyranny of Henry VIII. is recorded in the Talbot manuscripts. The council, in a post-script to a letter to the earl of Shrewsbury, then lord-lieutenant in the north of England, say—"We send herewith a letter, to be conveyed with diligence to the warden of the Middle Marches, by the contents whereof your lordship may perceive our proceedings with one Reed, an alderman of London, who repaireth down thither to serve in those parts; praying your lordship, at his passing by you northwards, to make him as strange countenance as the letter appointeth him strange service for a man of that sort."

This letter is signed "Thomas Wriothesly," chancellor; "Charles Suffolk," "William Paget." The inclosed letter above alluded to, which is not a little curious, is directed to "Sir Ralf Eure," and is as follows:

"After our right hearty commendations. Whereas the king's highness being burdened, as you know, with the inestimable charge of his wars, (which his grace hath prosperously followed the space almost of one whole year, and must perforce, for the necessary defence of the realm, therein continue it is not known how long,) hath, for the maintenance thereof, required lately a contribution, by way of benevolence, of his highness's loving subjects; and began the execution thereof, first, with us of his grace's council, whom his majesty, according unto our most bounden duties, found in such conformity as we trust was to his grace's contentation; and from us proceeding unto the citizens of London, found them also, upon such declaration as was made unto them of the necessity of the thing, as honestly inclined to the uttermost of their powers, as they saw the request to be grounded upon most reasonable causes. Only one there was, named Richard Reed, an alderman of London, the said city, who (notwithstanding both such necessary persuasions and declarations as for the purpose at great length were shewed unto him, and the consent also and the conformity thereunto of all his company) stood alone in the refusal of the same, not only himself upon a disobedient stomach, utterly denying to give therein to the accomplishment of his duty in that part, but thereby also giving example, as much as in one man might lye, to breed a like *difformity* in a great many of the rest. And forasmuch as for the defence of the realm and himself, and for the continuance of his quiet life, he would not find in his heart to disburse a little quantity of his substance, his majesty hath thought it

much reason to cause him to do some service for his country with his body, whereby he might somewhat be instructed of the difference between the sitting quietly in his house, and the travel and danger which others dayly do sustain, whereby he hath been hitherto maintained in the same; and for this purpose, his grace hath thought good to send him unto your school, as you shall perceive by such letters as he shall deliver unto you, there to serve as a soldier, and yet both he and his men at his own charge, requiring you not only as you shall have occasion to send forth to any place for the doing of any enterprize upon the enemies, to cause him to ride forth to the same, and to do in all things as other soldiers are appointed to do without respect, but also to bestow him in such a place in garrison as he may feel what pains other poor soldiers abide abroad in the king's service, and know the smart of his folly and sturdy disobedience. Finally, you must use him in all things after the sharp discipline military of the northern wars."

So well were the king's wishes obeyed, that this patriotic alderman, the sole opponent of an arbitrary tax, was allowed to be taken prisoner by the Scots, not without some suspicion of unfairness, and paid a hundred times more for his ransom than the contribution demanded.

PRESIDENT ADAMS ON TOLERATION.

*Letter from President Adams to the Editor of the New York National Advocate.**

SIR, Quincy; July 31st, 1818.

Accept my best thanks for your polite and obliging favour of the 24th, and especially for the discourse inclosed. I know not when I have read a more liberal or more elegant composition.

You have not extended your ideas of the right of private judgment and the liberty of conscience, both in religion and philosophy, farther than I do. Mine are limited only by morals and propriety.

I have had occasion to be acquainted with several gentlemen of your nation, and to transact business with some of them, whom I found to be men of as liberal minds, as much

* A gentleman of the Jewish persuasion.

honour, probity, generosity, and good breeding, as any I have known, in any sect of religion or philosophy.

I wish your nation may be admitted to all the privileges of citizens in every country of the world. This country has done much; I wish it may do more, and annul every narrow idea in religion, government, and commerce. Let the wits joke, the philosopher sneer. What then? It has pleased the Providence of the first cause, the universal cause, that Abraham should give religion, not only to the Hebrews but to Christians and Mahometans, the greatest part of the modern civilized world. JOHN ADAMS."

THE MEMORY OF ERIN:

An American Song for St. Patrick's Day.

ERIN, tho' lost, still dear to all,
Who once in childhood breath'd thy air;
We seek not now to mourn thy fall,
But bless thee, and the friends still there:
There is, in thy unhappy fate,
Some spell, which strongly draws to thee
The love of all—save those who hate
Whate'er is virtuous, brave, and free.

We know not if thy doom is cast
O'er faded hopes, and chains to weep;
If smiles and frowns have power at last,
To lull all former thoughts to sleep.
We ask not now—our home is here—
Land of our choice, our love, our pride;
Where we may boast, through sorrow's tear,
How Erin's sons have lived and died.

Tho' we are wanderers in thy sight,
And bound elsewhere by sacred ties;
If Freedom guide our steps, then flight
Is holy even in honour's eyes.
And still we hail with joy the day,
When old affections fly to meet
Old scenes, old friends, now far away,
But once enjoyed, for ever sweet.

HOWARD'S WORK ON LAZARETTOS.

THE world is well acquainted with the benevolent exertions of the philanthropic Howard in mitigating the miseries of prisons, and the world has done justice to his memory in appreciating them. When living, he was honoured with the attention of the sovereigns in Europe, and his death at Cherson was announced in the Petersburgh Gazette, and afterwards copied into the London Gazette, an honour never paid to any other private individual. It is not, however, generally known, with what unremitting ardour he pursued his god-like design, not only visiting all the prisons in Europe, the Lazarettos, and other quarantine institutions, but when at home, devoting his whole time to his favourite object. His correspondence gives full evidence of this, as may be seen by the following extracts from his letters written at Warrington, while his work on Lazarettos was in the press.

"Dec. 28th, 1779.—I hope, on Monday se'nnight, to begin on my octavo edition: I devote my whole time to it. I have not been a quarter of a mile out since I have been here, but, I bless God, I am well, and a great weight will soon be off my mind.

"Jan. 8th, 1780.—I wrote this week, plagued with printer's devils on holidays. You are not to wonder a man's out of humour—but we must now go on well.

"Jan. 31st, 1780.—I keep close to my business; this *morning at my books before three.* I wish to deliver my presents before the judges go their circuits, as I do know and rejoice in it, that they do check my account on their tour.

"Feb. 12th, 1780.—Make your son a present of half my letter. Tell him how, in Bedfordshire, I have broke in my bricklayers, hedgers, &c.; if done wrong and careless, every stake and brick is taken up and begun afresh.

"Feb. 18th, 1784.—Since I had the pleasure of seeing you I have not been idle; not a mile and a half out of town; and few mornings have I ever been a-bed at 4 o'clock, for I have had, for many weeks past, six sheets a-week.

"P.S. I allude to none of your political squabbles; I content myself with one country paper."

THE WONDERS OF THE NIAGARA.

THE following very interesting account of some of the wonders of the Niagara, is extracted from a letter from an officer of the United States' army, dated, Fort Niagara, September 27, 18—.

"I made an excursion, not long since, in company with three other gentlemen, to a place called the Devil's Hole. It is a huge chasm in the bank of the river, three miles below the falls. The height of the bank at this place is estimated at nearly thirty feet from the surface of the river, and it is composed chiefly of layers of limestone. In this bank, a gap extending from the border of the river about 200 yards into the country, and of a various width, from twenty to 700 yards, appears as if dug out by human labour. Its walls or sides are either perpendicular or shelving over, but in no place sloping—so that, on looking over the brink, you would suppose a person at the bottom could have but small hopes of ever arriving upon the surface of the earth again. No outlet appears but that of the river, and that offers only the last consolation to misery—death. But fear and astonishment deform objects. After the first impressions have subsided, and the dizziness caused by looking down from such a height has left the head steady, the view is of a different character. At the upper extremity, towards the country, the perpendicular descent is not more than forty or fifty feet, after which the angle of the slope to the river-side is about forty-five degrees. In a field, at the distance of four or five hundred yards from this point, a small brook suddenly leaves its course and sinks into the earth, and is seen no more till it emerges in foam and bubbles in the centre of the Devil's Hole, from whence its pursues a rough precipitous channel into the Niagara. A deed of horrour was acted at the Devil's Hole, of which it was a proper theatre. Tradition tells the story, and ascribes to it the origin of the name. On a certain night, during the last French war, as a party of Englishmen were going from the head to the foot of the portage, with waggons loaded with merchandize, and under an escort of soldiers, a party of Indians in alliance with the French sprang from a ravine just in the rear of the Devil's Hole, where they had lain in ambush, and cut them off from retreat in every direction but in the hole. The dreadful yell breaking upon the still gloom of midnight, and resounding through the dark cavern and the forest, announced their fate, and was alone sufficient to deprive them of all power of resistance. They surrendered, therefore, without a struggle, expecting the

tomahawk soon to put an end to their terrors and their existence. But, no: they were mistaken. The savage seems here to have risen above himself in horrors. They conducted their victims to the edge of a cliff which hangs over the Devil's Hole, and with one sweep plunged them all into the profound abyss. Men, beasts, and waggons, all fell together, and were dashed to pieces on the bottom, excepting one man, who escaped in a most extraordinary manner by lodging in the branch of a tree growing near the precipice: he is said to be living now somewhere in this state. There may be some exaggeration in this story, but I give the facts as I received them. In evidence of the truth of the story, there have been pieces of iron belonging to a waggon found on the spot where they fell.

"Travellers, who have visited the Falls, have heretofore looked into the Devil's Hole, and retired, without indulging their curiosity further; but several of the inhabitants in the vicinity had ventured down before we undertook to explore it. We effected our descent without much hazard, but, not being prepared with tools and labourers to dig for remains, we merely passed through to the river, and returned. The view of the river at this spot is really terrific. It rolls and tumbles along with inconceivable force, dashing against its rugged banks, and roaring like a hurricane. In some places, it piles itself into huge waves, which tumble into foam, and are succeeded by others. Upon the whole, I think this scene, including the immense piles of rocks which bound it on every side, must be one of the most sublime that nature affords, the Falls only excepted. Large cakes of ice are found among the rocks, along the rivulet that runs through the Devil's Hole, at all times of the year. The banks of the river, for the extent of twelve miles, are one continuation of natural wonders, of which the Falls and the Devil's Hole are the principal."

Extract of a Letter from Estwick Evans, Esq. the New-Hampshire Pedestrian.

"In relation to the Falls of Niagara, I was much disappointed, both with respect to the height and quantity of water propelled over them in a given time. There is, however, in their eternal roar, a nameless solitude. The rapids, first above the Falls, excited much more interest: dark, furious, and perplexed, they rush towards the Falls, as though eager for destruction. Here the imagination at once becomes aroused, and with a sombre yet vivid glance surveys the opposite and renowned plains of Chippewa and Bridgewater. Then returning to the Rapids, it hears, in the voice of their fury, the half-drowned vow of the warrior, and sees in their mist his falling

steed and brandishing falchion. The trees near the Falls were all prostrated by the weight of congealed vapour, and seemed to worship most devoutly the Great Author of this grand spectacle. A beautiful rainbow arched the river below, and numerous gulls were obscurely seen sailing through the thick exhalations, which filled the whole space to the Canada side. Charon and his boat only were wanted to complete the scene.

"How great are the advantages of solitude! and how impressive is the grand in nature! The force of thought and luxury of sentiment which the wilderness inspires, are indescribable. Here man feels at once humble and exalted. *Silence*, with a voice of thunder, maintains the cause of virtue, and the human soul experiences the tranquil ardour of immortal hopes. I was surprised to find that the river Niagara and Lake Ontario never freeze. It is a fact, of which I was ignorant. The cause of it is not easily ascertained."

EPITAPHS ON WOLFE.

On the death of general Wolfe, a premium was offered for the best written epitaph on that brave officer. A number of poets of all descriptions started as candidates; and among the rest was a poem sent to the editor of the Public Ledger, of which the following was one of the stanzas:

"He march'd without dread or fears
At the head of his bold grenadiers;
And what was more remarkable—nay, *very particular*,
He climbed up rocks that were perpendicular."

MAIDS OF HONOUR.

The young ladies of family who are placed about the person of the queen consort, with the appellation of Maids of Honour, have always been exposed to that description of flippant wit which is generally found at courts and among courtiers. There is a curious letter extant, written in the reign of James I. by the earl of Worcester, on the appointment of this female branch of state attendance on Anne of Denmark, his queen. Speaking of the maids of honour and the ladies of the bed-chamber, he most ungallantly observes, that "The plotting mallice among them is suche, that I think envey hath teyd an invisible snake about some of their necks, to sting won another to deaythe. For the presence, there are now five

maydes, Cary, Middlemore, Woodhouse, Gargrane, Roper; the sixt is determined, but not come. God send them good fortune, for, as yet, they have no *mother*."

This maternal appellation was at that time given to some dowager lady of rank, who, with great propriety, was chosen as governess over the maids of honour. A similar appointment existed in the court of France; and the memoirs of Anne of Austria describe the great trouble the lady, who then held the situation, had to protect her charge against the attempted familiarities of Louis XIV. towards the close of his minority. No mother of the maids of honour has been appointed in the English court since the revolution of 1688.

LADY ARABELLA STUART.

THE following pathetic ballad was written on the unfortunate lady, Arabella Stuart, who, on account of her double relation to royalty, excited the jealousy of queen Elizabeth, and fell a victim to the persecutions of her accuser, king James the First:

"THE

"True Lover's Knot Untied:

Being the right PATH whereby to advise Princely Virgins how to behave themselves, by the example of the renowned Princess, the Lady ARABELLA, and the second SON of the Lord *Seymour*, late Earl of *Hartfort*. To the Tune of Frog's Galliard, &c.

"Licensed and Entered according to Order.

"As I to *Ireland* did pass,
I saw a ship at anchor lay,
Another ship likewise there was,
Which from fair *England* took her way.

This ship that sail'd from fair *England*,
Unknown unto our gracious king,
The lord chief justice did command,
That they to *London* should her bring.

I drew more near, and saw more plain
Lady *Arabella* in distress;
She wrung her hands and wept amain,
Bewailing of her heaviness.

When near fair *London* Tower she came,
Whereat her landing-place should be,
The king and queen, with all their train,
Did meet this lady gallantly.

" How now, *Arabella*," then our king
Unto this lady straight did say,
" Who hath first ty'd ye to this thing,
That you from England took your way?"

" None but myself, my gracious liege,
These ten long years I've been in love
With the lord *Seymor's* second son,
The earl of *Hartford*, so we prove:

Though he be not the mightiest man
Of goods and livings in the land,
Yet I have lands us to maintain,
So much your grace doth understand:

My lands and livings are well known
Unto your book of majesty,
Amount to twelve-score pounds a-week,
Besides what I do give," quoth she.

" In gallant *Darbyshire* likewise,
I nine-score beadsmen maintain there
With hats and gown, and house-rent free,
And every man five marks a-year.

I never raised rent," said she,
" Nor yet opprest the tennant poor;
I never took no bribes for fines;
For why? I had enough before.

Whom of your nobles will do so,
For to maintain the commonalty?
Such multitude would never grow,
Nor be such store of poverty.

I would I had a milk-maid been,
Or born of some more low degree,
Then I might have loved where I like,
And no man could have hindred me:

Or, would I were some yeoman's child,
For to receive my portion now,
According unto my degree,
As other virgins as I know.

The highest branch that soars aloft
Needs must beshade the myrtle-tree,
Needs must the shadow of them both
Shadow the third in his degree.

But when the tree is cut and gone,
And from the ground is borne away,
The lowest tree that there doth stand,
In time, may grow as high as they.

Once when I thought to have been queen,
But yet that still I do deny,
I knew your grace had right to th' crown
Before *Elizabeth* did dye.

You of the eldest sister came,
I of the second in degree,
The earl of Hartford of the third—
A man of royal blood was he.

And so good night, my sovereign liege,
Since in the Tower I must lye,
I hope your grace will condescend,
That I may have my liberty."

" Lady *Arabella*," said our king,
" I to your freedom would consent,
If you would turn and go to church,
There to receive the sacrament.

And so good night, *Arabella* fair,"
Our king reply'd to her again,
" I will take counsel of my nobility,
That you your freedom may obtain."

" Once more to prison must I go,"
Lady *Arabella* then did say,
" To leave my love breeds all my woe,
The which will be my life's decay.

Love is a knot none can unknit,
Fancy a liking of the heart;
Him whom I love I cannot forget,
Though from his presence I must part.

The meanest people enjoy their mates,
For I was born, unhappily,
For being crost by cruel fates,—
I want both love and liberty.

But death, I hope, will end the strife;
Farewell, farewell, my love," quoth she:
" Once I had thought to have been thy wife,
But now am forc'd to part with thee."

At this sad meeting she had cause,
In heart and mind, to grieve full sore;
After that time, *Arabella* fair
Did never see lord Seymour more.

"*London*: Printed by and for W. O. and are to be sold by the booksellers of Pye-corner and London-bridge."*

CONNUBIAL LOVE.

O Love!—Heaven's sweetest boon, bestow'd,
To cheer our dreary pilgrim road;
That with a changeless fervour glows,
'Midst burning sands, or polar snows;
Without thy soul-enchanting power,
Joyless was Eden's brightest bower;
In vain its roses shed perfume
O'er fields of ever-during bloom:
Every hope was sear'd and blighted,
Every bliss was disunited,
And paradise was half unblest,
'Till infant Love became a guest.
Where angel beauty never smiled,
The fairest spot on earth were wild;
For love alone our home endears,
Love softens e'en the grief of tears,
Like erring creed of Moslem faith,
Whose Houris soothe the pangs of death.

A.

WORCESTER BELLS.

In the days of popery, bells, when consecrated, received the names of particular saints; but in later times they have been differently appropriated. In St. Helen's church, at Worcester, there is a set of bells cast in the time, of queen Anne, which bear names and inscriptions that record the victories gained during that reign, as follow:

1. *Blenheim.*

"First is my note, and Blenheim is my name;
For Blenheim's story will be first in fame."

---

* There is a wooden cut, in two parts: one representing some vessel at sea; and the other, lady Arabella with a fan in her hand.

2. *Barcelona.*

" Let me relate how Louis did bemoan
His grandson Philip's flight from Barcelon."

3. *Ramilies.*

" Deluged in blood, I, Ramilies, advance
Britannia's glory on the fall of France."

4. *Menin.*

" Let Menin on my sides engraven be;
And Flanders freed from Gallic slavery."

5. *Turin.*

" When in harmonious peal I roundly go,
Think on Turin, and triumphs on the Po."

6. *Eugene.*

" With joy I hear illustrious Eugene's name;
Fav'rite of fortune and the boast of fame."

7. *Marlborough.*

" But I for pride, the greater Marlborough bear;
Terror of tyrants, and the soul of war."

8. *Queen Anne.*

" Th' immortal praises of queen Anne I sound,
With union blest, and all these glories crown'd."

The inscriptions on these bells are all dated 1706, except that on the seventh, which is dated 1712.

EPIGRAM BY DR. ADAMS.

VENUS, as Vulcan's wife, commands the fire,
As lord of Mars, she hath all weapons by her;
Born of the sea, she doth the sea command;
What mortal man these forces can withstand?
In Venus then all secret mischiefs lurk,
That fire or sword, or raging sea can work.

Harleian MSS. Vol. 4955.

THE PATRIOT'S PRAYER.

PARENT of all, Omnipotent!
In heaven and earth below;
Through all creation's bounds unspent,
Whose streams of goodness flow.

Teach me to know from whence I rose,
And unto what design'd;
No private aims let me propose,
Since link'd with human kind.

But chief to hear my country's voice,
May all my thoughts incline;
'Tis reason's law, 'tis virtue's choice,
'Tis nature's call and thine.

Me from fair freedom's sacred cause
Let nothing e'er divide;
Grandeur, nor gold, nor vain applause,
Nor friendship false misguide.

Let men of factions, partial hate
Pursue to Britain's woe,
Nor grasp the thunder of the state
To wound a private foe.

If for the right to wish the wrong
My country should combine;
Single to serve th' erroneous throng,
Spite of themselves be mine.

London Chronicle, 1757.

SINGULAR EPITAPH.

The "Providence Gazette" gives the following epitaph as copied from a tomb-stone in the town of Cranston, R. I.

"Here lies the Body of
JOSEPH WILLIAMS, Esq.
Son of ROGER WILLIAMS, Esq.
(Who was the First White Man that came to Providence.)
He was born 1644,
And died in the 81st year of his age.

In King Philip's war, he courageously went through,
And the native Indians he bravely did subdue,
And now he's gone down into the grave, and he will be no more
Until it please Almighty God his body to restore
Into some proper shape, as he thinks fit to be,
Perhaps, like a grain of wheat, as Paul set forth, you see,
Corinthians 1 Book, 15 Chap. 37 Verse."

THE NEGRO's RETORT.

As lately return'd from the Isles of the West,
Lorenzo, with health and prosperity blest,
And surrounded by friends, at his table presided,
Where all the good things of this world were provided;
A domestic, with Africa's hue on his skin,
A basket of apples and chesnuts brought in.
Lorenzo, with wine and good fellowship warm,
To laugh at poor Mungo conceiv'd it no harm;
And exclaim'd, as he held up the fruit to his view,
"This apple's a white man; this chesnut is you."
"Ah! Massa," said Mungo, "acknowledge I must,
The connection is good, the comparison just;
But Negro, like chesnut, tho' dark in his skin,
Is *white*, firm, and sound, at the *kernel* within;
While, tho' beauteous like apples is Buckra* so smart,
He has oft *many little black grains at his heart*."

A.

PROCLAMATION OF JAMES THE FIRST.

THE following curious Proclamation by James the First, respecting the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, who had fled into foreign parts to escape the punishment due to repeated treasons, shews a greater anxiety than we see usually evinced by crowned heads, to stand well in the judgment of the world. It is transcribed from an original copy of the Proclamation, "Imprinted at London, by Robert Barker, printer to the King's Most Excellent Majestie, Anno Dom. 1607."

By the King. A Proclamation touching the Earles of Tyrone and Tyrconnell.

Seeing it is common and natural in all persons of what condition soever, to speak and judge variably of all new and sudden accidents, and that the flight of the Earles of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, with some others of their fellowes out of the North parts of our realme of Ireland, may haply proove a subject of like discourse: wee have thought it not amisse to deliver some such matter in publique, as may better cleare mens judgements concerning the same; not in respect of any worth or value in these mens persons, being base and rude in their originall; but to take away all such inconveniences as may blemish the reputation of that friendship which ought to be

* The Negro's name for a white man.

mutually observed between us and other princes. For although it is not unlikely, that the report of their titles and dignities may draw from princes and states some such courtesies at their first comming abroad, as are incident to men of extraordinary rancke and qualitie: yet when wee have taken the best meanes wee can to lay them open in every condition, wee shall then expect from our friends and neighbours all such just and noble proceedings, as stand with the rules of honour and friendship; and from our subjects at home and abroad, that duty and obedience (in their carriage toward them) which they owe to us by inseparable bonds and obligations of nature and loyaltie, whereof we intend to take streight accompt. For which purpose we do hereby first declare that these persons above mentioned had not their creations or possessions in regard of any lineall or lawfull descent from ancestors of blood or vertue, but were onely preferred by the late queene our sister of famous memory, and by our selves for some reasons of state, before others, who for their qualitie and birth (in those provinces where they dwell) might better have challenged those honours which were conferred upon them. Secondly, wee doe professe, that it is both known to us and our counsell here, and to our deputie and state there, and so shall it appeare to the world (as cleare as the sunne) by evident proofes, that the onely ground and motive of this high contempt in these mens departure, hath bene the private knowledge and inward terrour of their own guiltinesse: whereof, because wee heare that they doe seeke to take away the blot and infamie by divulging that they have withdrawn themselves for matter of religion, (a cloake that serves too much in these dayes to cover many evill intentions) adding also thereunto some other vaine pretexts of receiving injustice, when their rights and claimes have come in question betweene them and us, or any of our subjects and them, wee thinke it not impertinent to say somewhat thereof.

And therefore, although wee judge it needlesse to seeke for many arguments to confirme whatsoever shall be said of these mens corruption and falshood, (whose hainous offences remaine so fresh in memorie since they declared themselves so very monsters in nature, as they did not only withdraw themselves from their personall obedience to their soveraigne, but were content to sell over their native countrey to those that stood at that time in the highest termes of hostilitie with the two crownes of England and Ireland) yet to make the absurditie and ingratitude of the allegations above mentioned, so much the more cleare to all men of equall judgement, wee doe hereby professe in the worde of a king, that there was never so much as any shadowe of molestation, nor purpose of proceeding in any degree against them for matter concerning re-

ligion: such being their condition and profession, to thinke murder no fault, marriage of no use, nor any man worthy to bee esteemed valiant that did not glorie in rapine and oppression, as wee should have thought it an unreasonable thing to trouble them for any different point in religion, before any man could perceive by their conversation, that they made truely conscience of any religion. So do wee also for the second part of their excuse, affirme, that (notwithstanding all that they can claime must be acknowledged to proceed from meere grace upon their submission after their great and unnaturall treasons) there hath never come any question concerning their rights or possessions, wherein wee have not bene more inclinable to doe them favour, then to any of their competitours, except in those cases wherein wee have plainely discerned that their onely end was to have made themselves by degrees more able then now they are, to resist all lawfull authoritie (when they should returne to their vomit again) by usurping a power over other good subjects of ours, that dwell among them, better borne then they, and utterly disclaiming from any dependancie upon them.

"Having now delivered thus much concerning these men's estates and their proceedings, wee shall onely end with this conclusion, that they shall not be able to denie, whensoever they should dare to present themselves before the seate of justice, that they have (before their running out of our kingdom) not onely entered into combination for stirring sedition and intestine rebellion, but have directed divers instruments, as well priestes as others, to make offers to forreine states and princes (if they had beene as ready to receive them) of their readinesse and resolution to adhere to them, whensoever they would seeke to invade that kingdome. Wherein amongst other things, this is not to be forgotten, that under the condition of being made free from English government, they resolved also to comprehend the better extirpation of all those subjects that are nowe remayning alive within that kingdome, formerly descended from the English race. In which practises and propositions, followed and fomented by priestes and jesuites (of whose function in these times the practise and perswasion of subjects to rebell against their soverainges, is one speciall and essentiall part and portion) as they have found no such incouragement as they expected and have boasted of: so wee doe assure ourselves, that when this declaration shall bee seene and duely weighed with all due circumstances, it will bee of force sufficient to disperse and to discredit all such untrueths, as these contemptible creatures, so full of infidelity and ingratitude, shall disgorge against us,

and our just and moderate proceeding, and shall procure unto them no better usage then they would wish should be afforded to any such packe of rebels, borne their subjects, and bound unto them in so many and so great obligations.

"Given at our palace of Westminster, the fifteenth day of November, in the fifth yeere of our reigne of Great Britaine, France and Ireland.

"God save the King."

EPIGRAMS.

From a scarce Tract printed in 1606, *called the* "Mouse Trap."

I.

Ask *Ficus* how his luck at dicing goes,
"Like to the tide (saith he) it ebbs and flowes:"
Then I suppose his cannot be good,
For all men know, 'tis longer ebb than flood.

II.

Tassus hath learning, but no ready wit,
For drink and dotage dayly drowneth it.

III.

Paulus, a pamphlet doth in prose present
Unto his Lord *(the fruits of idle time,)*
Who far more careless, than therewith content,
Wisheth he would convert it into rhyme.
Which done, (and brought him at another season)
Said, "Now 'tis rhyme; before, nor rhyme nor reason."

IV.

Magus would needs, forsooth, the other day,
Upon an idle humour, see a play;
When asking him at door, that held the box,
"What might you call the play?" Quoth he "The Fox."

In goes my gemman (who could judge of wit)
And being asked, how he liked it?
Said all was ill, both Fox and him that play'd it,
But was not he, think you, a goose that said it?

V.

I asked Brusus, why he takes such pains,
To trot in term-time for so little gaines?
His answer was, that such as stand on wooings
Must, howsoever, seem to have some doings.

CAPUCHIN RECIPE.

The following curious recipe for the present health of the body and eternal salvation of the soul, is copied from a paper which was posted on a door leading to the physical room in a convent of Capuchin Friars at Messina.

" Pro presenti corporis et âtærnæ animæ salute."

RECIPE.

Radicum fidei
Florum spei
Rosarum charitatis
Liliorum puritatis
Absynthi contritionis
Violarum humilitatis
Agarici satisfactionis
Ana quantum potes :
Misceantur omnia cum syrupe confessionis;
Terentur in mortario conscientiæ;
Solvantur in aqua lachrimarum;
Coquantur in igne tribulationis; et fiat potus.
Recipe de hoc mane et sera.

MANUSCRIPTA ATHEISTICA.

At the diet of Grodno in 1688, the bishop of Potsdam, accused Cassimir Liszinski a Polish gentleman, of atheism; and an order was given to search his house for proofs in support of the accusation. Some manuscripts were found, in which, among other extraordinary propositions was the following:— " God is not the creator of man, but man is the creator of a God whom he has made out of nothing." Liszinski endeavoured to excuse himself by saying, that he had set these things down only for the purpose of refuting them. This pretext however could not save him; he was condemned to death as an atheist, and on the 30th of March, 1689, was burnt alive; and his ashes, being put into a cannon, were dispersed in the air.

VILLAINAGE.

In the township of Porthaethwy, the power of a feudal proprietor, to sell his vassals or villains, as well as his cattle, was exemplified to so late as the reign of Henry the seventh, as appears from the following translated document:—

"Edfryed Fychan ap Ednyfed, Dafydd ap Griffydd, and Howell ap Dafydd ap Ryridd, free tenants of our Lord the King, in the township of Rhandirgadog, have given and confirmed unto William ap Griffydd ap Guilym, Esq. free tenants of Porthmael, seven of our natives, viz.—Horsell Matto, and Llewellyn ap Dafydd dew; Dafydd and Howell ap Matto, ap Dafydd dew; Llewellyn ap Evan goch, and Jevan ap Evan ddu, with their successors *procreated*, and to be *procreated*, and all their goods," &c. Dated at Rhandirgadog, June 20th. Hen. VII.

EPITAPH FOR A CARD-MAKER.

His *card* is *cut*—long days he *shuffled* through
The *game* of life—he *dealt* as others do:
Though he by *honours* tells not its amount,
When the last *trump* is *play'd*, his *tricks* will count.

MISJUDGEMENTS.

Henderson, the Comedian.—When Henderson, the celebrated comedian, first made application to Garrick, and gave him "a specimen of his quality," the Roscius assured him, that he could not *possibly convey articulate sounds to the audience of any theatre*. Foote said nearly the same thing. Colman at length took Henderson by the hand; and such was the success of the man, who could not *possibly convey an articulated sound*, that during the first thirty-four nights of his performance at the Haymarket, the receipts were computed at no less a sum than £4500!

Burns.—"Mr. John Home, the celebrated author of Douglas," says an evening paper of 6th Nov. 1789, "was lately asked his opinion of the poems of Robert Burns. His answer was, 'The encouragement that fellow has met with is a perfect disgrace to the nation.' This anecdote is genuine, and the majority is satisfied the remark is just. His reputation is vastly faded!"

ROMAN WIVES.

THE coldness of the ancient Romans towards their wives, and the reserve with which they spoke of their merits, are singularly exemplified in the epitaphs which they inscribed on their tombs. The following examples, selected from the pages of Gruter and Muratori, are arranged in an ascending order, from indifference to tenderness and enthusiasm ; the instances of the latter however are so few, that they may rather be regarded as exceptions to a general rule.

1. Conjugi *bene-merenti.*
2. Cum quâ vixit annis XXXV. sine *ullâ querellâ.*
3. C. Martiæ conjugi meæ bene meritæ. Quæ cum multis sudoribus maturâ ætate vixit, *virtuosc.*
4. Cum quâ vixi ann. XXV. *sine bile.*
5. Dulcissimæ conjugi, cum quâ vixit ann. XV, *sine discordiâ.*
6. Conjugi carissimæ, cum quæ vixi ann. XII.—In die mortis gratias agi maximas, apud deos et apud homines.
7. Cum quâ vixit ann. XXXV. *optans ut sibi potius superstes fuisset, quam se sibs superstitem reliquisset.*
8. Conj. piissimæ de quâ *nihil aliud* dolitus est, *nisi mortem:*
9. Conj. rarissimi exempli, cum quâ vixit ann. XXXII. *sine ullâ animi læsurâ.*
10. Fabiæ Januariæ omnium fœminarum *castissimæ.*
11. De se melius meritæ *quam titulis scribi potuit.*
12. Juliæ Meroe, conjugi *rarissimæ.*
13. Thisbe conj. *incomparabili—frugi, integræ, fideli.*

The seventh of these examples has been imitated by Shenstone in his inscription for an urn at the Leasowes.

" Quanto minus est cum religius versari quam tui meminisse !"

Pope too in his lines on the honourable S. Harcourt, seems to have had the eighth in his eye.

" And never gave them grief but when he died."

Some successful imitations of the Roman lapidary style may be found among modern inscriptions. Of the following, the first is by sir Kenlm Digby ; the second by G. Sandys.

1. Uxorem vivam amare voluptas, defunctam religio.
2. Digna hæc luce diuterniore, nisi quod luce meliore digna.

LOVE IN THE WILDS.

LATE in the autumn of 17—, some gentlemen were making a tour of the western part of the state of New York, a journey executed at that time with difficulty, and in many places scarcely practicable. The scites of those beautiful towns and villages, which now line the road through which the traveller passes, were then covered with impervious woods, which few men had beheld, and fewer yet had thought of making the scene of their habitations and their homes. Tedious was then the route which now affords such pleasure; men hurried from a spot, where social intercourse scarcely existed, and where the solitary Indian hunter still reigned undisturbed lord. Towards the close of a delightful autumnal day, as they were gently entering in a boat the beautiful lake of Oneida, and had just emerged from the embouchure of Wood Creek, the languid strokes of a distant oar caught the ear of our travellers; it sounded nearer and nearer, and they soon found it proceeded from a small canoe, rowed by one solitary individual. As it approached alongside, they asked him whither he was destined? He sullenly answered, he was bound to Oneida Castle. His appearance excited the attention of the party; his garments were faded, though not in tatters; his face such as a Salvator Rosa would have loved to pourtray; his accent bespoke him of French descent. He passed on, as if wishing to hold no further converse; and our travellers had scarcely ceased wondering at the incident, before his canoe was far behind them. The boat slowly proceeded on. The sun had sunk below the horizon, and the shades of night were thickening fast, when an island of considerable extent appeared before them. Although the party had heard of its existence, and the name by which it was known by the boatmen of the lake, yet no person was known to have ever before visited it, or landed on its shores. The boatmen called it "*Hoger Bust;*" in English, "High Breast," a Dutch appellation, which its appearance and situation rendered apt and appropriate. The nearer they approached, they were surprised at perceiving marks of cultivation; convinced that it must be inhabited, they shouted loudly, but no one answered to their call. They then landed, and notwithstanding the night had set in, with lights which they struck in the boat they traced their way through a short wood, and suddenly entered at the end of it upon an avenue of shrubbery, and twigs of trees interwoven in the form of lattice work, lining each side of the walk; at the termination of which, a rude hut was visible. They knocked at the door, and

it was opened by a female, who accosted them in French; they informed her of the cause of their visit, and then asked her if she was not disturbed by the noise and cry they made? She told them she was not, for she thought it occasioned by the Indians, who were her friends. Our travellers beheld her with surprise; she was clothed in coarse and uncouth attire, had no shoes on her feet, and her long hair hung in wild luxuriance down her back; her air and mein were, however, those of a person educated and accomplished. She seemed scarcely twenty; her size was small, and her interesting appearance was heightened by an eye full of intelligence and expression. On informing her of their wish to remain on the island during the night, she politely requested them to make use of her house; this, however, they, with many thanks, declined, but pitched their tents near it, whilst the bargemen slept on the shore, near the boat. Next morning, they paid their respects to the interesting recluse, and received from her the following particulars of her history. The man whom they met on the lake was, she said, her husband, who had gone to the Castle of Oneida to procure provisions. They had been sometime inhabitants of this solitude, though not always on the island they now occupied; they had resided for months in the Castle of Oneida, among the Indians; she described them as mild and unoffending; that she had formed friendships there, which had even to that day been of service to herself and husband; and, as the Indians had not forgotten them, they occasionally left at their secluded settlement, on a return from their hunting excursions, a portion of their game. She had herself, she said, learned to fish and fowl; had often swam from one island to another; and employed her gun with great success in the destruction of wild fowl. Such was all that the fair stranger was pleased to disclose of a life evidently of no ordinary cast, and the travellers not wishing to embarrass her by questions as to the cause of her seclusion, intimated their intention of leaving the island immediately. On hearing this she flew, with an eager avidity to oblige, to the garden, and with her own hands dug up vegetables from the ground, and presented them to her guests. Before they departed, they selected some wines out of their stores, and other articles which would be luxurious for her in this comparative wilderness, and left them where she was sure to find them, considering it an indelicacy to make her a direct offer of them. They then left the island, uttering an inward prayer for her welfare. On their way back, they stopped at a settlement some miles down the lake, and having related their adventure to some of the settlers, were informed that the lady had been once a nun in France; that she had been taken

from a convent in Lisle, by the person they met alone in the canoe, and carried to America; that the cause of his occupying the island was his extreme *jealousy;* that he rigorously restrained her from going anywhere from it, and had refused to allow her to visit a wife of one of the settlers, who had made a request to that purpose. How strange that such feelings should pervade a man among the wilds of the forest; that he should not think the being on whom he has placed his earthly affection, secure in a solitary isle, which holds but her and himself for its inhabitants!—*(From an old memorandum book of one of the party.)*

THE PARTING.

(From the Arabic.)

The boatmen shout,—'tis time to part,
We can no longer stay;—
'Twas then Maimana taught my heart
How much a glance can say.

With trembling steps, to me she came,
"Farewell," she would have cried;
But ere her lips the word could frame,
In half-formed sounds it died.

Then bending down, with looks of love,
Her arms she round me flung,
And, as the gale hangs on the grove,
Upon my breast she hung.

My willing arms embraced the maid,
My heart with raptures beat,
While she but wept the more, and said
"Would we had never met!"

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE.

Letter from Mr. Mead to Sir M. Stuteville.

Christ College, 10, 1626-7.

Worthy Sir,

Our Chancellor sat on Saturday in the Regent House, in a master of arts' gown and habit, cap and hood; spoke two words of Latin, *placet* and *admittitur*. Bishop Lond was

incorporated. The earl of Denbigh, lord Imbercourt, lord Rochefort, (Miles de Malta) Mr. Edward Somerset, nephew to the earl of Worcester, Mr. Craven, and Mr. Walter Montague, were made masters of art; though I think my lord Imbercourt needed no more but to be incorporated. His grace dined at Trinity College, had banquets at divers colleges, King's, St. John's, Clare-Hall, &c. He was on the tops of King's College chapel, but refused to have his foot imprinted there, as too high for him. He was wonderful courteous to all scholars of any condition, both in the Regent House, where every one that came in had his grace's congée, and in the town as he walked, if a man did but stir his hat, he should not lose his labour. He professed himself our humble servant; that coming down to do his duty to his master, he could not but come to do his service to us; but he could not stay long, because the watch stood still till he returned to wind it up; and so he went back that night. Dr. Paske, out of his familiarity, must needs carry him to see a new library they are building at Clare-Hall, notwithstanding it was not yet furnished with books; but by good chance, being an open room, two women were gotten thither to see his grace out of the windows; but when the duke came thither were unexpectedly surprised. "*Mr. Doctor,*" quoth the duke when he saw them, "*you have here a fair library, but here are two books not very well bound.*" I think I have told you enough.

Harleian MSS. 293.

EASTERN HYPERBOLE.

THE hyperbolical compliments of the Orientals have long been matter of derision to the more cool and calculating nations of Europe; and that which would be considered as bombast with us, passes in the East as ordinary phraseology. Nothing but a sense of deference to the genius of the climate could have dictated the following advertisement, which appeared in the Madras Gazette of May 23, 1807.

"*Advertisement.*—To that lady on whom nature has been lavish in her gifts; whose amiable person and beauteous form receive redoubled lustre from the infinitely more estimable endowments of a truly noble and generous soul. To her, whose personal accomplishments are embellished and adorned with a disposition of mind that is loveliness intermingled with real dignity; and to her whose every talent leads to fortune,

teaches her to know its value only as it ought to be known, and affixes her in that sphere of being, whose every movement discovers and places her above it. You will, perhaps, conclude, noble fair, that the youth whose mind searches after and aspires to an alliance of this nature, will regard wealth and rank as but of secondary consideration; if so, madam, your inference is pronounced right, is just; the native grandeur of your soul, and its favour (with that of her God) will ever be his first and great concern to deserve; do not, therefore, consider this as held for their idle sport, or view it in any light than that of the most honourable; for every information respecting the gentleman will be made known, on application, through whatever channel she will do him the honour to adopt, and that in a manner frank and unreserved; his miniature will not be denied. He trusts and doubts not from his character, but she will be equally ingenuous on her part. He also begs that mere punctilios, or a too nice notion of female delicacy, will not cause her to remain silent to this public call; but that (as may be expected) she will shew herself above the generality of the sex, neither (as is sure to be the case with a mind thus endowed, amiable and liberal) persuade herself that she is not the one he is in quest of; that she can make but a pitiful comparison with a character of such perfection, as he would be most ready to tell such she certainly must! The gentleman, rather than say any thing of himself, will refer the lady to whomsoever she will please to name, as it may better become such to speak on the subject. All unmeaning applications, &c. will be treated with marked contempt. The lady may address her letter to the gentleman, sealing and directing it to be left at the office of this paper.

P. S. A stranger begs leave to say, the gentleman is handsome in person, unexceptionable in mind, and a man of birth and fortune."

DRAWING INFERENCES.

Greece claimed for herself the honour of being the birthplace of legislation, while Rome was equally ambitious to have the credit of a greater obedience to laws than any of the surrounding nations. The ambition of the latter was better founded than the pretensions of the former. For what are the value of laws without their observance? The Romans resorted for a copy of the laws of Solon, to make a selection from them for their own government; but they did them even more honour than the Athenians, for what they adopted from them they rigidly observed. In the "Specho delle Scienza," a

book written by L. Fioravant, a very curious anecdote is recorded concerning this request of the Romans.

On their arrival, the Roman ambassadors, having explained the cause of their journey to Athens, the great council was convened to consider of their request. After mature deliberation, the Areopagus determined to send a person to Rome, of known abilities and wisdom, to ascertain whether the Romans merited the honour of the laws of Solon, on account of their intellectual abilities. If the enquiry should establish the negative, the ambassador was to bring the laws back again without communicating them to any one. This resolution of the Athenian court was soon known at Rome, notwithstanding the secresy with which it was attended. The Romans were greatly embarrassed, because they had no person qualified to encounter a wise man of Greece. The senate resolved in their wisdom to oppose a fool to the wise man of Greece, rightly judging, that if the fool should happen to get the better, the glory of Rome would receive no small enhancement, when it should be discovered that an idiot of Rome had confounded a philosopher of Greece; and if the latter should get the better, the Athenians would acquire small fame in having confounded an idiot at Rome.

The Athenian ambassador, on arriving at Rome, was immediately conducted to the capitol, and introduced into an apartment very splendidly furnished, where the fool was seated upon a sofa, attired in the dress of a senator. He had in the meanwhile been enjoined silence, in the most authoritative manner. The Grecian philosopher was informed, that the person to whom he was to be introduced was a senator remarkable for his wisdom, but at the same time very reserved, and a man of few words. The Athenian, therefore, upon his entrance, held up one of his fingers, without speaking a single word. The idiot, thinking that this implied a threat from the philosopher that he would put out one of his eyes, and recollecting that he must not speak, held up his three fingers, intimating, that if the Greek threatened to put out one of his eyes, he would put out both of the Greek's, and would choak him with the third finger. The philosopher, who intended, by holding up one finger, to shew the unity of the Supreme Being, thought that the three fingers intimated that the past, present, and future, are the same to the Deity, and concluded from hence that the man who was really a fool was a man of consummate knowledge. He next opened his hand and shewed it to the simple fellow, thereby intending to shew, that nothing was hidden from God; but the fool, taking this for an offer to give him a box upon the ear, presented his fist, clenched, to the philosopher, signifying,

that if he persisted in putting his threats in execution, he would give him a Rowland for an Oliver. The Greek, upon the other hand, prejudiced in favour of the fool, interpreted it in a manner quite different, and imagined that the Roman meant, by his attitude, that God holds the universe in his hand. Judging from hence of the profound wisdom of the Romans, he, without any farther enquiry, granted them a copy of the laws of Solon, as they had requested.*

"JOCKIE IS GROWNE A GENTLEMAN."

AMONG the most rare ballads in the English language, is one entitled, "Jockie is growne a Gentleman." It is a satire levelled against the numerous train of Scotch adventurers who emigrated to England in the reign of James the first, in the full expectation of being distinguished by the particular favour and patronage of their native sovereign. So much, indeed, was the king annoyed with these supplicants, that he issued a proclamation at Edinburgh, dated 10th of May, 1610, stating, that the daily resort of idle persons, of base sort and condition, was not only very unpleasant and offensive to his majesty, since he was daily importuned with their suits and begging, and his royal court almost filled with them, (they being, in the conceit of all beholders, but "idle rascals and poor miserable bodies,") but their country was heavily disgraced by it, and many slanderous imputations given out against the same, as if there were no persons "of good rank, comeliness, or credit, within it;" therefore it was ordered, that no captains of ships should transport any passenger to England without license of the Privy Council.

The following song of "Jockie is growne a Gentleman," is not only humorous, but gives an interesting picture of the national prejudices, as well as the costume of our ancestors.

Well met, Jockie, whither away?
Shall we two have a word or tway?
Thou wast so lousie the other day,
How the devil comes you so gay?
Ha, ha, ha, by sweet St. Ann,
Jockie is growne a gentleman.

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* This is the original, doubtless, of an amusing story, under the title of "the Professor of Signs," in Mr. M'Diarmid's Scrap Book. The Grecian sage is there converted into a learned traveller, in the reign of James the first; the senate of Rome into the senatus academicus of Aberdeen; the three fingers into a symbol of the Trinity, &c. Such is the course of local appropriation to which all good stories are subjected.—EDITOR.

Thy shoes, that thou wor'st when thou went'st to plow,
Were made of the hyde of a Scotish cow,
They're turned to Spanish leather now,
Bedeckt with roses I know not how.
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy stockings, that were of northern blew,
That cost not twelve-pence when they were new,
Are turn'd into a silken hue,
Most gloriously to all men's view.
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy belt, that was made of a white leather thong,
Which thou and thy father wore so long,
Are turn'd to hangers of velvet strong,
With gold and pearle embroider'd among.
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy garters, that were of Spanish say,
Which from the taylor's thou stol'st away,
Are now quite turn'd to silk, they say,
With great broad laces fayre and gay.
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy doublet and breech, that were so playne,
On which a louse could scarce remayne,
Are turn'd to a sattin God-a-mercy trayne,
That thou by begging couldst this obtayne!
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy cloake, which was made of a home-spun thread,
Which thou wast wont to fling on thy bed,
Is turned into a skarlet red,
With golden laces about thee spread.
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy bonnet of blew, which thou wor'st hither,
To keep thy skonce from wind and weather,
Is throwne away the devil knows whither,
And turn'd to a bever hat and feather.
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Westminster-hall was cover'd with lead,
And so was St. John many a day;
The Scotchmen have begg'd it to buy them bread;
The devil take all such Jockies away.
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

HISTORIOGRAPHER O'FLAHERTY.

Of all the historians that Great Britain, or even the world has produced, there is not one so minute, or so deeply versed in genealogy, as the Irish historian, O'Flaherty, the author of "Ogygia." He knows for certain, that just forty days before the deluge, and on the 15th of the month, which happened that year to be on a Saturday, three men, with fifty women, arrived in Ireland, for the very purpose of peopling the country, but the flood disappointed them. He further states, but on what authority is not known, unless, indeed, he had access to the archives, that 312 years after the deluge, on the 14th of the month, which was Tuesday, a man and his wife, of the name of Partholom, with three sons and their wives, arrived to found a new colony.

The same acute and correct historian has drawn up a genealogy of Charles II. in which are not fewer than seventy royal generations; and then forty-eight generations more, traces the family, most clearly, up to Adam: these forty-eight generations were all patriarchs and leaders of colonies; so that Seneca must certainly be wrong, when he says that there is no king among whose ancestors some slaves are not to be found.

A Spanish bishop of Fandeval, has compiled a pedigree of the house of Austria, which comprises 118 generations, from Adam to Philip III.; and another Spanish writer, Pœyeafiel Coutreras, a pedigree of the house of Lorraine, of 131 generations; but both are outdone by Mr. O'Flaherty, for neither has ventured to bring down from Adam a line composed entirely of kings and princes.

FORTUNATE BLUNDER.

Frederic I. of Prussia charged his ambassador Bartholdi with the mission of procuring from the emperor of Germany, an acknowledgement of the regal dignity which he had just assumed. For this purpose, instructions written in cypher were sent to him, with particular directions that he should not apply on this subject to Father Wolff, the Emperor's confessor. The person, who copied these instructions, however, happened to omit the word *not* in the copy in cypher. Bartholdi was much surprised at this order, yet was determined to pay obedience to it; and therefore made the matter known to Wolff, who in the greatest astonishment, declared that though he had always been hostile to the measure, he could

not resist this proof of the elector's confidence, which had made a deep impression on him, and therefore he would not give the prince cause to regret having applied to him.

The confessor immediately exerted his influence with the emperor, and the point was thus accomplished; though it is very doubtful whether the wishes of the Prussian monarch would have been crowned with success, had it not been for the mediation of the confessor.

AMERICAN QUAKERS.

In 1790, the American Quakers presented the following address to General Washington, then President of the United States.

"We would neither trespass on thy time, nor on thy patience; to flatter were utterly inconsistent with our general behaviour; but as our principles and conduct have been subject to misrepresentation, it is incumbent upon us by the strongest assurances to testify our sincere and loyal attachment to thee, and all those set in authority over us. Our most fervent prayers to heaven are, that thy presidentship may prove no less a blessing to thyself than the community at large."

To this address, General Washington returned the following answer:—

"Liberty of worshipping the Deity according to the dictates of our conscience, is not solely an indulgence of civil government, but the inalienable right of men as long as they perform their civil obligations. Society can have no further demands. Men are only answerable to heaven for their religious opinions. With your principles and conduct I am not unacquainted, and I do the Quakers but common justice when I say, that except in the instance of their refusal to support the common cause of their fellow citizens during the war, no sect can boast of a greater number of useful and exemplary citizens."

"AS COARSE AS GARASSE."

To write "as coarse as Garasse" was once a proverb in France. Garasse is certainly one of the coarsest and most abusive of all French writers. He wrote *The Banquet of the*

Seven Sages, 1617, and a *Summary of Theology*, 1665. The first of these works was suppressed, and the other censured by the Sorbonne, as degrading the majesty of religion, by a low, mean, and familiar style. Speaking of Rabelais, he says, "Above all books libertines have in their hands, Rabelais is the very enchiridion of debauchery. This scoundrel does not even deserve to be named; I shall only say, that to describe him well, he must be called the very pest and gangrene of piety. It is impossible to read a page without danger of mortally offending God. In short, I consider Rabelais as a damnable and pernicious writer, who sucks out by degrees the spirit of piety; who miserably steals a man from himself; who extinguishes the principles of religion: in short, who has done more harm in France by his buffooneries, than Calvin by his innovations." Addressing the celebrated advocate Pasquier, these are his courtly words, "Adieu, master Pasquier! Adieu, bloody pen! Adieu, advocate without conscience! Adieu, man without humanity! Adieu, Christian without religion! Adieu, capital enemy of the see of Rome! Adieu, unnatural son! &c."

Yet Garasse was mild and polite in company; and his death was occasioned by an act of heroic humanity, in going to attend persons afflicted with the plague.

PERILS OF KINGS.

THE following list of persons, who have made attempts against the lives of the kings of France, is pregnant with instruction. How little to be desired is a condition of life so beset with dangers!

HENRY THE THIRD.

James Clement, a jacobin monk, stabbed by those who were near the king at the time when he assassinated him.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Barrière, a boatman upon the Loire, drawn and quartered, 31st August, 1593.

Chatel, son of a merchant draper of Paris, 29th December, 1594.

Guignard, a Jesuit, hanged the 7th of January following.

Gueret, a Jesuit, condemned to perpetual banishment.

Varade, Aubri, Ethorel, having fled, were drawn and quartered in effigy, 25th of January, 1595.

Merleau, hanged the 2d of March, 1595.

Guedon, an advocate at Angers, hanged 16th of February, 1596.

La Ramée, hanged 8th March, 1595.

N——, name unknown, in the pay of the cardinal of Austria, was hanged at Meaux in 1596.

N——, maker of tapestry, hanged 4th January, 1597.

Charpentier, hanged 10th April, 1597.

Desloge, his accomplice, hanged the same day.

Puin, a monk, confined by his superiors, as a madman, in a subterranneous prison.

Ridicaci, a jacobin monk of Flanders, hanged in 1597.

Arger, a monk of the same order, and his accomplice hanged along with him.

N——, a capuchin of Milan, surprised in the train of the court, disguised in the habit of a scullion, and hanged, 1597.

Richard Lord, of Voule in Dauphiny, beheaded 10th of February, 1603,

Marshal Biron having conspired against the state and the person of the king, beheaded 31st July, 1602.

The *Count d'Auvergne*, the *Count d'Antraigues*, and the *Marchioness* of *Verneuil*, who formed a similar conspiracy, were condemned to death 2d February, 1605, but pardoned, except the marchioness, who was condemned to perpetual imprisonment; she was also obliged to return to the king a promise of marriage which he had given her in one of those moments when the greatest men forget themselves.

Desisles, agent before the parliament of Paris, on the 19th December, 1606, with a poignard in his hand, stopt the king who was passing along the Pont-Neuf, and shook him by the neck of his coat; but as in his examination he persisted in saying, that he only wished to frighten the king, that good prince insisted upon his being merely shut up as a madman.

Ravaillac, 27th May, 1610.

LOUIS XV.

Damiens, 28th March, 1757.

LOUIS XVI.

The National Assembly.

STATE OF THE VOTES FOR THE PUNISHMENT OF LOUIS XVI.

Sitting of the 15th January.

" 1st *Appeal.*

" LOUIS CAPET, ci-devant roi de Français, est-il coupable de conspiration contre la liberté, et d'attentats contre la sureté générale de l'état? *Oui* ou *Non.*"

The result of this appeal was as follows : Of 745 members, 20 were absent by commission, 5 by sickness, 1 without a known motive, 26 have made different declarations, 693 voted for the affirmative.

" 2d *Appeal.*

" Le jugement qui sera rend usur Louis, sera-t-il soumis à la ratification au peuple reuni dans ses assemblées primaires? *Oui* au *Non.*"

On this appeal, of 717 members present, 10 refused to vote, 414 voted against the appeal to the people, 283 voted for it."

" 3d *Appeal.*

" Quelle peine Louis, ci-devant Roi de Français, a-t-il encourue?"

After the discussion of this appeal, the president addressed the convention :

" Citizens, I am now to proclaim the result of the scrutiny. You are going to exercise a great act of justice ; I hope that humanity will induce you to observe the most profound silence. When justice has spoken, humanity should have its turn."

Of 745 members who composed the convention, 1 was dead, 6 were ill, 2 were absent without cause and censured in the proces verbal, 11 were absent by commission, and 4 refused to vote, so that the number of votes was reduced to 721.

The majority was 361.

One member voted for death, reserving to the public the power of commuting the punishment.

23 voted for death, demanding that it be examined whether it was proper to accelerate or delay the execution.

Eight voted for death, demanding that the execution be delayed till after the expulsion of the entire race of the Bourbons.

Two voted for the punishment of chains (peine des fers.)

Two voted for death, demanding that it be delayed in its execution till peace, an epoch when the punishment might be commuted; and reserving the right to execute it before that time, in case of the invasion of the French territory by any foreign power, in 24 hours after the invasion.

319 voted for detention till the end of the war, and banishment at the conclusion of peace.

366 voted for death.

PRESIDENT.—"I declare, in the name of the National Convention, that the punishment that is pronounced against Louis Capet, is that of **death**."

FUNERAL ORATION ON KOSCIUSKO.

Pronounced by M. Van Niemkewikz, the Companion of Kosciusko in Arms and in Exile.

THE present melancholy solemnity—this homage to the dead—these flaming torches—this multitude of assembled nobles and people—these mournful accents of the reverend priest—all, all announce to us a bitter, an irreparable loss. But what can I add to the suggestions of your own feelings—what to the words of the reverend servant of religion? Ah! it does not befit these gray hairs, bending forward into the grave—it does not become my broken voice—it does not become my mind, enfeebled by years and fatigues, to speak of the man of peace and war. But it is your pleasure that I should address you; and, disregarding my own unfitness for the task, I will obey you; and, following the dictates of my own grief, will become the interpreter of the general sorrow.

Our country has suffered many and great losses within the course of these few years; but no loss fills us with greater sorrow than that which we bewail in the death of our Thaddeus Kosciusko. To pronounce the name of Kosciusko awakens in the heart of every Pole a thousand grateful, but, at the same time, a thousand mournful recollections; it recals a pattern of civic virtue, that patriotism which flamed in his breast with the purest fire till his last sigh, his intrepid courage in battle, his manly perseverance in misfortune, his Roman simplicity of manners, and his modesty, which is always the inseparable companion of true merit.

Before history describes our misfortunes, and pourtrays the transcendant merits of the man, it may be allowed his contemporaries to take a brief view of his life and deeds.

Thaddeus Kosciusko sprung from an ancient family in the Waywodship of Lithuanian Bresk; received his first education in the military school, founded at that time by Stanislaus Augustus. The commandant of this school, prince Adam Czartoryski, observed in this youth an uncommon talent and love for the military art, and sent him, at his own expense, to France, there to be educated. To his last moment, Kosciusko remembered with gratitude his benefactor. The state of weakness and subjection under which Poland then laboured excited in the heart of the youth deep sorrow and despair. He proceeded therefore to a foreign land to fight for independence, as no opportunity offered of struggling for it on his native soil. A companion of the immortal Washington, he boldly shared his dangers and his battles, from Hudson's river to the Potomack, and from the Atlantic Ocean to the lakes of Canada; he endured incredible hardships, he gained a flattering renown; and what was more than all this, he obtained the gratitude of a free people.

Already did the flag of the United States float over the American forts; already was the great work of liberation completed, before Kosciusko returned to his native land.

Just then the Polish nation, aroused from its fatal lethargy, alas! too late—had obtained the remarkable constitution proclaimed on the 3d of May, and declared its determination to submit to no laws but its own. Thence hostile attacks; thence the war ensued. Say, ye imperishable witnesses; say, ye plains of Zielenice and Dubinki; say, if Kosciusko and his Polish bands did not fight as became the Polish name? It was not the overpowering of our feeble means, but the crafty plots of our enemies which wrested the weapons from our hands, and quenched our burning ardour for the contest. But so it happened—we were paralyzed; we felt so, when in a short time the insulted dignity of our nation, and the perfidious dismemberment of our provinces again stirred up our bitterest indignation. The excess of our misfortunes roused the nation to a noble despair; our agonized country again seized the sword and put it into the hands of Kosciusko.

The ties which unite us with a fraternized nation, the possession of a common sovereign, and our gratitude to the emperor Alexander, forbid me to enlarge on the events of this celebrated war. Kosciusko led against disciplined nations, not bodies of troops distinguished for their regular array and military splendour, but bands of peasants armed with the implements of husbandry. Yet, in how many battles, how many sieges, how many frightful nightly attacks, how many skirmishes, did he not lead them on to glory! Our soil was reddened with the blood of our champions, before it became our

tomb. The results of so many sacrifices were cruel fetters. We wore them for two years; they would even have continued longer; and thou, Kosciusko, wouldst not have ended thy lamented days in thy free residence of Soleure, nor would thy thousand companions in arms have ended their wretched existence on their own soil, but would have died in foreign chains, had it not been for the magnanimous emperor Paul I. The first act of his sovereignty was the breaking of the chains of 20,000 Poles. Thanks to thy revered shade! Poland will always pronounce the name of Paul with gratitude.

When Kosciusko was liberated, he never more returned to his mourning country, to the land which had now become a foreign land to him. He directed his view to a distant region, where, when a youth, he had fought for freedom, and which, as it was free, he adopted as his second country. Although lame, and covered with wounds, he did not permit himself to be deterred from his purpose by the hardships or the dangers of a sea voyage. On this passage, the depths of the ocean had nearly become the grave of our champion. In the darkness of night, a ship belonging to a fleet of merchantmen returning from Jamaica, having parted from the rest, and sailing with incredible speed, ran foul of the American vessel in which we were. Masts, rigging, and sails became entangled, and these two heavy vessels dashed against each other with violence. The terror and confusion of the passengers on deck were general; death appeared before the eyes of all. In this frightful moment, Kosciusko alone maintained his usual composure. His last hour was not yet come. Providence decreed that he should live to see the day when the magnanimous Alexander would proclaim the re-erection of the kingdom of Poland. With the loss of mainmast and sails, our vessel escaped this imminent danger: our melancholy voyage lasted 70 days. At last we espied the shores of the happy America; Pensylvania, the land of William Penn and of Franklin, received Kosciusko into its bosom. After so many disasters this was our first joyful, blessed moment. The members of the assembled congress, his old companions in arms, his acquaintance, and all the people came to welcome his arrival, surrounded the carriage of the hero still suffering from his wounds, and accompanied him to his place of residence. It was not only in America, but in all places through which he passed after his liberation,—in Stockholm, London, and Bristol,—that all those who cherished the love of freedom in their breasts pressed to see him, and to offer him proofs of their esteem. It is gratifying to the heart of every Pole to behold in the honours paid to the heroic defender of their independence, respect and regret for an unjustly extinguished nation.

Whether it was from the impulse of deceitful hope, or from the wish of consulting able physicians for the restoration of his health, Kosciusko once more was induced to set his foot on the shores of Europe. Already had he learned the nothingness of promises, and the fruitless nature of all human exertions, and therefore removed to a distance from the din of the great world, and even from its praises. He enveloped himself in his own virtues, if I may use the phrase, and retired into rural seclusion. Here agriculture was his employment, friendship his consolation and the joy of his life. He only once left his tranquil retreat, and that was to see the august Alexander, to thank him for having restored the Polish name. His aversion to all public employment, increasing with his years, and his love of retirement and tranquillity, carried him to Switzerland. There, in the state of Soleure, on the 25th of October, God took away this virtuous spirit, after so many severe sorrows and hard trials, to the abodes of the blessed. Kosciusko died, as it becomes every Christian to die, with pious trust in God, with calm and manly composure. Poor as Phocion and Cincinnatus, his prototypes, he forbad all splendid ceremony to be used at his funeral. The body of this man, who commanded thousands of armed followers in the field of honour, was carried to the abode of everlasting repose to us all, by six grey-haired paupers.

Peace to thy shade, thou virtuous man! Receive the last adieu of thy lamenting countrymen; receive the last farewell of him on whose arms thy agonizing head has often reposed. If the mould of our soil does not cover thy mortal remains—if thy spirit hovers there, where the last Roman lives, may thy remembrance always remain in a lively manner among us; may thy picture, which shall be placed in the sanctuary of the Lord, as it recals thy features, likewise present to us the goodness of thy heart and the purity of thy spirit. Let it be simple as thy life—let it be without any inscription—thy name is enough. When, in after times, a countryman or a stranger, with tears in his eyes, shall look upon the stone erected to thy memory, he will say to himself, "This was the man who did not allow his country, though it fell, to fall ingloriously, and who, by his own virtues, honoured the Polish name."

"UNHEARD-OF CURIOSITIES."

A book, under this title, by one James Gaffarel, was published at Hamburgh in 1676-8, 2 vols. 12mo. It treats chiefly of the different sorts of talismans; some of which the author admits may possess virtue, though the greater part are but in-

famous delusions. The Sorbonne thought (justly for once) that he admitted too much, and condemned the work as heretical.

SUBTERRANEAN GEOGRAPHY.

The author of the "Unheard-of Curiosities," once issued proposals for an "Universal History of the Subterranean World, containing a description of the most beautiful caverns and most singular grottos, caves, vaults, and dens of the earth," and by way of specimen, he gave an exact topographical description of the sulphureous caverns of hell and purgatory! The work itself, to the great regret of the curious, never appeared.

JURAMENTO DE CHILE.

From the Correo del Orinoco.

Juntos los corazones y las manos,
Al Dios Eterno hacemos juramento,
Por el mar, por la tierra, y firmamento,
Como aquellos heroes Espartanos,
Qui en Colombia jamas habra tiranos;
Ni admitiremos nunca sus cadenas,
Mientras el Oceano produzca arenas;
Mientras las plantas alimente el suelo;
Mientras los astros giren por el Cielo,
Mientras circule sangre en nuestras venas.

[*Translated by a North American.*]

THE OATH OF CHILI.

Before the Almighty Power on high,
Whose thunders shake the vaulted sky;
By heaven and earth, by sea and air,
With hearts and hands conjoin'd, we swear,
That while from Ocean's bed the sand
Is heav'd, or flow'rs bedeck the land,
Or circling thro' the vault of heav'n
With light'ning force the planet's driven;
Or from the heart the vital tide
Continues thro' the veins to glide;
Like free Colombia's sons, we swear,
No tyrant's galling chains to wear.

MAXIMS OF EMINENT ENGLISHMEN.

Sir Thomas Wiat.

"Let my friend bring me in, but let my merit and service keep me there.

"Happy is the prince that hath a favourite to look him out serviceable men; and happy those useful persons that have a familiar and honest favourite, by whom they may have access to the prince."

Sir Thomas confined his jesting to these rules.

1. He never played upon any man's unhappiness or deformity; that being inhuman.

2. Not on superiors; for that is saucy and undutiful.

3. Not on serious or holy matters; for that is irreligious.

4. He had much salt but no gall; often jesting, but never jeering.

5. He observed times, persons and circumstances; knowing when to speak, and when to hold his peace.

6. His apt and handsome repartees were rather natural than affected; subtile and acute, prompt and easy, yet not careless; never rendering himself contemptible to please others.

7. Not an insipid changing of words was his gift, but a smart retort of matters, which every body was better pleased with than himself.

8. He always told a story well; and was as good at a neat continued discourse, as at a quick sentence; contriving it in a handsome method, cloathing it with suitable expressions, without any parenthesis or impertinencies, and representing persons and actions to the life, that you would think you saw what you did but hear. Never contradicting, but with an under favour, always subjoining "Sir, it may be so," to his adversary's discourse.

Sir John Fineux.

"The prince's prerogative, and the subject's privilege, are solid felicities together, and but empty notions asunder.

"That people is beyond precedent free, and beyond comparison happy, who restrain not their sovereign's power to do them harm, so far as that he hath none left him to do them good."

Sir John Fineux's device upon his sergeant's ring was "*quisque suæ fortunæ faber:*" and his maxim was, that no man thrived, but he that lived as though he were the first man in the world, and his father were not before him.

Ten things marked him:

1. An indefatigable industry.

2. A freedom of converse; as about his business, none more close; so in company, none more open. A gay and cheerful humour, a sprightful conversation, and cleanly manners, are an exceeding useful accomplishment for every one that intends not to wind himself into a solitary retirement.

3. A rich and well-contrived marriage, that at once brought him a large estate, and a large interest.

4. A great acquaintance with noble families; with whose dependents he got in first, devoting an hour a-day for their company; and at last with themselves, laying aside his vacation leisure for their service.

5. His hospitality and entertainment: none more close than he abroad; none more noble at home.

6. His care and integrity in managing, his repute in promoting, his reason and eloquence in pleading, and his success in carrying causes.

7. His eminence and activity in the two profitable parliaments of Henry VII.

8. His opposition to Empson and Dudley's too severe prosecution of penal laws. He is high a while that serves a prince's private interest: he is always so that is careful of his public good.

9. His entire devotion to that sacred thing called friendship; that bliss, on this side of heaven, made of peace and love. Many acquaintance, but few friends.

10. His care of time. "To-day I have not reigned," said the emperor, when he had done no good; "to-day I have not lived," said he, when he had done nothing. We should not complain that we have little time, but that we spend much, either in doing nothing, or in doing evil, or in doing nothing to the purpose.

Sir Ralph Sadler.

Two things sir Ralph repented of:

1. That he had communicated a secret to two persons.

2. That he had lost any hour in the morning, between four o'clock and ten.

Three things he bequeathed to such as had the honour to succeed him:

1. All letters that concerned him, since of years, filed.

2. All occurrences, since he was capable of observation, registered.

3. All expences, since he lived of himself, booked.

Sir Anthony St. Leger.

Four things he was eminent for.

1. That there was none more grave in counsel than he, in the morning; none more free at table, at noon; none more active in the afternoon; none more merry at night.

2. That his orders were made but slowly, so wary he was; but executed quickly, so resolute he was too.

3. That he contrived all his designs so well beforehand, that, in the course of affairs, they were done to his hand.

4. That he came to court a swaggerer, and went off a statesman.

Sir Richard Morison.

Sir Richard said three things made a complete man in his days.

1. A public school, where their school-fellows' genius instructs much more than the schoolmaster's pains.

2. A comprehensive insight into tongues and sciences; by the first whereof they unlocked men—and by the second, things.

3. Travel; where they saw what they read, and made that a solid apprehension and observation, which was before but a fluid notion.

Two things, he said, he was troubled with—envy and malice; but he had two remedies against them—patience and resolution,

He was the first that said, policy is not the learning of some rules, but the observation of circumstances, with a present mind in all junctures of affairs; which was their happiness only that had good memories.

He would say—think an hour before you speak, and a day before you promise.

Ben Jonson.

1. I have known many excellent men that would speak suddenly to the admiration of their hearers, who, upon study and premeditation, have been forsaken by their own wits, and no way answered their fame. Their eloquence was greater than their reading, and the things they uttered better than those they knew: and I have heard some of them compelled to speak out of necessity, that have so infinitely exceeded themselves, that it was better, both for them and their auditory, that they were so surprised—not prepared; nor were it safe to cross them, for their adversary (their anger) made them more eloquent.

2. Yet those men I could not but love and admire, that they returned to their studies. They left not diligence, as many do, when their rashness prospered; for diligence is a great aid, even to an indifferent wit, when we are not contented with the examples of our own age, but would know the face of the former. Indeed, the more (persons) we confer with, the more we profit by, if they be well chosen.

3. One though he be excellent, and the chief, is not to be imitated alone; for no imitator ever grew up to his author: likeness is always on this side of truth. Yet there happened in my time, one noble speaker (Lord Chancellor Bacon) who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language (where he could spare or pass by a jest) was nobly censorious. No man more neatly, more priestly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded where he spoke, and made his judges angry and pleased, at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man who heard him, was lest he should make an end.

4. Some controverters in divinity are like swaggerers in a tavern, that catch that which stands next them, the candlestick or pots; turn every thing into a weapon; oft-times they fight blind-fold, and both beat in the air. Then arguments are as flexible as liquor spilt upon a table, which, with your fingers, you may draw as you will. Such controversies or disputations (carried on with more labour than profit) are odious, where, most times, the truth is lost in the midst, or left untouched. These fencers in religion I like not.

Howard, the Philanthropist.

Our superfluities should be given up for the convenience of others.

Our conveniences should give place to the necessities of others.

And even our necessities give way to the extremities of the poor.

MEMORABLE BEQUEST.

A CITIZEN of Berne, in Switzerland, who had grown rich by habits of persevering industry, being advanced in years, made a will of the following tenor, *viz.*

"Being anxious for my fellow citizens of Berne, (who have often suffered by dearth of corn and wine,) my will is, that, by the permission of Providence, they shall never, for the future, suffer under the like calamity: to which end and purpose, I give my estate, real and personal, to the senate of Berne in trust for the people, that is to say, that they receive the produce of my estate until it shall come to the sum of (suppose two thousand pounds); that then they shall lay out this two thousand pounds in building a town house, according to the plan by me left; the lower story whereof to consist of large vaults or repositories for wines; the story above, I direct to be formed into a piazza for such persons as shall come to market at Berne, for disposing of their goods, free from the injuries of the weather; above that, I direct a council-chamber to be erected for the committee of the senate to meet in, from time to time, to adjust my accounts, and to direct such things as may be necessary for the charity; and, above the council-chamber, as many floors and granaries as can be conveniently raised, to deposit a quantity of corn for the use of the people, whenever they shall have occasion for it. And when this building shall be erected, and the expence of it discharged, I direct the senate of Berne to receive the produce of my estate until the same shall amount to the sum (suppose two thousand pounds); and when the price of corn shall be one-fourth part under the mean rate of the last ten years, they shall then lay out one thousand pounds in corn, and stow it in my granaries; and the same in wine, when under one-fourth of the mean rate of the last ten years. And my will is, that none of the said corn and wine shall be sold until the price of corn and wine shall exceed, at the common market, one-fourth of the mean rate of the last ten years, and then every citizen of Berne shall demand daily (or proportionably weekly) as many pounds weight of wheat, and as many pints of wine, as he has mouths in his family to consume, and no more; and that, for the same, he pay ready money after the mean rate that it had been for the last ten years—a due proportion being allowed for waste, and that to be settled by the senate; and that each householder shall be so supplied as long as the price of corn and wine shall continue above the rate of one-fourth more than the mean rate; and whatsoever increase shall be made of the capital, it shall be laid out, under the same restrictions, in adding to the stock of corn and wine, which, under the blessing of God, will, I hope, in a certain time, reduce these two necessary articles of life to very near a fixed price—to the glory of God, and benefit of the poor."

For nearly two hundred years, this patriotic provision had subsisted, when an English merchant, returning from Aleppo by Berne, was so struck with the good effects it had produced,

that, on his return home, he settled a sum of money for the use of the poor at Kingston-on-Thames for the purchase of coals in the same manner. The right honourable Arthur Onslow, speaker of the honourable house of commons, and Nicholas Hardinge, esq. were two of the trustees, under whose auspices the poor were abundantly supplied, and the fund greatly augmented.

MORAL INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

A Fragment.

FEW men suspect, perhaps no man comprehends, the extent of the support given by religion to every virtue. No man, perhaps, is aware, how much our moral and social sentiments are fed from this fountain; how powerless conscience would become without the belief of a God; how palsied would be human benevolence, were there not the sense of a higher benevolence to quicken and sustain it; how suddenly the whole social fabric would quake, and, with a fearful crash, sink into hopeless ruin, were the ideas of a Supreme Being, of accountableness, and of a future life, to be utterly erased from every mind. Once let men thoroughly believe that they are the work and sport of chance; that no superior intelligence concerns itself in human affairs; that all their improvements perish for ever at death; that the weak have no guardian, and the poor no avenger; that an oath is unheard in heaven; that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend; that this brief life is every thing to us, and death is total, everlasting extinction; once let men *thoroughly* abandon religion, and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow? We hope, perhaps, that human laws and natural sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe that were the sun quenched in the heavens, *our* torches could illuminate, and *our* fires quicken and fertilize the creation. What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness, if man is the unprotected insect of the day? And what is he more, if Atheism be true? Erase all thoughts and fear of God from a community, and selfishness and sensuality would absorb the whole man. Appetite, knowing no restraint, and poverty and suffering having no solace or hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty, and principle, would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self-interest would supplant every other feeling; and man would become, in fact, what the theory of Atheism declares him to be—a companion for brutes.

CROOKED COINCIDENCES.

A PAMPHLET published in the year 1703, has the following strange title:—"The *Deformity* of Sin cured; a Sermon preached at St. Michael's *Crooked*-lane, before the Prince of Orange, by the Rev. J. *Crookshanks*. Sold by Matthew Denton, at the *Crooked* Billet, near *Cripple*gate, and by all other booksellers." The words of the text are—"*Every crooked path shall be made straight;*" and the prince before whom it was preached, was *deformed* in his person.

LINES ON JOHN TISSEY, A PUNSTER.

MERRY was he, for whom we now are sad;
His jokes were many, and but few were bad.
The gay, the jocund, sprightly, active soul
No more shall pun, alas! no more shall bowl.
Now at his tomb, methinks I hear him say—
"I never lik'd to be in a *grave* way!"
Then, by and by, he cries—"for all your scoffing,
I now am only in a fit of *coffin!*"
Thy passing bell with heavy hearts we hear;
For thee each *passing belle* shall drop a tear.
That sable hearse which drew thy corpse along
Shall be *rehears'd* in dismal poet's song.
Oh! how unlike—yet this is he, we're sure,
Who once in Gratton's coach sat so demure.
Many a ball he gracefully began;
Well may we *bawl* to lose so great a man.
Thy friendly club their mighty loss deplore
Their faithful secretary now no more.
Thou ne'er shalt *secret tarry*, though in death,
While puns are puns, or punning men have breath.

EPITAPH ON A GYPSEY.

A POOR, friendless, but honest *Gypsey* became so attached to Mrs. Smyth Stuart, that she followed her fortunes, and shared in all her mishaps, shipwrecks, and disasters, both by land and sea, from England to the West Indies—through America—and back to her native country, where she expired,

grateful and attached until her death. To her memory the following Epitaph was inscribed for the benefit of the living:

HERE LIES A POOR GYPSEY;
Yet her face was perfectly white,
And her disposition strictly honest;
Possessing, likewise, many excellent qualities,
And has seen as much of the world
As most Gypsies,
And undergone as great vicissitudes of fortune;
Without the smallest stain or blemish
Throughout her whole life.
For, besides much of England,
She travelled thousands of miles in the Indies,
And over the vast continent of America,
Attacked and nearly devoured by wild beasts;
She suffered also
Shipwreck, famine, war, and pestilence;
And always with a degree of
Patience, resignation, and fortitude
That would not disgrace
STATIONS
The most exalted;
And CHARACTERS
The most honoured and applauded.
At last, she was carried off,
From this transitory life,
By a mortification,
Which terminated her existence,
After long and painful sufferings:
Still patient therein,
And
Grateful, to the last,
For every mark of kindness, attention, or pity.
READER!
Whosoever thou art!
Be not ashamed to imitate
The amiable and excellent qualities
Of this POOR GYPSEY,
Although
She was only—
A CAT:
And expired March the 9th, 1805,
At
Billericay, in Essex.

RUNIC MAXIMS.

From the "Edda: or, System of Runic Mythology."

To the guest who enters your dwelling with frozen knees, give the warmth of your fire. He who hath travelled over the mountains hath need of food and well-dried garments.

A man can carry with him no better provision for a journey than strength of understanding. In a foreign country, this will be of more use to him than treasures; and will introduce him to the table of strangers.

Nothing is more useless to the sons of the age, than to drink too much ALE. The more the drunkard swallows, the less is his wisdom; 'till reason, at last, is drowned.

A coward thinks he shall live for ever, if he can but keep out of the reach of arms; but though he should escape every weapon, old age, that spares none, will give him no quarter.

The gluttonous man, if he is not upon his guard, eats his own death: and the gluttony of a fool makes a wise man laugh.

The flocks know when to return to the fold, and to quit the pasture: but the worthless and slothful know not how to restrain their gluttony.

A man void of sense ponders all night long, and his mind wanders without ceasing: but when he is weary at the point of day, he is nothing wiser than he was over-night.

One's own home is the best home, though never so small. Every thing one eats at home is so sweet. He who lives at another man's table is often obliged to wrong his palate.

I have never yet found a man so generous and munificent, as that to receive at his house was not to receive; nor any so free and liberal of his gifts, as to reject a present when it was returned to him.

Let friends pleasure each other reciprocally by presents of arms and habits. Those who give and those who receive, continue a long time friends.

When I was young I wandered about alone: I thought myself rich if I chanced to meet with a companion. A man gives pleasure to another man.

Let not a man be over wise, neither let him be more curious than he ought. Let him not seek to know his destiny, if he would sleep secure and quiet.

Rise early, if you would enrich yourself, or vanquish an enemy. The sleeping wolf gains not the prey; neither the drowsy man the victory.

A faithful friend is he who will give me one loaf when he has but two.

Whilst we live, let us live well: for be a man ever so rich when he lights his fire, death may perhaps enter his door before it be burnt out.

It is better to have a son late than never. One seldom sees sepulchral stones raised over the graves of the dead by any other hands than those of their own offspring.

Flocks perish; relations die; friends are not immortal; you will die yourself: but I know one thing alone that is out of the reach of fate, and that is the judgment which is passed upon the dead.

Praise the fineness of the day, when it is ended; praise a woman, when you have known her; a sword, when you have proved it; a maiden, after she is married; the ice, when once you have crossed it; and the liquor after it is drunk.

Peace between malicious women is like to a horse, which is made to walk over the ice not properly shod; or to a vessel in a storm, without a rudder; or to a lame man, who should attempt to follow the mountain goats with a young foal, or yearling mule.

Never discover your uneasiness to an evil person, for he will afford you no comfort.

Know, that if you have a friend, you ought to visit him often. The road is grown over with grass, the bushes quickly spread over it, if it be not constantly travelled.

Be not the first to break with a friend. Sorrow gnaws the heart of him, who hath no one to advise with but himself.

Dispute not with the wicked. The good will often give up a point, when the wicked are enraged and swollen with pride.

Accustom not yourself to mocking; laugh not either at your guest, or a stranger; they, who remain at home, often know not who the stranger is that cometh to their gate.

Where is there to be found a virtuous man without some failing? or one so wicked as to have no good quality?

Laugh not at the grey-headed declaimer, nor at thy aged grandsire. From wrinkles of the skin, often proceed words full of wisdom.

FRAGMENT OF PARISH ANNALS.

Among the papers of the Anstruther family, there is an old fragment of a manuscript, which records two acts of humanity to foreigners in distress, highly honourable to the people of Scotland, though as yet scarcely if at all known to history. The objects of commiseration in the first instance were some

unfortunate survivors of the Spanish Armada, after its wreck and destruction on the western and northern shores of the island! None of our historians appear to have been aware that any part of that armament ever appeared on the *east* coast of Scotland; far less, that one of its principal commanders had begged relief in the Frith of Forth. The second class of sufferers were the Protestant refugees from France, in the years 1585 and 1586, whose numbers were so great, that notwithstanding the liberality they experienced in England, "they were compelled to seek relief from Scotland also." The chronicler of these events is Mr. James Melvill, who was minister of Anstruther at the time, (but afterwards of Kilrennie) and who, in his style and manner, presents a very exact prototype of the celebrated Micah Balwhidder of fictitious story. The following is a literal copy of the fragment:—

"*At Anstruther, the* 10th *day of August, in the last year of the age* 1600, *written by James Melvill, minister of Kilrennie.*

"The year 1588 is well known in history for the providential destruction of the Spanish Armada. The news of it had been blazed about for a long time, and this island had found the fearful effects of it, to the utter subversion both of kirk and policie, if God had not mercifully watched over the same. Sometimes we were told of their landing at Dunbar; sometimes at St. Andrew's and in Tay; and now and then at Aberdeen and Cromarty friths. Within two or three months after the rising of the General Assembly that year, by break of day, one of our baillies of Anstruther came to my bedside, quite in affray, and told me that a shipful of Spaniards was arrived in our harbour, not to give mercy, but to ask it; that the commander had landed, and he had commanded them to their ship again, 'till the magistrates of the town had advised, and they had humbly obeyed. I got up, and after assembling the honest men of the town, we met in the Tolbooth, and after agreeing to hear them, there came to us a very reverend man, of big stature and grace, of a stout countenance and grey-haired. After much and low courtesie, bowing with his face near the ground, and touching my sleeve with his hand, he began his harangue in the Spanish tongue, whereof I understood the substance; and being about to answer in Latin, he having a young man with him to be his interpreter, the youth repeated what the other had said, in good English.

"The sum was, that king Philip, his master, had rigged out a navie and army to land in England, for just causes, and to be avenged of manie intolerable wrongs he had received of that nation; but God for their sins had been against them,

and by storm of weather had driven their navie by the coast of England, and him, with certain captains, (being the commander of 20 hulks) upon an isle of Scotland, called Fair Isle, where they were shipwrecked; and as many as had escaped the merciless seas and rocks, had for six or seven weeks suffered great hunger and cold, 'till getting the bark they were in, they had sailed from Orkney till they arrived here, and were come to their special friends and confederates to kiss the king's majestie's hands of Scotland, (here he beckoned to the earth,) and to find relief thereby to himself, and the gentlemen captains, and the poor soldiers, whose conditions were for the present most miserable and pittiful.

"I answered, in short, that howbeit our friendship could not be very great, seeing they and their king were friends to the greatest enemy of Christ, the pope of Rome, and our king, and we defyed him; nor yet their cause against our special friends and neighbours, the English, could procure any benefit at our hands for their relief and comfort. YET, NEVERTHELESS, they should know by experience, that we were men, and so moved by compassion, and Christians of a better religion than they, which should kyth in the fruits and effects, plain and contrair to theirs. For whereas our people resorting among them in a peaceable manner, and for lawful affairs of merchandize, were taken violently, cast into prison, and their bodies committed to cruel flaming fire for the cause of religion; yet they should find nothing among us but Christian pity and works of mercy and alms; leaving to God to work in their hearts as it pleased him.

"This being truly repeated to him by his interpreter, with great reverence he gave thanks, and said he could not make answer for their kirk, and the laws and order of it, only for himself; that there were divers Scotsmen who knew him, and to whom he had shewn courtesy and favour at Cadiz, and as he supposed, some of this same town of Anstruther.

"I shewed him that the baillies had granted him license, with the captains, to go to their lodgings for their refreshment; but to none of their men to land, 'till the overlord of the town was advertised, and they understood the king's majestie's mind anent them.

"Thus, with great courtesy, he departed.

"That night, the laird of Anstruther came, and accompanied with a good number of the neighbouring gentlemen, gave the said general and captains presence; and after speeches, in effect as above, received them into his house, and entertained them humanely; and suffered the soldiers to come on shore, and lye altogether, to the number of 260, for the maist part young bairdless men, silly, traiked and hungered.

"To them, for a day or two, the inhabitants gave kail, pottage, and fish. My address to them was conform to the prophet Elisa to the king of Israel in Samaria, "Give them bread and water."

"The names of the commanders were Juan Comes de Medina, general of 20 hulks; Capitan Patricio, Capitan de Legaretto, Capitan de Lustera, Capitan de Mauritio, and Seignior Sejano.

"Meantime, all the while my heart melted within me for thankfulness to God, when I remembered the pridefull and cruel nature of these people, and how they would have used us in case they had landed with their force against us; and saw much of the wonderful works of God's mercie and justice, in making us see the chief commander of them making such deugenet and courtesie to poor seamen; and their soldiers so abjectly to beg alms at our doors, and in the streets.

"Meanwhile, they knew not of the wreck of the rest, but supposed their army was safely returned; 'till, one day, I got in St. Andrew's a printed account of the wreck of the gallies, with the names of the principal men, and how they were used in Ireland, and our Highlands, in Wales, and other parts of England; which, when I told to the general, he cried out for grief, and bursted and gratt.

"This commander, when he returned to Spain, shewed great kindness to a ship of Anstruther that was arrested at Cadiz. He rode to court for her, and highly commended Scotland to his king. He took the seamen to his house, and inquired for the laird of Anstruther, for the minister, and his host, and sent many commendations home.

"But we thank God that we had seen them among us in this sort.

"In the years —86 and —87, the Protestants of France were charged away against such a day, under pain of loss of life, goods, gear and land; so that the number of the banisht in England was so great, and their poor so many, that they were compelled to seek relief in Scotland also; and to the glory of God, in the poor bounds I had under my charge at my first entry to the ministry, we had above 500 marks. The sum of the whole collection from the French kirk, extended to 10,000 marks, thro' the whole of Scotland, as their acquittances and letters of thanks bear witness, whilk I have in my custody."

THE FRAGMENT OF PARISH ANNALS ILLUSTRATED.

THE following account of the shipwreck of the duke of Medina, on the coast of Fair Isle, and of his subsequent adventures, made up from the traditions of the country, by a native of Shetland, will throw some additional light on the annals of Anstruther. It appears from this, that the duke and his followers leaving Anstruther, reached Ostend in safety; and that the ship which conveyed them belonged to, and was commanded by one Andrew Humphrey, of the Fair Isle, who was probably the young man mentioned in the minister of Anstruther's account as having officiated as interpreter to the duke:—

"One of the ships of the Spanish Armada, on board of which was the duke of Medina, was wrecked on the east side of the Fair Isle; the duke and part of the crew were saved, and were compelled, by bad weather, to remain in the isle so long, that a famine arose, so great, that a piece of bread was sold by the inhabitants to the Spaniards *for as many ducats as would cover it.*

"As soon as the weather permitted, they crossed over in boats to the south part of the main land of Shetland, and were hospitably entertained by Malcolm Sinclair, laird of Quendal, a considerable time; after which, they embarked in a vessel belonging to, and commanded by Andrew Humphrey, of Berry, (at that time proprietor of the Fair Isle) who carried them to Ostend; for which service having received a handsome reward, he returned home, and lived afterwards in great affluence during life.

"Another evidence of this wreck at Fair Isle is, that one captain Jacob Row, employed by the right honourable earl of Morton, to drag on it, took up two brass cannon, having the Spanish arms on them, in the year 1728.

"Our tradition likewise informs us, that two ships of the Armada came to an anchor about two leagues west from Fitfield-Head, (the south west point of Shetland) and there rode down.

"Of this we have still more convincing evidence, *viz.* the fishermen hauling up with their lines, in the place, pieces of iron, ropes, and other things belonging to a ship; particularly three years ago, (1769) a copper boiler, while fishing for cod and ling; and on that account they call the place "*The Ship.*"

RISE OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

Henry VII. 1485.—Built the Great Harry, cost £14,000. this, was properly speaking, the first ship of the royal navy. Burnt by accident, 1554.

Henry VIII. 1509.—The Regent, the largest ship in the navy, was of 1000 tons. Burnt in fight, August, 1512. This king fixed the wages of seamen at 5*s.* per month. Queen Elizabeth raised them to 10*s.*

In 1521, the navy consisted of 45 ships.—In 1545, it contained 100 ships. Laws made for planting and preserving timber. Dock yards founded at Deptford, Woolwich, and Portsmouth; also the Trinity House. At the king's death in 1547, tonnage of the whole navy, 12,445.

	Year.	Vessels.	Tonnage.	Guns.	Men.
Edward VI.	1548	53	11268	....	.....
Mary.....	1553	24	7110	....	.....
Elizabeth, 1558	1565	29	10506	....	6570
	1588	34	12590	....	6279
	1599	42	.....	....	.....
	1602	42	17055	....	8346

The expence of the navy, about £30,000 per annum.

James 1607	36	14710	....	8174

Expence £50,000 per annum, exclusive of timber from the royal forests, £36,000 per annum.

	1618	39	15100	....	.....
	1624	33	19400	....	.....
Charles I.....1633	50	23695	1434	9470

The unhappy dispute between Charles I. and his people was fanned into a flame on occasion of his demanding ship-money, or enforcing a tax, by virtue of the royal prerogative; but it appears from authentic documents, that every shilling of the money was not only faithfully applied, but to the great honour and advantage of the nation. By means of it, a formidable fleet of sixty sail was equipped, supposed to be the greatest England ever knew.

In 1634, this tax produced above £200,000. In 1640, it was voted illegal. The successes of the English against the Dutch in 1653, were in a great measure owing to the superior size of the English vessels, of which king Charles had set the example in building the *Sovereign of the Seas*, on a larger scale.

Commonwealth	1652	102	.....	....	.....
	1658	157	.....	4390	21910

	Year.	Vessels.	Tonnage.	Guns.	Men.
Charles II.	1660	154	57463	....	.....
Expences per annum, £500,000.					
	1675	151	70587	....	.....
	1678	148	69004	5350	30260
	1685	179	103558	....	.....
James II.	1688	173	101892	6930	42003
William and Mary	1697	323	.....	....	.....
	1698	266	.....	....	.....
Anne	1706	277	.....	....	.....
	1711	313	.....	....	.....
	1714	247	167219	....	.....
George I.	1724	233	170862	....	.....
George II.	1742	271	.....	....	.....
	1753	291	234924	....	.....
	1756	320	.....	....	.....
George III.	1760	412	321104	....	.....
	1783	617	500781	....	.....
	1801	864	.....	....	.....
	1805	949	.....	....	.....

YEW TREES IN CHURCH-YARDS.

"Our ancestors," says Mr. Pennant, "seem to have had a classical reason for planting these dismal trees among the repositories of the dead, and a political one for placing them about their houses. In the first instance, they were the substitutes of the *invisa cupressus;* in the other, they were designed for provision of materials for the sturdy bows of our warlike ancestors

——— who drew,
And almost joined the horns of the tough Yew."

Specious as this explanation is, there is statutory evidence of its incorrectnesss. In the preamble to the last statute of Edward I. entitled *Ne rector arbores in cœmeterio prosternat,* it is narrated, that trees were originally placed in church-yards to protect the church from the wind. Low as churches were then built, the yew, from its thick foliage, would answer this purpose better than any other; and hence, no doubt, arose its universal introduction in such situations.

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN MANUSCRIPT.

In the British Museum there is an extraordinary relic of literature—an Egyptian manuscript on papyrus, which was taken from a mummy at Thebes, and brought into England by William Hamilton, esq. by whom it was presented to the British Museum. The papyrus, before it was expanded in the manner it is now seen, was closely rolled up.

The characters in the manuscript are those which were in common use among the Egyptians. They are evidently written from right to left, a mode of writing which was remarked by Herodotus to prevail among that people. The Egyptians not only differed from the Greeks in this mode of writing, but they differed also in the mode of rolling their manuscripts; the Egyptians beginning their rolls from the left, and the Greeks from the right. In their different practices, however, both had the same object in contemplation, that when a manuscript was unrolled, that part of it, which contained the beginning of the writing, should first present itself.

This manuscript is divided into four columns, the first of which is imperfect; and each column is accompanied by a drawing, which represents one or more objects of Egyptian adoration. The ink, which has retained its colour in a surprising manner, seems to be composed of lamp or charcoal black, suspended in some animal matter. In some few parts of the manuscript, the ink, at first sight, seems to have lost its blackness; but these passages, upon a close inspection, are found to have been originally written with red ink.

With respect to the instrument by which the letters were formed, there can be but little doubt but that it was a reed and not a brush; it being a matter of great uncertainty whether the Egyptians ever used the latter in their writings; although Count Caylus is of opinion, that they employed it in their writings on cloth. Among the numerous paintings which yet adorn the walls of almost all the temples in Upper Egypt, a remarkable figure has been more than once observed, which will serve to throw considerable light upon the present inquiry. "This figure," says Ripaud in his Report on the Antiquities of that part of the country, "is engaged in writing on a volume or roll with the calamus or pen made of a reed." To this circumstance may be added the authority of a writer eminently learned in the manners and customs of the Egyptians:

> "Modo si papyrum, Ægyptiâ argutiâ
> Nilotici calami inscriptam non spreveris
> Inspicere."

It is worth while to remark, that every roll consisted of an indefinite number of sheets, which were fastened together by glue; care being always taken to place the best sheet of papyrus first—that which was next in superiority, second—and so in gradation to the last, which was the worst sheet in the roll. *Proximatum semper, bonitatis diminutione ad deterrimas.* This custom, mentioned by Pliny in the preceding passage, is confirmed, in some measure, by the roll before us, which, if held up to the light, will be perceived to have the first sheet composed of a much finer piece of papyrus than any of the succeeding sheets.

Before the expedition of the French into Egypt, no manuscripts of this kind had ever been noticed. They are, unquestionably, by far the most ancient manuscripts that have reached our times. The few which have been found, have been observed to lie close to the embalmed figure, underneath the resin and bandages, which have been employed to envelope the body. No mummy has been known to contain more than two. Their position is sometimes under the arms, sometimes between the thighs, and sometimes even in the hand of the deceased, which has been artificially made to inclose them.

BOOKS.

THERE are three capital mistakes in regard to books:

I. Some persons, through their own indolence, and others from a sincere belief of the vanity of human science, read no book but the Bible. But these good men do not consider, that, on the same principle, they ought not to preach sermons; for sermons are *libri ora, vivâque voce pronunciati.*

II. Some collect great quantities of books for shew, and not for service. Of such as these Lewis XI. of France aptly observed, that "They resembled hunch-backed people, who carried a great burden, which they never saw." This is a vain parade, even unworthy of reproof. If an illiterate man thinks by this art to cover his ignorance, he mistakes; for while he appears to affect modesty, he dances naked in a net to hide his shame.

III. Then there are others, who purchase large libraries with a sincere design of reading all the books; a very large library, however, is but a learned luxury.

THEOLOGICAL COLLOQUIES.

Sir Henry Wotton, when at Rome, having gone to hear vespers, the priest, with whom he was acquainted, sent to him, by a boy of the choir, this question, written on a small piece of paper:—"Where was your religion to be found before Luther?" Sir Henry immediately wrote under it—"My religion was to be found *then* where your's is not to be found *now*—in the written word of God."

When the same question was proposed to the learned Mr. Joseph Mead, he facetiously answered—"Where was the fine flour when the wheat went to the mill?" And, at another time, "Where was the meal before the corn was ground?"

The following, which is a still better version of the story, is by a more recent hand:

Catholic. Where was your religion before Luther?
Protestant. Did you wash your face this morning?
Catholic. Yes.
Protestant. Where was your face before it was washed?

Bishop Bedell wrote a very long treatise on these two questions:—"Where was the reformed church before Luther's time?" "And what was the fate of those who died in the bosom of the church before the reformation?" Archbishop Usher often urged him to publish this work; but this he neglected, and it was at length lost in that scene of confusion which attended the Irish rebellion.

LETTER FROM LADY ARABELLA STUART TO THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY.

It may please your lordship to pardon me if writing now in hast, with a mind distracted with the several cares of a householder, and those that this remove and new year's tide adde thearto, I omit, sometimes, that which wear, perchance, more material to write than that I write, and forgett many things which, according to the manner of us that have only after wittes, come not to minde till your letters be gone, and then are too ancient news to be sent by the next:

I received your lordship's letter safe by Mrs. Nelson; and that *your* in my aunt's letter was plural, so that I ment I receaved your lordship's and her's, how ill soever I expressed it. I will amend my obscurity, God willing. Your lordship

taxeth my obscurity in the comment upon a part of some letter of mine you desired to have explained: but whatsoever you took for the explanation, I am sure I sent you none; for I knew not what it was you desired to have expounded.

I pray you take not that *pro concesso* in general, which is only proper to some monsters of our sex. I cannot deny so apparent a truth as that wickedness prevaileth with some of our sex; because I dayly see some, even of the fairest amongst us, misled, and unwillingly and unwittingly ensnared by the prince of darknesse. But ours shall still be the purer and more innocent kinde. Theare went one thousand virgins to heaven in one day.* Looke at the almanack, and you shall find that glorious day. And if you thincke there are some, but not many of us, that may prove saints, I hope you are deceived. "*But not many rich, not many noble, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven.*" So that riches and nobility are hinderances from heaven, as well as our native infirmity.

You would thincke me very full of divinity, or desirous to shew that little I have; in both which you should do me wrong, if you knew what business I have at court, and yet preach to you. Pardon me, it is not my function. Now a little more to the purpose.

I have delivered your ten patents, signed and sealed, to Mr. Hercy. If it be not an inexcusable presumption in me to tell you my mind, unaskit, as if I would advise you what to do, pardon me if I tell you, I thinck your thancks will come very unseasonably, so near new year's tide, especially those with which you send any gratuity; thearefore, consider, if it weare not better to give your new year's gift first to the queene, and your thanckes after, and keepe Mr. Fowler's 'till after that good time. New year's tide will come every year, and be a yearly tribute to them you beginne with. You may impute the slowness of your thanckfulnesse to Mr. Hercy or me, that acquainted you no sooner with your own matter.

The Spanish imbassador invited Madame de Beaumont (the French imbassador's lady) to dinner, requesting her to bring some English ladies with her. She brought my lady

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* One of the charges against this innocent princess was, that she was a papist. The blunder she here makes, respecting the thousand virgins, refutes the charge, for no Roman Catholic is ignorant that the legend says, the number was eleven thousand. The day alluded to, is the 12th of the calends of November, on which day, Undecemilla, a virgin and martyr, suffered. But some blunderer, not knowing that Undecemilla was a diminutive of Undecima, and a woman's name, read Undecim mille for *Undecim virgo et martyr*, and altering the other words into *virgines et martyres*, multiplied one saint into eleven thousand.

Bedford,* lady Rich,† lady Susan,‡ lady Dorothy, with her, and great cheere they had. A fortnight after, he invited the duke,§ the earl of Mar, and divers of that nation, requesting them to bring the Scotish ladies; for he was desirous to see some natural beauties. My lady Anne Hay, and my cousin Drummond, went; and, after the sumptuous dinner, weare presented, first, with two pairs of Spanish gloves a-piece—and after, my cousin Drummond had a diamond ring, of the value of two hundred crowns, given her—and my lady Anne a gold chaine, of Spanish worke, neare that value. My lady Cary went with them, and had gloves theare; and after, a gold chaine, of little links, twice about her neck, sent her.

Yesterday, the Spanish imbassador, the Florentine, and madame de Beaumont, tooke their leave of the queene till she come to Hampton Court.

There is an imbassador come from Polonia, and faine he would be gone againe, because of the freezing of theyr seas; but he hath not yet had audience.

The Venetians lately sent two imbassadours, with letters, both to the king and queene. One of them is returned with a very honourable dispatch; but he staying but a few dayes, and the queen being not well, he saw her not. The other stayes heare still.

It is said the Turk hath sent a chahu to the king. It is said, the Pope will send a knight to the king in imbassage. The duke of Savoye's imbassage is dayly expected.

But out of this confusion of imbassages, will you know how we spend our time on the queene's side? Whilst I was at Winchester, theare weare certain childe-playes remembered by the fayre ladies, *viz.* "*I pray, my lord, give me a course in your park. Rise, pig, and go. One peny follow me, &c.*" And when I came to court, they were as highly in request as ever cracking of nuts was. So I was by the mistress of the revelles not only compelled to play at I know not what,(for 'till that day I never heard of a play called Fier,) but even persuaded, by the princely example, to play the childe againe. This exercise is mostly used from ten of the clock at night to two or three in the morning; but that day I made one, it

* Lucy countess of Bedford, wife of Edward earl of Bedford, and daughter of John lord Harrington.

† Penelope, wife of Robert lord Rich, afterwards earl of Warwick, and sister of the unfortunate earl of Essex.

‡ Lady Susan Vere, daughter to Edward earl of Oxford, afterwards married to sir Philip Herbert, afterwards earl of Pembroke and Montgomery.

§ Duke of Lennox.

began at twilight, and ended at supper-time. Theare was an interlude; but not so ridiculous (as ridiculous as it was) as my letter, which I heare conclude with many prayers to the Almighty for your happinesse, and so humbly take my leave.

Your honoured neece,
ARABELLA STUART.

From Tulston, the 8th *of Decemb.* 1603.

Harleian MSS. 7003.

ON THE ROYAL MARRIAGE ACT.

Quoth Dick to Tom—"This act appears
Absurd, as I'm alive,
To take the crown at eighteen years,
The wife at twenty-five!

'The myst'ry, how shall we explain?
For sure as Dowdeswell* said—
Thus early if they're fit to reign,
They must be fit to wed."

Quoth Tom to Dick—"Thou art a fool,
And little know'st of life;
Alas! 'tis easier far to rule
A kingdom than a wife."

ANGELS.

MANY rash opinions have been held of the nature, number, language, and guardianship of angels; and many, who have maintained them, have endeavoured to press Scripture into their service.

A very learned foreign divine divides the doctrine of angels into ten parts. In the first, he considers their *names;* in the second, their existence and *origin;* in the third, their *nature;* the fourth, regards *fallen* angels; the fifth, the *place* of angels; the sixth, their *number;* the seventh, their *order;* the eighth, their *ministry;* the ninth, the *worship* of them; and the tenth, *the angel of Jehovah,* Jesus Christ, who was above all angels.

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* In his speech in the House of Commons, when the Bill was under discussion.

It is curious to see the various opinions of writers on this subject. The Talmudists have multiplied the good angels to more than three hundred thousand millions, and the bad angels to a number beyond computation.

Some Romish divines have made the latter consist of six thousand six hundred and sixty-six legions; each legion of six thousand six hundred and sixty-six angels; and the whole number, forty-four millions, four hundred and thirty-five thousands, five hundred and fifty-six. St. Cyril, of Jerusalem, thought the number of angels would be found, at last, to exceed that of all human existence. Isidore supposed the number of elect men would be equal to that of fallen angels, and that the former were intended to fill up the places vacated by the latter. Mr. Daillon affirmed there was only one devil; and that Christians had borrowed their notion of a plurality from Pagans. Averroes denied the existence of any devil. So widely differ the sportive fancies of mankind!

Scripture, as usual, has been called in to determine this controversy. St. Hilary says—"Angels are to men as one to ninety; or, as one to an hundred: for Scripture says—'*If a man have an hundred sheep, and lose one, he leaveth ninety-nine, and goeth after that one.*'" Matt. xviii. 12.

Fallen angels, say some, are more than five thousand; for one demoniac said—"*My name is legion.*" Luke viii. 30.

Fallen angels, say others, must be very numerous; for they form a kingdom powerful enough to oppose the efforts of holy angels. Matt. xii. 26.

Fallen angels, say others again, are exactly a third part of the intelligences of the same order; for, it is said, "*The dragon's tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven.*" Rev. xii. 3.

It is certain, add others, the number of the good angels is far greater than that of the fallen; for Scripture speaks of only *one legion* of the first, and it speaks of *twelve legions* of the last. Mark v. 19; Matt. xxvi. 53; *vide* Jacob. Ode Prof. Traject. Comment. de Angel.

"Were I inclined to amuse myself with this controversy," says a sensible writer, "I would collect all writings, sacred and prophane, on this subject, and summon various classes of writers to take their several proper shares; *and what remained of pure revelation,* expounded by just reasoning, should be my faith on this article. Pedantic superstition, in the person of James I. would load away sorcery, witchcraft, contracts, devils by wholesale. Pagan presumption would ship off hieroglyphics, astrology, magic, manicheism, &c. Popery would claim a large share of angelography. Vulgar popular observation of effects, and ignorance of causes,

would claim a very large proportion of small talk on these occult powers. Fancy, in rhetorical guise, would reduce a volume of well-set words to a page of meaning: the volume must be hers, the page mine. Politicians would take off a large stock of the tutelar tribe. Sound reasoners on demonology would represent the demoniacs of the New Testament as diseased people, of whom the good physician, Jesus, spoke in popular style. These would claim many a text from the subject, and I could not rationally refuse their claim. Bright and black wings, and rays, horns, and cloven feet, would fall to artists. I should, perhaps, at last, find, that the best guardian angel was a good conscience, and the most formidable devils my own depraved passions."

"FRIEND WALKER."

THE following curious letter was written by Dr. Walker, who accompanied the British expedition into Egypt for the purpose of extending vaccine inoculation.

"John Walker to Friends Pemberton, Hewit, and Gibson.

"Health and peace be multiplied unto you. Inasmuch as I intend to sojourn for awhile in the land of Judea, and having already a companion to go with me thither, (who is an inhabitant of Bethlem Judea, I turn you to request that you will commit to remembrance, that any letter sent for me to that ship of the king's, which is by interpretation the "Thunderer," and whose sign is the "Eagle of Jupiter," will be likely to reach me in whatever part of my journeying it may be. The letters I sent to Joseph were directed to the care of the wife of him who commanded this ship, and may yet be in her keeping; if so, it will be pleasant unto her if ye call on her, and take them into your charge. Farewell.

"Written at Rosetta, on the 18th day of the 6th month, in the 41st year of the king, when his armies came from afar, from the east and from the west, and encompassed Cairo about, together with the armies of the Arabians and the Egyptians, and the Syrians, and those that dwell in the land round about the Hellespont, and in the isles thereof, from the river even to the going down of the sun in the Adriatic. And behold the fall of the city; will it not be shortly written in the chronicles of the king, and all the world shall hear the report thereof?"

SPECIMENS OF A DIARY.

It may be safely averred, that there is no man so insignificant in mental capacity, as to be incapable of furnishing both information and amusement, by a diary of what he merely observes and hears. The truth of this remark, I have found strongly confirmed by some fragments of a manuscript book which came into my hands the other day, among a parcel of old books, book covers, and stray leaves, purchased at one of those repositories, where it is part of the craft of dealing, not to tell how they come by what they sell. It appears to have been a diary of remarkable occurrences, kept by some resident of the metropolis about fifty years ago. But few of the leaves remain, and from none of these can the name of the writer be discovered. It may be gathered from the cast of his observations, that he was of the class of citizens; and a shrewd and well-informed one. He records nothing, perhaps, which might not have been recorded by any body else; yet, scanty as the relics of his labours are, they contain many things that are new, (to the present writer at least) and form, altogether, a very entertaining sort of miscellany. The following specimens include all that has escaped the hand of spoliation, except some beginnings and endings of mutilated passages, which would be unintelligible to the reader.

1771, June 27.—Went to see the *Maid of Bath* performed for the first time, at the Haymarket theatre. Saw there lord Lyttleton, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Doctor Johnson, Garrick, and Goldsmith. In that part of the play, where the friends of old Sir Solomon Flint are endeavouring to disabuse him of his passion for the heroine, and warning him of the expences that will attend his wedding, "you must have," says Billy Button, (who, by-the-bye, is intended to represent a Mr. G———, a taylor, at Bath,) "new liveries, and a new wardrobe, if you go with your bride to London; for every body there judges of people according to their appearance." "Aye! Aye!" replies Sir Solomon, "I don't mind that: I can have a wardrobe at a very reasonable rate; for you must know, the parson who is come down here to marry us, is a great patriot, a profound politician; he was some time ago a fine gentleman; but having met with some misfortunes at Paris, was obliged to leave several laced suits of cloaths in pawn, at that metropolis, which he has promised to let me have upon the most moderate terms. So that I shall make a figure very cheaply with the parson's finery."

This smart allusion to parson Horne,* and his Parisian follies, was so well taken by the audience, that after several loud bursts of applause, they would not suffer the piece to go on 'till the passage was repeated.

* Afterwards better known by the name of John Horne Tooke.

June 29.—Never did candidates bribe so high as the present candidates for the shrievalty,—for by Mr. Oliver and colleagues, we are promised a reduction of the price of provisions; by Mr. Wilkes, the preservation of our liberties; and by Mr. Kirkman and Co. a great and glorious restoration to our senses, of which, that gentleman insinuates, we have for sometime taken leave. Time will shew whether eating, bawling, or court serving, be the order of the day.

More bets are depending on the event of the present poll for sheriffs, than were ever known on any former occasion.

The Rev. Dr. Wilson being on the hustings, the other day, and discoursing very familiarly with Mr. Wilkes, a common-councilman took the doctor aside, and asked him, how he could possibly countenance a man of Mr. Wilkes's libertine principles? The doctor instantly replied, "Sir, there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety-and-nine just persons who need no repentance."

A general consternation prevails at the west end of the town. The great folks appear to be afraid that Mr. Wilkes has some deep scheme in his head, by wishing so ardently for the office of sheriff. It seems as if they were afraid he should, in his turn, issue a general warrant, and take them all up.

Messrs. Wilkes and Bull elected.

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1771, July.—The lord mayor, aldermen, &c. went to St. James's, to present their new address, remonstrance, and petition to the king. One of the noblemen in attendance asked one of the aldermen, what the citizens meant by their present visit? The alderman answered, "To open the king's eyes, and let him see who are his enemies." "Why then," replied the lord, "have you left Mr. Wilkes behind you?"

A person having expressed to Mr. Wilkes some surprise at his resolution not to accompany the deputation; "I wonder, sir," said Mr. Wilkes, "you can desire me to do such a thing; you who, know, that it has been ever the rule of my life *to give his majesty no offence.*"

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July 26.—Went to Windsor, and was much delighted with witnessing the grand installation of knights of the garter. The knights installed were the prince of Wales, the bishop of Osnaburgh, the duke of Cumberland, the duke of Mecklenburgh and the prince of Brunswick (by proxies), the duke of Marlborough, duke of Grafton, earl of Albemarle, and earl Gower. The prince and his brother were not required to take the oaths, on account of their tender age; they are two noble looking youths. After the dinner came the scramble; but in

a style somewhat different from the old use and wont. The lord steward thought it a better plan of economy, to carry the victuals to the mob, than to let the mob come to the victuals. Accordingly, the windows of the castle were thrown open, and the provisions tossed out to the gaping crowd below. A cloud of hams, chickens, pasties, haunches and delicacies, of every kind, with knives, forks, plates, table cloths, and napkins, darkened the air. This was succeeded by showers of liquor, some conveyed in bottles properly corked; but the greater part in rain. The scramble was more diverting than any other part of the preceding farce. You would see one stooping for a fowl, and a great ham falling plump upon his back, another having a fork stuck in his shoulder, and looking up to secure himself from more arrows thus flying by day, receiving a creamed apple-pye full in his face. A beef-eater having lost his cap in the scuffle, had his loss repaired by a venison-pasty falling inverted upon his head. A bargeman, who had just secured a noble haunch of venison, was retiring as fast as he could with his booty, and ran with it full against the back of lord ———, and made an impression on it so like a gridiron, that all the mob, when they had ceased laughing, cried out, "smoke the merry andrew."

After funning, too often comes mischief. The Middlesex bargemen, it seems, had vowed to be revenged on the Irish chairmen, for their sanguinary behaviour on the day of sir William Beauchamp Proctor's standing the poll for Middlesex; and they took this occasion of carrying their design into execution. The scramble had no sooner ended, than a dreadful battle ensued between the two parties. The Irishmen repulsed two severe and desparate attacks from the bargemen; but the latter, rallying a third time with additional forces, and additional courage, got the better of the chairmen, several of whom were left dead on the spot.

July 27.—Sir John Murray, late secretary to the Pretender, was, on Thursday night, carried off by a party of strange men, from a house in Denmark-street, near St. Giles's Church, where he has lived some time.

The following explanation of this curious affair appears in a paper of this morning:

SIR, Friday, 4 o'Clock.

"As your profession renders you the innocent instrument of imposing upon the world the guilty falsehoods of anonymous writers, it will do you credit and me justice, to open the eyes of your readers, whose judgements are misled by a malicious representation of the supposed *enlèvement* of *sir John Murray*. The tender bonds of filial affection, joined to a

friendly sympathy, are coercive motives to induce me to take every step that might prevent an insane parent from exposing himself to the people, in a state which renders him as ridiculous and contemptible, as his former conduct has made him criminal before them. To this effect, every delicate and legal step was taken; nor would the most distant knowledge of his unhappy situation have transpired, but from the malevolence of your anonymous authors, who are influenced to propagate their infamous falsehoods, from being withheld in the execution of their several projects, of imposing upon his weakness, and preying upon his substance, of which they and their coadjutors have already experienced the douceurs.

"Let your readers therefore know, that a peace-officer, his two sons, and two servants, (neither ruffians nor bravoes) unarmed, and without violence, attended him, and prevailed upon him to leave a house, where the meanest mechanics of different denominations gratified their curiosity, and boasted of interviews with *mad secretary Murray;* the neigbourhood of which house, the very day he removed, were spectators of his insanity in the streets; that they neither rushed into, but were peaceably admitted into his apartment, nor bound, nor put a strait waistcoat upon, nor extorted a cry from him; that the neighbourhood were neither alarmed nor apprised of the affair, 'till some time after the coach left it; nor would have been so, but through the means of his late landlady: that he was, with every mark of tenderness and respect, conveyed to, and placed under the care of Dr. Battie; and give them, if you please, for authority, the name of

"Your humble servant,
"ROBERT MURRAY."*

July 29.—Died at Llangollen, Denbighshire, Owen Tudor, esq. aged 121; a descendant from Henry, the seventh duke of Richmond. He served the office of high sheriff for that county, in the year 1770. He enjoyed so good a state of health, that it is not remembered that he had a day's illness for these fifty years past, and was very hearty 'till within three days of his death.

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August 15.—Much talk of a proposition, which one of the ministers is said to have made to the king, to assemble the parliament next winter, at Oxford, should there be any likelihood of a repetition of the late popular disturbances. His

* An actor of some celebrity; the father of Mrs. Henry Siddons, and of Mr. Murray, the present manager of the Edinburgh theatre.

majesty was very angry with the author of this advice, and replied warmly, " that a rabble should never drive him from the metropolis of his kingdom."

August.—Married at Isleworth, the king of the gypsies' daughter to a second husband. The princess is about twenty-two years of age, and her spouse about seventeen. About twenty couple walked from the Bell to the church, and returned in the like manner to the same place, after the ceremony was performed; only as they went, the women leaned on the men, but on their return back, the men leaned on the women. The dinner was served under the four elms on Hounslow Heath, and forty gypsies sat down together. There was plenty of all kinds of provisions, *fowls not excepted,* and the best sorts of liquors. When they had done, the bye-standers, to the number of some hundreds, regaled themselves with what was left. The bridegroom's pockets were well lined with gold, and the bride's father declared he would give this scion of his royal house, a thousand pounds for her dowry.

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September.—The papers say, that Mr. Wilkes is at present studiously engaged in the perusal of all the law books, relative to the office of sheriff, in order to enable him and his colleague " to execute that office with spirit and safety." That is, in plainer English, that they may kick up a dust with as much security to themselves as possible.

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September.—A ship, arrived from Davis's Straits this season, brings advice that she sailed so far up the Pole, *that the magnetic compass had no power;* and that she then came to an open broad calm sea, where there was not the least appearance of ice or land.

September 14.—A few weeks since, the papers assured us " that the East India trade, which formerly carried a million sterling, in specie, from this kingdom annually, now brings us in nearly three, and is the great means which has prevented our bankruptcy as a people"!!! Most honest chroniclers! From a state of the company's affairs, published this morning, it appears that they have to pay this year £2,756,000, and to receive £1,894,000. The company therefore must be short £862,000.

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October 7.—The state of the poll for the election of lord mayor, declared by the sheriffs. Alderman Nash elected by a large majority. While casting up the poll, the following letter was handed up to sheriff Wilkes; it was passed about, and caused much mirth.

Messrs. Wilkes and Bull.

Gentlemen,

"I beseech you to pardon a stranger presuming to give you a hint in the execution of your office. As the name of Mr. Alderman Banks stands lowest on the board behind you, you may possibly overlook its importance. The rule has lately been introduced of declaring him who has had the lowest number, duly elected; it was so in the case of the Middlesex election. You will be pleased not to let prejudices arising from custom, determine you to transgress a rule so lately established; and established too by so very respectable an authority, as the present most virtuous, disinterested, unbiassed, and incorrupt house of commons.

"Guildhall, Monday noon. "Yours, J. C.

October 8.—Common council this day rescinded the vote for silver cups to the lord mayor, and Messrs. Wilkes and Oliver. Deputy Wilson said truly, that if they once made such a precedent, the chamber of London would soon be ruined; for craving patriots would ever be wanting to share the estates of the city of London.

* * * * * * * *

October 17.—Intelligence received of the death of lord Baltimore, at Naples, on the 4th ultimo. Dying without issue, the title becomes extinct. His lordship was proprietary of the province of Maryland, and is supposed to have died worth a million sterling. Previous to his going to Italy, his friend E———, asked him for the loan of £300. His lordship pretended not to have as much to spare; but on the day before his departure, having called to take leave of E———, he requested him to accept a large silver medallion of queen Anne, as a token of remembrance. In the hollow of this medallion, E. found the £300 enclosed.

* * * * * * * *

December 9.—The Jew doctor, and other Jews concerned in the murder and robbery at Mrs. Hutchins's, at Chelsea, executed this morning, at Tyburn. So great is the present outcry against this people, (the Jews) that it is thought they will be totally extirpated from these kingdoms, by an act, the ensuing meeting of parliament.

1772, January 3.—Mr. Creighton told a curious anecdote the other day, at the East India house, when inveighing against the mal-practices of stock-jobbing. During the infatuation that prevailed among all ranks of people respecting the South Sea scheme, in 1720, a nobleman called one morning at a banker's, in Lombard-street, and pulling out a bank bill of £1000, told him that it was at his service, if he would answer him, in one word, one question, assuring him, at the same time, that the

question would not affect his honour. The banker agreeing to the proposal, the nobleman then asked him, "Did sir John Blount buy or sell to day?" "Bought," answered the other. "Then there," said the peer, is your £1000, and buy for me £20,000 between this and night.

* * * * * * *

January 8.—The great bell at St. Paul's tolled this morning, for the death of the princess dowager of Wales.* In her last interview with the king, she wrung his hand very hard, and in words to this effect, took her leave of him. "My dear son, you are the king of a great people; be, if possible, the king of a happy one; study the real welfare of your subjects, not the wishes of the factious; and may you gain a brighter crown in heaven, than that which I leave you on earth!"

* * * * * * *

January 22.—Died in Emanuel hospital, Mrs. Wyndymore, cousin of Mary, queen of William III. as well as of queen Anne. Strange revolution of fortune! that the cousin of two queens should, for fifty years, be supported by charity!

January 31.—Died, Henry Cromwell, esq. great grandson of Oliver Cromwell, of illustrious memory.

February.—Died at Madrutz, in Croatia, in the 118th year of his age, Henry Magdonel. To that place he had retired, with a property sufficient to support him decently. He had been in the service of different sovereigns. He was father to the brave officer of that name, who in 1702, in the war about the Spanish succession, made prisoner at Cremona the marshal de Villeroi, who offered him on the spot 10,000 louis-d'ors and a regiment, if he would release him. Young Magdonel was then but a captain; but the offer, though made by a person who was sufficiently able to keep his word, and which would have tempted many, did not in the least stagger that honest and faithful officer, who refused it.

April, 28.—Died, at Mile End, the goat which had been twice round the world; first in the Dolphin, Capt. Wallis, then in the Endeavour, Capt. Cook. She was shortly to have been removed to Greenwich Hospital, to have spent the remainder of her days under the protection of those worthy veterans, who there enjoy an honourable retirement. She wore on her neck a splendid collar, on which was engraved the following distich, said to have been written by the ingenious and learned Dr. Samuel Johnson:

"Perpetui ambita bis terra præmia lactis
Hac habet, altrici capra secunda Jovis."

* * * * * * *

* Mother of George III.

May 19.—Dreadful fire at Amsterdam. The great theatre of this city has been burnt to the ground, and thirty-one persons have perished in the conflagration. The fate of Mr. Jacob de Neufville Van Lennep and his lady is particularly deplored. In the rush which every one made to escape from the flames, Mr. Lennep lost hold of his wife, and was carried forward, in spite of himself, out of the reach of danger. So great, however, was his affection for his wife, that he was heard to declare, that unless she too were rescued, he must perish with her. Accordingly, he forced his way back into the house, offering aloud, fifty thousand crowns to any one who would assist in saving her; but vain were all his efforts. Next morning, the wife and husband were dug from the ruins, locked in each other's arms!

* * * * * * *

May 23.—Died of a fall from his horse, lord William Manners, brother of the duke of Rutland. He has left an immense fortune; at least £400,000, exclusive of a family estate; all of which he is supposed to have acquired by play.

* * * * * * *

June 24.—Yesterday, a young woman was interred in Chiswick church, *who died for love;* an extraordinary instance, in these times, which are not remarkable for so much fidelity of attachment. Her pall was supported by six young damsels, and the corpse attended to the grave by fourteen mourners, together with many spectators, who seemed greatly affected by the fate of the unfortunate deceased.

June 25.—Died at Paddington, the celebrated Kitty Fell; on whom a song was written, some years ago, which was a favourite ditty throughout the kingdom.

* * * * * * *

October 16.—Died, at London, the once gay, the once beautiful, Lucy Cooper. Her life was exceptionable—her death was exemplary. She saw her follies, and repented of them.

* * * * * * *

Dec. 10.—Died at Whittingham, in East Lothian, Barbara Wilson, a virtuous old maid, aged 120, hen-wife to Alexander Hay, of Drummelzier, esq. She had spent the most of her life as a servant in that family, and was so remarkable a genealogist of her feathered flock, as to be able to reckon to the tenth generation. In testimony of her uncommon merit, her corpse was conveyed to the common burial-place there, by a large assembly of females, uniformly dressed suitable to the occasion, and interred with the greatest decency. No male person was permitted to accompany the funeral.

* * * * * * *

1773, August.—Married, at Kirkcudbright, the Rev. Mr. John Gillespie, minister of Kells, to lady Bograw, with a handsome fortune, *and entirely suitable to the character of a clergyman.*

August 28.—Died at Tain, in Rosshire, at the very advanced age of 103 years, Mrs. Mary Duff, spouse to a respectable burgher in that town. She was a decent, well-behaved, honest woman, and retained her senses to the last. His present reigning majesty is the sixth king reigning on the throne of Britain since she was born. She could say, four years ago, "Arise, daughter, and go to thy daughter, for thy daughter's daughter has a son."

* * * * * * *

1774, April 4.—Died, Dr. Oliver Goldsmith. *Deserted* is the *Village;* the *Traveller* hath laid him down to rest; the *Good Natured Man* is no more; he *Stoops* but *to Conquer;* the *Vicar* hath performed his sad office; it is a mournful lesson, from which the *Hermit* may essay to meet the dread tyrant with more than *Roman* fortitude.

* * * * * * *

May.—Died, at Hagley, in Worcestershire, my old acquaintance John Tice. He had reached the extraordinary age of one hundred and twenty-five. His life was one of ease and comfort. The greatest misfortune (as he lately declared) which had ever befallen him, was the death of his *only friend* lord Lyttleton. He took that loss so much to heart, that he never left his room after until his death.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

In St. Michael's, Crooked Lane.

Here lyeth, wrapt in clay,
The body of William Wray;
I have no more to say.

At Ockham, in Surrey, 1736.

The Lord saw good, I was lopping off wood,
And down fell from the tree;
I met with a check, and I broke my neck,
And so death lopp'd off me.

St. Bennet's, Paul's Wharf, London.

Here lies *one More,* and *no More* than he:
One More, and *no More!* how can that be?
Why *one More* and *no More* may well lie here alone,
But here lies *one More,* and that's *More* than *one.*

On a Gardener.

Beneath this sod an honest gardener's laid,
Who long was thought the *tulip* of his trade;[111]
A life of many years to him was known,
But now he's wither'd like a rose o'erblown.
Like a transplanted flow'r, be this his doom,
Fading in this world, in the next to bloom.

At Selby, in Yorkshire.

Here lies the body of poor *Frank Row*,
Parish clerk and grave-stone cutter,
And this is writ to let you know,
What Frank for others used to do,
Is now for Frank done by another,

On Dr. Walker, the Author of a Book on the "Latin and English Particles."

Here lie Dr. Walker's particles.

In the Cathedral of Ely.

Yet a verie little, and he that will come
Shall come;
The Speritt and the Bride say
Come!
Let him that heareth say
Come!
Even so, come, Lord Jesu!

VRSULA { TYNDAL by birth
Coxee by choice
Vpture in age and for comfort.

This lady, who died at the age of 77, was daughter of Dr. Tyndall, dean of Ely, and was called Ursula. She married at twenty, a person of the name of Coxee; became a widow at forty-two; and thirty-five years afterwards, married a youth, called Upture, for comfort, within two months of her death.

In Winborne Church-yard, on one John Penny.

Here honest John, who oft the turf had pac'd,
And stopp'd his mother earth, in earth is plac'd;
Nor all the skill of John himself could save
From being stopp'd within an earthly grave.
A friend to sport, himself of sporting fame,
John died as he had liv'd, with heart of game:
Nor did he yield, until his mortal breath
Was hard run down by that grim sportsman—Death.
Reader, if cash thou art in want of any,
Dig four feet deep, and thou wilt find—A PENNY.

In Norwich Cathedral.

Here lies the body of honest Tom Page,
Who died in the 33^{d} year of his age.

In Calstock Church-yard, Cornwall.

'Twas by a fall I caught my death;
No man can tell his time or breath;
I might have died as soon as then,
If I had had physician men.

In Swansea Church-yard.

The body, underneath this stone is,
Of my late husband Jacob Jonas,
Who when alive, was an Adonis,
Ah! well-a-day!

O death! thou spoiler of fair faces,
Why took'st thou him from my embraces?
How could'st thou mar so many graces?
Say, tyrant, say.

At Northallerton.

Hic jacet Walter Gun,
Some time landlord of the *Sun;*
Sic transit gloria mundi!
He drank hard upon Friday,
That being a high day,
Then took to his bed, and died upon Sunday.

On Mr. Turner, a great Usurer, who died in the Year 1648.

Turner, the miser, is depriv'd of breath,
And *turn'd* into another world by death;
Twas a good *turn* for some that 'twas in dearth;
He lov'd the world, and so did turn to *earth:*
His wealth his heirs had, the worms a feast,
For Adam's forfeit, Death had interest.

MS. in British Museum.

In the Church-yard of Hythe.

His net old fisher George long drew,
Shoals upon shoals he caught,
'Till Death came hauling for his due,
And made poor George his draught.
Death fishes on through various shapes;
In vain it is to fret;
Nor fish or fisherman escapes
Death's all-enclosing net.

In the Church-yard of Affington, in Devonshire, on a Person of the Name of Stone, *who lived to the Age of* 120 *Years.*

Grand Salem's curse shall never light on thee;
For here a stone upon a Stone I see.

In the old Church of All Saints, in Newcastle.

Here lies poor Wallace,
The prince of good fellows,
Clerk of Allhallows,
And maker of bellows.
He bellows did make 'till the day of his death;
But he that made bellows could never make breath.

On Richard Preston, many Years Sexton of Darlington, in the County of Durham.

Sub hoc lapide
Depositæ sunt exuviæ
RICARDI PRESTON,
Eheu! nimis verum
Quemvis admittere jocum:
Sepulchrorum incolæ!
Lachrymis aliorum despascentes,
Parcite, ah! parcite, grati
Nec hujus leves devorare reliquias
Qui totidem graves
Faucibus obtulerit vestris
Liberâ manû——A. D. 1765.

Free Translation.

Under this marble are depos'd
Poor Preston's sad remains.
Alas! too true for light-rob'd jest
To sing in playful strains.

Ye dread possessors of the grave,
Who feed on others' woe,
Abstain from Richard's small remains
And grateful pity shew.

For many a weighty corpse he gave
To you with liberal hand;
Then sure his little body may
Some small respect command.

In the Church-yard of Westminston, in Sussex.

I.

Farewell, poor world! I must be gone;
This is no place for me:
I'll take my staff, an' travell on,
Hopinge a better world to see.

II.

The bitter cup, that Death gave me,
Is passing round to come to thee.

In Eastry Church, Kent, on a young Lady who died in Child-bed.

How dear the purchase! how severe the cost!
The fruit was sav'd, the parent tree was lost!
This monumental shrine, these plaintive lays,
This last sad gift a weeping husband pays!
Not that thy praises, virtuous fair, require
The breathing marble, or the vocal lyre;
But as a small, a first return for love,
Tender, unfeign'd, and ratify'd above.

BOOK DESTROYERS.

The library preserved in the temple of Jerusalem, more estimable for its intrinsic value than the number of volumes it contained, was burned by order of Antiochus, as is mentioned in the first book of Maccabeus, chap. 1.

The famous Sibylline books of Rome were consumed at the burning of the capitol during Sylla's dictatorship. The new Sibylline books, which succeeded them, were burnt by command of Stilicho, A. D. 406 or 407.

Every reader knows the fate of the celebrated library of Alexandria.

About 1508, Cardinal Ximenes, wishing to convert the Mahometans to the Christian faith, assembled more than three thousand in a spacious square, and made them be baptised: then he caused all the Mahometan books which he could sweep together, by whatever author, and on whatever subject, to be thrown into the flames. Upwards of 5000 volumes, with all their binding and ornaments, were accordingly burned.

In 1510, Maximilian I. emperor of Germany, published an edict, that all Hebrew books, except the Bible, should be burned, as containing blasphemy, magic, and other things

equally dangerous. A celebrated man of learning, John Reuchlin, being consulted upon this point, pled for the preservation of certain parts of them, which he conceived to be innocent; and this opinion he defended against an attack made upon it in a work called the "Ocular Mirror." This publication was condemned by the doctors of theology, both at Cologne and Paris, who not only censured it, but endeavoured to make the author share the fate of the books which he had attempted to defend. He was protected, however, by the emperor.

The Runic books are said to have been committed to the flames by order of Olaus, king of Sweden, at the beginning of the eleventh century. This anecdote has been found by Eric Schroderus in an ancient manuscript seen by him in 1637. It is there said, that Olaus, ascribing to the Runic language the difficulty which the Christian religion found in being introduced into his states, assembled, in 1001, all the great men in his kingdom. In this assembly it was determined, that the Roman characters should be substituted for the Runic, and that all books relating to idolatry should be burned. Unfortunately, the greater part of those which contained the history and the antiquities of the nation were sacrificed at the same time. It is presumed, that the works of Jorunderus, Gissurus, of Schulemontanus, and of Alterus Magnus, then perished.

A little before the middle of the sixteenth century, Charles V. made a decree, by which he proscribed all heretical books, and prohibited his subjects, under pain of death, from reading the works of Luther and other heretics. Soon after, both the books and persons of the protestants were proscribed, in the most barbarous manner, by Mary, queen of England. An edict was then published, that whoever should possess these books, and should not burn them instantly, without reading, or shewing them to any one, should be accounted a rebel, and executed on the spot, according to martial law.

Gregory the Great is accused of having caused the books of a great many Pagan authors to be burned in the sixth century; but it is a charge which rests on a slender foundation, and has been much contested.

LOYAL ADDRESSES.—LIFE AND FORTUNE MEN.

NEVER were the court gazettes fuller of loyal addresses than at the period immediately preceding the great revolution of 1688.

About a month before the prince of Orange landed at Torbay, the lord mayor, aldermen, sheriffs, &c. of the city of London, sent an address to the bigotted James, in which are

these words:—"We beg leave to assure your majesty, that we shall, with all *duty* and *faithfulness*, cheerfully and readily, to the utmost hazard of our *lives* and *fortunes*, discharge the trust reposed in us by your majesty, according to the avowed principles of the church of England, in defence of your majesty and the established government."

The lieutenancy of London followed in the same strain: "We must confess our *lives* and *fortunes* are but a mean sacrifice to such transcendent goodness; but we do assure your majesty of our cheerful offering of both against all your majesty's enemies, who shall disturb your peace *upon any pretence whatever*."

The justices of peace for the county of Cumberland said—"The unexpected news of the intended invasion of the Dutch fills us with horror and amazement, that any nation should be so transcendently wicked as *groundlessly* to interrupt the peace and happiness we have enjoyed; therefore, we highly think it our duty, chiefly at this juncture, to offer our *lives* and *fortunes* to your majesty's service, not doubting but a happy success will attend your majesty's arms. And if your majesty shall think fit to display your royal standard, which we heartily wish and hope you'll never have occasion to do, we faithfully do promise to repair to it with our persons and interest."

The privy-council of Scotland express themselves thus: "We shall on this, as on all other occasions, shew all possible alacrity and diligence in obeying your majesty's commands, and be ready to expose our *lives* and *fortunes* in the defence of your sacred majesty, your royal consort, his royal highness the prince of Scotland, &c."

The lords spiritual and temporal of Scotland conclude thus: "Not doubting that God will still preserve and deliver you, by giving you the hearts of your subjects, and the *necks of your enemies*."

To the like effect, there were addresses from Portsmouth, Carlisle, Exeter, &c. Nay, so fond was James of this sort of support to his government, that he was content to receive an address from the company of cooks, in which they applaud his "Declaration of Indulgence" to the skies; declaring that it "resembled the Almighty's manna, which suited every man's *palate*, and that men's different *gustos* might as well be forced as their different apprehensions about religion."

Of the value of all such addresses, James had soon very fatal experience; and kings may learn from his fate, not to mistake, for the voice of the people, the unmeaning protestations of an abandoned and prostituted few;

> "Who, mingling in the sordid, servile train,
> Address alike, if George or Charley reign."

ATTRACTION AND REPULSION.

A FABLE.

REPULSION to Attraction cry'd—
"Why do you draw me thus aside?"
Attraction answer'd in a crack—
"If I pull this way, you pull back:
We're both endued with equal might,
To keep the equilibrium right.
Should you, Repulsion, push too hard,
The universe would soon be marr'd;
And I to quit my destin'd law,
Should soon the world to ruin draw;
Then ne'er to join in friendship chafe,
'Tis opposition keeps us safe."

Thus, in a nation, parties view
Some *this*, and others *that* pursue.
The quarrel has a good effect,
For if *those* cheat us, *these* detect;
But should they leagues of friendship strike,
Why then they'd all be rogues alike!

THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROSY-CROSS.

Extract of a Letter from London, dated November 20, 1626.

"THERE is a stranger hath been these two years in London; and some say is the same who, as hath been heretofore reported, told the prince Palatine, at the beginning of his election to the crown of Bohemia, of all the misfortunes and calamities which had befallen him since that time; and, nevertheless, advised him to accept it. Whosoever he be, he yesterday sent a letter to our king, by David Ramsey, of the clock, a copy whereof we took from the original immediately after he had been with the king. He gave Mr. Ramsey farther instructions, as to tell his majesty, that if he pleased to grant him allowance, he would send this next Sunday, and impart many things unto his majesty of moment and secrecy; and that he would perform it by the mouth of a young child, whom he had already anointed: and such like. I tell it you for news; but for my part, I have but a small faith in the business, supposing it is either some fantastical folly, or, if more, that it will tend to imposture.

Letter from Mr. Mead to Sir M. Stuteville.

Christ College, Nov. 25, 1626.

SIR,

I received from Mr. Pory, last night, a piece of news, whereof some was wondrous strange, (if it prove true,) and I suppose he wrote a day before his time, that he might be the first relater, as he was. I will transcribe his whole letter, judge, as you shall see reason, when you come at it.

[Mr. Pory's letter is dated "London, November 23," and the part referred to is as follows:]

But the sweetest news, like March-pane, I keep for the banquet. Now the French ambassador is departed, a certain heteroclite ambassador is coming upon the stage, a youth he is, I hear, with never a hair on his face; and the principal by whom he is sent, and whom he is to represent, lies concealed in this town, and (in one word to solve this riddle) is the president of the "Society of the Rosy-Cross," whose said ambassador, on Sunday afternoon, hath appointed to come to the court with thirteen coaches. The proffers he is to make his majesty are no small ones, to wit—if his majesty will follow his advice, he will presently put three millions, *viz.* thirty hundred thousand pounds into his coffers, and will teach him the way how to suppress the Pope; how to bring the catholic king on his knees; how to advance his own religion all over Christendom; and, lastly, how to convert Turks and Jews to Christianity; than which you can desire no more in this world.

Thus he; and promises me a letter this night. What think you? for I know not. Is it a game or a verity?

Mr. Pory to Mr. Mead.

London, Sunday, November 26, 1626.

THE young ambassador of our president of the "Society of the Rosy-Cross" did not appear this afternoon at Whitehall; but they say he proffereth his three millions to be paid in May next. We all fear he will prove but a mountebank, and his project a second part of *England's Joy*. He sent a letter unto the king, the copy whereof is this:

"*Glorioso et delecto Filio Dei, et nostro Domino Carolo, Imperatori Britannico quindecim Regnorum Regi:*

"ORIGINES

"*Indicatur hisce præsentibus regiæ tuæ majestate proditionem summam adversus tuam et meam personam à me detectam esse. Ideoque velim mihi dari tres satellites regios, qui comprehenses proditores ad turrim deducant.*

"M. PHILIPPUS."

His name, they say, is Philippus Ishbertus; and his ambassador's or messenger's name (which is but a youth) ORIGINES.

Mr. Mead to Sir. M. Stuteville.

Christ's College, December 2, 1626.

"FOR the Rosy-Cross president, you shall see his ambassador appeared not at the time appointed by the inclosed of Mr. Pory, dated on Sunday afternoon. It seems his majesty would not give him audience. You shall see here his letter to the king: the contents, methinks, argue it comes from some one, whose brains croak. It is said here, that the king should say, if he could tell where to find him, unless he made good, presently, his proffer of gold, he would hang him at the court gates; whereby, it seems, he is latent and undiscovered, and means so to be. But to use a child for his minister and messenger, whose innocency and age might secure him from such usage as himself, the principal, was likely to find! Some think it is somebody whose brains are crack't; others, a plot to have got access unto the king, in private, for discovery of some matter against the duke;* others, otherwise, as their fancies lead them."

DEATH OF HENRY PRINCE OF WALES.

THE death of Henry Prince of Wales, the son of James the First, and that of the princess Charlotte, bear a striking resemblance. The melancholy and premature death of both disappointed the fondest hopes of the people, and diffused an universal grief throughout the nation. Both awakened "the voice of song," not from the hireling lips alone of court minstrels, but from the war-tuned harps of the noblest and best of contemporary poets. The effusions on the latter sad event are too recent, and too well known to need enumeration; those productions to which the death of Prince Henry gave rise, are not only more scattered, but less familiar to the public.

* Of Buckingham.

The Scottish muse, in both instances, was very forward to bedew the grave of her favourite with the tears of poetry—particularly in the case of Prince Henry. Sir William Alexander's "Elegie," Drummond's "Tears for the Death of Mælides," and Maxwell's "Laudable Life," with a multitude of other pieces, are well known. Among the rest, appeared a little tract, containing a selection of the smaller pieces circulated on the occasion, which, from its extreme variety, has almost entirely escaped the notice of bibliographers.

The tract bears the title of "Mausoleum, or the Choicest Flowers of the Epitaphs written on the death of the never-too-much-lamented Prince Henrie." It was printed in Edinburgh, in 1613, in quarto, and contains only four leaves. The first and second pieces in this collection are by Walter Quin, who was servant to the Prince; the second is in Latin; but the first is in English, as follows:—

"Loe! here intomb'd a peerless prince doth lie,
In flower and strength of age surprys'd by death,
On whom, while he on earth drew vitall breath,
The hope of many kingdoms did relie;
Not without cause; for heaven most liberally
To him all princely virtues did bequeath.
Which to the worthiest princes here beneath,
Before had bene alloted severally.
But when the world of all his virtues rare
The wished fruit to gather did expect,
And that he should such glorious works effect,
As with the worthiest Fame might him compare,
Untimely death then from us did him take,
Our loss and grief, Heaven's gaine and joy to make."

WALTER QUIN.

The three next are by Drummond, of Hawthornden, and are printed in his works. Then follow four others, signed IGNOTO; the signature usually affixed to the poems of Sir Walter Raleigh. It is known that Prince Henry was much attached to Raleigh, and observed of his cruel imprisonment, "Sure no king, but my father, would keep such a bird in a cage." It is therefore more than probable, that these effusions were the production of this ill-fated but illustrious man. The following are copies of three of these pieces:—

"Faire *Britaine's* prince in th' April of his yeares,
The Heaven (enamour'd with his springing grace)
Reft to her selfe, for to enrich the spheares,
And shine next *Cynthia* in the starrie chase.

And well he might enjoy so high a place;
For frowning *Neptune's* liquid field of feares,
And this poore mote of dust that all up-beares,
To his great mind seemed too small a space:
Yet it his course doth keep; (dear pledge) ov'r which
Affection's flammes huge *Pyramides* doth raise,
All graven with golden letters of his praise.
But ah! deprived of a gemme so riche!
Great *Britaine* now but great to all appeares
In her great losse, and *Oceans* of tears.

IGNOTO.

"Cio ch' il Pianéta che distingue L'hore
Alluma e cinge e ciò ch il gran Mar laua,
Tutto quel è la sepottura cava,
Del magnanimo ARRIGO, ricco d'Honore."

IGNOTO.

"Why, pilgrime, doest thou stray
By *Asia's* floods renown'd?
Or wher great ATLAS crown'd
With clouds, him reaches 'bove Heaven's milkie way?
Strange wonders to behold:
By *his* streams if thou'l but daigne to stay,
One thou shalt finde surpassing all the told.
For there's in little roome,
The PRINCE of men, and *Man* of Princes tombe."

IGNOTO.

The authors of the remaining pieces, that complete this small, but elegant collection, were writers well known. Two of these may suffice.

"Did he die young? oh no, it could not be,
For I know few that liv'd so long but he,
'Till God and all men lov'd him: then be bold,
That man that liv's so long must needs be old."

WILLIAM ROWLEY.

"Two kingdomes strove for interest in one Prince,
Heavens claim'd from them, and reft me hence:
Scotlande my cradle, *England* hath my herse,
The Heaven's my soule, my vertues live in verse."

ROBERT ALLYNE.

DIMINISHING THE COIN.

May 10, 1774.—The House of Commons went this day into a committee on the present state of the gold coin. Mr. Chamberlain, whose evidence was corroborated by several other respectable witnesses, gave the house a very entertaining account of all the persons who had been convicted of clipping, coining, filing, or otherwise diminishing the coin of the kingdom. He was particularly severe on Yorkshire, where he said he had been down, and seen many guineas which had been reduced 5*s.* 3*d.*, some 5*s.* 4*d.*, but the general run was from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.* 6*d.* each; that almost every woolcomber, in the north, kept a file for the purpose; that they were at no loss to sell their filings, for there were several private mints that would coin them a guinea, or half a guinea, for a shilling. He said he had enquired into the nature of these private mints, and found they were so private, that it was almost impossible for any person to find them out in their unlawful proceedings; for their houses were so situated, that they could distinguish a person half a mile before he reached their house. The principal master belonging to these mints (who was their sovereign, and, in order to give him a pre-eminence, was called king David) had been detected, and hung; but the practice still went on to a great extent. It was common, he said, in the north, to give twenty shillings for the use of twenty guineas for two hours; or they would give you two shillings for the use of two guineas for half an hour!

The coin having, since that period, been made current by weight as well as by tale, the temptation to such frauds has been removed; and if they now take place, it can only be to a very inconsiderable extent.

LOTTERIES IN ENGLAND.

The first English Lottery I have met with, was drawn A. D. 1569. It consisted of forty thousand lots, at ten shillings each lot. The prizes were plate; and the profits were to go towards repairing the havens of this kingdom. It was drawn (as Maitland from Stow informs us, vol. 1, p. 257) at the west door of St. Paul's cathedral. The drawing began on the 11th of January, 1569, and continued, incessantly, day

and night, until the 6th of May following. At this time there were only three lottery-offices in London. The proposals for this lottery were published in the years 1567 and 1568. It was, at first, intended to have been drawn at the house of Mr. Dericke, her majesty's servant, (*i. e.* her jeweller,) but was afterwards drawn as above-mentioned.

Dr. Rawlinson shewed the Society of Antiquaries, in 1748, a copy of the preceding lottery scheme, and it is thus entitled—"A proposal for a very rich lottery, general without any blankes; containing a great number of good prizes, as well of ready money as of plate, and certain sorts of merchandizes, having been valued and prised by the commandment of the queene's most excellent majestye's order, to the intent that such commodities as may chance to arise thereof, after the charges borne, may be converted towards the reparation of the havens, and strength of the realme, and towards such other further good works. The number of lots shall be forty thousand, and no more: and every lott shall be the summe of tenne shillings sterling only, and no more. To be filled by the Feast of St. Bartholomew. The shew of prizes are to be seen in Cheapside, at the sign of the Queene's Armes, at the house of Mr. Dericke, goldsmith, servant to the queene. Printed by Henry Bynneman, 1567."

In 1612, King James, for the special encouragement of the plantation of English colonies in Virginia, granted a lottery to be held at the west end of St. Paul's. One Thomas Sharplys, a tailor, of London, had the chief prize, amounting to four thousand crowns in "faire plate."

In the reign of queen Anne, it was thought necessary to suppress lotteries as nuisances to the public.

In the reign of George I. it was found expedient to revive them, as helps to government in bribing the representatives of the people to vote away the rights and property of their constituents:—

"To raise a new fund to pay placemen their wages."

In the reign of George III. they were still continued; no longer, certainly, for purposes of bribery, but for a purpose equally flagitious, that of supporting a Christian government by means of the worst vices that can possibly afflict a community.

EPIGRAMS.

Expedition exemplified.

"ASHAM'D of loose, inglorious ease,"
Cries Tom, "I'll tempt the dangerous seas;
And on Valencia's plains lay low,
With vengeful arm, the miscreant foe."
At twelve, the wond'ring guests discover
The gallant man's already *half seas over*?

On a very short Lady, accused of Pride.

"She's vastly proud," I've heard you cry;
But you must be in fun;
For does she not (in truth reply)
Look up to every one?

The Opiniative.

Tom his own genius sees—how just his pride!
Since he sees more than all the world beside.

A Hint to Gamesters.

Accept this advice, you who sit down to play,
The best *throw* of the dice is to *throw them away*.

On a Parson, who fell asleep at a Party.

Still let him sleep—still let us talk, my friends;
When next he preaches we'll have full amends.

Spithead.

Our Prince has chosen well the coast
His royal yacht should steer to;
'Tis fit that he, who *rules the roast*,
Spithead should anchor near to.

On the Marriage of a Lady to a Gentleman of the name of Gee.

Sure, madam, by your choice, a taste we see;
What's good or great, or grand without a G?
A godly glow must sure on G depend,
Or oddly low our righteous thoughts must end:
The want of G all gratitude effaces,
And, without G, the Graces would run races.

Woman's Mind.

Imitation of Seneca.—"Vento quid levius, &c."

What can be lighter than a breath?
The vivid flash that's wing'd with death.
Than this aught lighter can you name?
That oft illusive phantom—Fame.
This sure's the lightest you can find?
Not so;—there's yet a *woman's mind.*
Pray what is lighter than this last?
A truce, my friend,—you have me fast.

On Matrimony.

Dick prais'd his friend, who'd chang'd his state,
And tied himself for life to Kate,
So oft his toast o'er wine:
"Wedlock's the end of life," Dick cry'd;
"Too true, alas!" quoth Tom, and sigh'd,—
"'Twill be the end of mine!"

On an Impertinent.

"By the powers!" said a fopling at lady B.'s ball,
"I'll dance with the fairest, or I'll dance not at all!"
"Suppose," quoth my lady, "the fair should dispense
With the devoirs of all but men of hon'r and sense?"
"Well, supposing they should—pray, madam, what then?"
"Why then, *you*, sir, for one, would ne'er dance again."

On a Curate.

A vicar, o'erburthen'd with years and with wealth,
Commanded his curate to pray for his health;
Who pray'd for't so drily, that many folks said,
"Mr. Curate had rather th' old boy were dead."
"Oh, no!" he replied; "*a false motive you're giving;*
For his *death* I've ne'er pray'd, though oft for his *living!*"

VERSES FOUND WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS IN THE QUAKER MEETING HOUSE AT EDINBURGH.

Approach this place; with reverence come;
Serve God, although each tongue be dumb.
Experience that mysterious art
To feel His presence at thy heart;
And hear His whispers, soft and kind,
In holy silence of the mind:
Then rest thy thoughts, nor let them roam
In quest of joys—for heaven's at home;
And feel the beams of purest love
An emblem of the bliss above.
O may each soul with power extend
Beyond where time and nature end;
And reach those heights, that bless'd abode,
And meet the kindest smiles of God!

A LEAF FROM PARTRIDGE's DIARY.

Dean Swift, it is well known, was a sad thorn in the side of poor Partridge, the almanack maker; whose death he had announced, and which he positively maintained, notwithstanding all the ephemerist's protestations to the contrary. It is probable, however, that Partridge might have given the first provocation. In a MS. in the British Museum, which belonged to Partridge, among other historical notes in the margin of the Ephemeris, is the following memorandum:

"October 12.—At the end of this month, the villains made a band-box plot to blow up Robin and his family with a couple of ink-horns; and that rogue Swift was at the opening of the band-box, and the discovery of the plot."

Swift was certainly no favourite with Partridge; for, in a "List of Jure Divino Villains," in the same manuscript, he thus gibbets him: "Swift, a bog-trotter, and a very rogue." The following extracts are also from this diary, which is entirely in the hand-writing of Partridge:

"*Sir Robert Walpole.*—Jan. 17, 1712. Sir Robert Walpole censured in Parliament, and committed to the Tower; whither he went, on the 19th, in the morning. He had foul play in the house.

"*Monsters.*—The vast numbers of monstrous wolves in

France, and the whale in England, shew that nature is big with something to be delivered of.

"*Plots.*—A plaguy plot discovered at Windsor against her life; and Mr. Watson, the queen's gardener, turned out of his place. These are rare rogues at making of plots. The truth is, the queen's gardener was a Whig, and they thought to thrust him into a plot. Nov. 1712.

"*Taxes.*—There were almost seven millions of money raised for 1712; and yet nobody paid at home or abroad, not so much as the two servants. Oh, brave R.! Thirteen millions raised for 1711 and 1712."

PUNNING MOTTOS.

NE VILE FANO—"Disgrace not the altar." Motto of the FANES, earls of Westmoreland.

TEMPLA quam delecta!—"Temples how beloved! Motto of the late earl TEMPLE.

NE VILE velis—"Form no mean wish." The NEVILLES, lords of Abergavenny,

VER NON semper viret—"The spring is not always green." Lord VERNON.

VERO nihil verius—"Nothing is truer than truth." Lord VERE.

CAVENDO tutus—"Secure by caution." The CAVENDISHES, dukes of Devonshire.

Bonne et BELL ASSEZ—"Good and handsome enough." BELLASYSE, earl of Fauconberg

Me frangas non flectas.—"You may break, but cannot bend me." House of STAFFORD.

LINES,

Written in a Blank Leaf of Prior's Poems.

MATTHEW PRIOR, to me, 'tis excessively plain,
Deserves to be reckon'd the British Fontaine;
And Mr. Fontaine can never go higher
Than to be admir'd as the French Matthew Prior.

Thus, when Elizabeth desir'd,
That Melvill would acknowledge fairly,
Whether herself he most admired,
Or his own sov'reign, lady Mary?
The puzzled knight his answer thus express'd:
"In her own country, each is handsomest."

A MACARONIC.

By Tom Dishington, sometime Clerk of Crail.

Horrifero nivium nimbos Aquilone ruente,
Sic tonuit THOMA DISHINGTONUS ore rotundo.

Saccum cum sugaro, cum drammibus in a glasseo,
In hoc vervece, est melius quam pipe o' tobacco.
Ælli cum bikero, cum pyibus out o' the oono,
Cum pisce, Crelli nominato vulgo caponem
Quid mellus, si sit ter unctus butyro?
Virides et beefum, cum nose-nippante sinapi;
O quam gustabunt ad *Maria More's* fyr-sydum!
Sin erimus drunki, *Deel care!* aras dat medicinum
" Qui bibit ex lastis ex firstibus incipit ille."

SUPPRESSED BIBLES.

1538.—An English Bible, in folio, printed at Paris, unfinished.

1542.—Dutch Bible by Jacob Van Leisvelt. The sixth and best edition given by Leisvelt, and famous as being the cause of this printer being beheaded.

1566.—French Bible by Rene Benoist, Paris, 1566, folio, 3 vols. completed.

1622.—Swedish Bible, printed at Lubeck, in 4to., very defective.

1666.—A German Bible, printed at Helmstedt, in part only, 4to.

1671.—A French Bible, by Marolles, in folio, containing only the books of Genesis, Exodus, and the first twenty-three chapters of Leviticus.

EPILOGUE TO A CONDEMNED PLAY.

ON Saturday, 20th February, 1779, a new farce, entitled " Jehu," was attempted to be performed at Drury Lane theatre; but it was received by the audience with such marks of disapprobation, that, in the middle of the second act, the curtain was dropped. However, the audience seemed unwilling to depart; some calling out for the piece to go on, and others for the appearance of the manager. At length, Mr. King came in front of the curtain, and to the no small surprise and amazement of the audience, delivered the fol-

lowing poetical address or epilogue, so very apposite to the fate of the farce, that it was the general conviction it had been written in the anticipation (a rare thing indeed) that the piece *could not succeed.* Whatever may have been the merits of "Jehu," his epitaph, (as we may fitly term this address) is well entitled to preservation for its point and cleverness; nor will it lessen its claims to originality for the reader to know that it was prepared before-hand by the author of the farce himself.*

(To the Gallery.)

Here's "Long-trotting Tom," here's "Finger the Reins,"
And tip all the go-by from London to Staines.
I say, how d'ye relish my foul weather rug,
My wig too, is that all tight, clever, and snug?

(To the Pit.)

This is coarse kind of humour for you to connive at,
And you'll wonder, no doubt, what the d—l I drive at.
To be brief, 'tis at this—when an authorling dreams
Of Parnassus's mount, and Pierian streams,
He in metaphor utters his joys and his hopes,
Eats, drinks, coughs, and sneers, in figures and tropes.
In this style, our bard with his comedy came,
(For farce is a term modern authors disclaim);
'Tis true that Miss Farce is dame Comedy's child;
But renounced by mamma as too skittish and wild;
Much given to giggling, and hoydenish airs,
While she's always a-crying, or saying her prayers.
Why she whines thus of late, many things have been said;
Some pretend 'tis because wit and humour are dead.
Be that as it may, says the bard—"Mr. King,
My diligence here is a slight little thing;
But slight as it is, perchance it may thrive,
Could I get such a coachman as you are to drive."
First, said I, let me ask if your tackle's all tight?
If your cattle have wind to run through a third night?

* It is said by some, who were present, to have merited less severity than it met with.

"The author has kept himself concealed. As this farce satirized the folly of noblemen and gentlemen taking upon themselves the character and appearance of coachmen, and dedicating the chief study of their lives to the driving of carriages, it might bear revival. The character of "Lord Jehu," which was admirably sustained by Mr. King, was, at that time, thought personal; but this could not be an objection in the present day."—*Biographia Dramatica*, vol. ii. p. 343.

For we know but too well, 'tis confounded dull working,
Where all must depend on our flogging and jerking;
Besides, on the road, there is nothing that cheers
Your tits, like a few jingling bells at their ears;
And the d——l a crotchet have you of a song
To help either driver or cattle along,
'Tis with coachmen, as well as with authors, the way
To whistle and sing, if they've little to say.
These are tokens of old, ever known to portend
That the wit on the journey draws near to an end.
You young scribblers too, think you never can fail—
Gee up! off at once! all the way on the nail!
While the critics lie by 'till you totter and reel,
Then one of them sticks a d——d spoke in your wheel.
When over you go, 'tis in vain that you hollo
To the patron of poets and coachmen—Apollo.
Just as Cornish men flock round a wreck on the shore,
In a trice you're surrounded by critics a score;
Who (while you are struggling in vain to get loose)
Will pluck you as bare as a Lincolnshire goose.
In that case, as you're WHIP for ONE stage I'll agree,
But the d——l may drive it a SECOND for me.

CHANGES OF MINISTRY.

"As through the field of politics we range,
So every *quidnunc* wishes for a change;
Nay, party grumblers promise to agree,
Would but the king once change—the ministry."

Prologue to "The Spendthrift."

ON the 21st of December, 1778, Lord North and his family were at Covent Garden Theatre, when the farce of "The Spendthrift," just then brought out, formed part of the entertainment. When the prologue was speaking, at the passage above quoted, his lordship's son, a fine lad of about fourteen, pulled his father by the sleeve, and laughed immoderately. The father too smiled; and was observed to return the twitch, as Lee Lewes, who spoke the prologue, archly continued:—

"A month, perhaps, they might not much complain;
But then, grown old, *they'd wish it new again.*"

The celebrated pastoral in No. 603 of the *Spectator*, beginning

"My time, O ye Muses! was happily spent,"

was the production of Dr. Byrom, who, when he wrote it, was a student at Trinity College, Cambridge. The Phœbe that gave rise to this elegant composition, was Miss Johanna Bentley, daughter of the learned critic, Dr. Bentley. The sonnet however did not win her, for she was married to Dr. Dennison Cumberland, bishop of Killaloe, in Ireland, by whom she became the mother of Richard Cumberland, the dramatist.

WINDOW GLEANINGS.

SHENSTONE has furnished a quatrain, which is often inscribed on the windows of inns, by those who wish to flatter their host, and have not the genius to pay him an original compliment.

"Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been;
Must sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an Inn."

At an inn, at Taunton, in Somersetshire, where these lines were inscribed on the window, an equally experienced but less complaisant traveller added as follows:—

"Whoe'er has travell'd much about,
Must very often sigh to think,
That every man will burn you out,
Unless you've plenty of the chink."

A sighing lover, who had penned "sonnets on his mistress's eyebrows," to no purpose, thus gives vent to his wrongs in a few lines scrawled on the window of an inn, at Elsemere, in Shropshire. It need not be mentioned that the idea is from an ancient epigrammatist.*

"Dust is lighter than a feather,
The wind much lighter is than either;
But alas! frail woman kind,
Is far much lighter than the wind."

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* See "Woman's Mind," article "Epigrams," page 327.

Beneath these, in another hand, are the following lines:—

"Friend, you mistake the matter quite!
How can you say that woman's light?
Poor Cornuo swears, throughout his life,
His *heaviest* plague has been a wife."

Another lover has left a more chaste record of his passion on the shutter of a room, which some years ago was occasionally occupied as a lodging, at Enniskillen, in Ireland. How pathetically does he paint his sufferings in the following lines!

"For many a wistful hour, to pity dear,
A wanderer wove affection's vision here;
Kiss'd the memorial on his breast he wore,
And looked, till tears would let him look no more.
All that the heart at last might lean on—gone,
Yet madly did he languish—linger on—
Spent sighs, to which no sympathy was given,
And pledg'd wild vows, unheard of all—in heaven,
Went by the grave of love, nor owned despair,
Tho' not one flower of hope bloomed palely there—
Her eye—bright herald of a better mind—
Unkind, or only to the trifler kind—
That eye, for which his own in tears was dim,
Glanc'd smiles on all,, but would not smile on him,
Whose heart alone, tho' broken to conceal,
Could feel it's fire—too deeply—finely feel.
In wayward thrall, thus many a day wan'd past,
But freedom came—his spirit woke at last—
Shook off the spell—marched—mingled with the brave,
And sought a resting place in glory's grave—
Oh! there, if laurel meed be haply wove,
Mix one pale willow too for slighted love."

A gentleman, who, in 1715, passed some time in prison, left the following memorial on the windows of his cell. On one pane of glass he wrote,

"That which the world miscals a gaol,
A private closet is to me;
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty.

On another square he wrote, "Mutare vel timere sperno," and on a third pane, "Sed victa Catoni."

A few gentlemen, who stopped some time at an inn at Stockport, in 1634, left the following record of the bad reception they had met with, on the window of the inn.

"Si mores cupias venustiores,
Si lectum placidum, dapes salubres,
Si sumptum modicum, hospitem facetum,
Ancillam nitidam, impigrum ministrum,
Huc diverte, viator, dolebis.
O, domina dignas, formâ et fœtore ministras!
Stockportæ, si cui sordida grata, cubet."

Translation.

"If, traveller, good treatment be thy care,
A comfortable bed, and wholesome fare,
A modest bill, and a diverting host,
Neat maid, and ready waiter,—quit this coast.
If dirty doings please, at Stockport lie;
The girls, O frowzy frights, here with their mistress vie!"

A modern cynic, who had travelled much, but found

"His own best country still at home,"

had no sooner landed at Falmouth, than he inscribed the following record of his feelings, on the window of the inn.

"I have seen the specious, vain Frenchman, the truckling Dutchman; the tame Dane; the sturdy, self-righting Swede; the barbarous Russ; the turbulent Pole; the honest, dull German; the pay-fighting Swiss; the subtle splendid Italian; the salacious Turk; the sun-warming, lounging Maltese; the piratical Moor; the proud, cruel Spaniard; the bigoted, base Portuguese, with their countries;—and hail again! old England, my native land. Reader, if English, Scotch, or Irish, rejoice in the freedom that is the felicity of thy native land, and maintain it sound to posterity. April 14, 1753." The writer was T. Hollis, esq. of Corscombe.

EARL OF CHATHAM.

No statesman was ever more decidedly popular, than the great earl of Chatham. When, as Mr. Pitt, he was secretary of state, the whole nation rung with his praises. Almost every city in the kingdom, of any note, presented him with its freedom, in gold boxes, of considerable value. During the whole of his administration, envy itself was ready to allow, that no man ever shewed less regard for his own personal interest, or laboured so little to advance the welfare of his family. His most virulent enemies, while they railed at what they called his ambition, never breathed a whisper against his integrity. Such was the lustre of his character, that it com-

pensated, in a pecuniary way, for what he relinquished by the strictness of his probity, and private individuals testified their admiration of his virtues in the most unequivocal manner. Sir William Pynsent, Bart. a gentleman of large property, who had been long an admirer of Mr. Pitt's public conduct; but who was neither allied to him in blood, nor connected with him by friendship, bequeathed his whole fortune to the "great commoner," as Mr. Pitt was then called. The motive of the bequest, so honourable to Mr. Pitt, was particularly specified in the will of the testator, who seemed to glory in an opportunity of rewarding a man who had acted so disinterested a part for his country.

Such was the popularity of Mr. Pitt during his administration, and his retirement from office, until he was raised to the peerage, by the title of the earl of Chatham, and honoured with the office of lord privy seal, in July, 1766. No sooner was this made known, than the tide of popularity turned; and a great portion of the artillery of the wit of the day was employed either to ridicule or abuse him. The squibs that appeared on this occasion, were innumerable. Scarcely a magazine or a newspaper, for many months, was without some epigram or satire on the "late great commoner;" and the press teemed with pamphlets, handbills, &c. on the same subject. That they were all illiberal, and most of them very unjust, the public conduct of the earl of Chatham fully proved, for he soon regained the public confidence, which he had certainly done nothing to forfeit. Among the satirical effusions to which we have alluded, the following possess the most point. They have been copied from a private collection made at the time.

"*London, July* 30, 1766.

"Yesterday expired in a a fit of desperate frenzy, the once blazing William Pynsent, esq. which name he lately assumed upon the succession to an estate, which was left him by *mistake*. He has for some time laboured under a complication of lust of power and pension, treachery, ingratitude, disappointment, revenge, and mis-economy. But it is thought the immediate cause of his death was, a fracture in his head, followed with a delirium, occasioned by a fall from a precipice, where he was scrambling for a higher title, and a pension. He was led to this rock by a *northern guide*,* in whose conduct he placed more confidence than in the experienced affection of a friend, whose prudence and virtue had often saved him. He will shortly be interred in the usual state, in the dormitory of his

* Lord Bute.

political predecessors, whose virtues he equalled; and whose example he has followed. All ranks of people are in deep consternation for an accident so fatal to the name of *patriotism*; this event bringing to their remembrance the like miserable end of another W. P.* of glorious memory, who broke his neck about twenty-five years ago, and was buried in the same grave. What is very remarkable, the deceased bespoke a shroud for himself, trimmed with ermine, of the same pattern used on a former occasion."

II.

"This is to give notice, that if any honest man will leave his friends, his family, and his connections, he will meet with very good encouragement at the great house, the Patriot's Head, in Bond Street.

"N. B. No character is required, provided he ask no questions. If he can leave his feelings also behind him, so much the better, as they will not be wanted in his new situation."

III.

"The PITT, a first rate, being much damaged in the head in a late cruise on the coast of Scotland, is paid off, and laid up at *Chatham*, where she is to serve as a storeship. On examination, her timbers, which were supposed to have been true English heart of oak, turn out to be nothing more than mere scantlings of a rotten Scotch fir, brought up by the favourite, from Mount-Stewart, in Buteshire, and hewn by him into a proper form, at his dock-yard, near the Pay-office, in Westminster.

"It is much feared also, since this unhappy discovery, that the timbers of the Britannia, another first rate, will be all found to be unsound, and that most of the ships in the government's service will turn out to be composed of the same rotten materials."

IV.

"To be disposed of, considerably under prime cost,—The stock in trade of an eminent patriot, consisting of a large assortment of confident assertions, choice metaphors, flowery similes, bold invectives, pathetic lamentations, and specious promises, all little worse for wear.

"The reason of their being sold is, that the proprietor has retired, and has now no further occasion for them."

V.

"We are informed, that the cities of London, Bath, and

* Alluding to William Pultney, earl of Bath.

many other corporations in this kingdom, intend to solicit from the heirs of a certain departed patriot, the return of the gold boxes, in which they presented the freedoms of their respective corporations to the said gentleman, before his late deplorable decease."

VI.

"This day is sold, for the benefit of his majesty's subjects, the only true court elixir, or grand specific, for the cure of the gout. To be had of the noted high German doctor, Baron Van Pynsent, at his seat near Chatham.

"Also, prepared by the same hand, the pillula aurata, or right royal bolus, double gilt, being an admirable remedy for all persons afflicted with a volubility of tongue, and of sovereign use, long since, in curing that feverish disorder of the mind, called patriotism.

"N. B. Both these remedies are marked with the doctor's own *privy seal*, and all others who pretend to sell them must be counterfeits."

VII.

"We hear, that a late great personage intends to publish an 'Essay on the Art of Sinking into Contempt.' Also, an 'Ode on the Pleasures of Unpopularity.'"

VIII.

On a late Promotion.

"Be-flatter'd and be-prais'd, the commoner cried:
Daub me no more;—I will be *Bute*ified."

IX.

Epigram on the Great Commoner being made Lord Privy Seal and Earl of Chatham.

"Some folks still aver,
After this mighty stir,
That *Pitt* is become a *new Bath*;
Says my good *lord of Chatham*,
By Jove, I'll have at 'em,
And humble them all in my wrath.

"E'en let 'em complain,
What they say is in vain,
Once more I have got in *the steerage*;
I'll hug myself close,
As snug as a mouse,
With my *pension*, a *place*, and a *peerage*."

X.

"Several petitions have been lately presented to the E—l of C———m, by the different clubs in London, such as punch clubs, cyder-cellar clubs, porter-house clubs, and small-beer clubs, praying, that he would make them acquainted with the manner of Mr. Pitt's death, and what his motive was for destroying himself; which, it is hoped, his lordship, from his great love to the people, will comply with, as it will be a means of preventing many angry disputes, which must otherwise continue amongst the several members of those clubs, to the great prejudice of civil society."

The whole of the above jeux d' esprit, appeared within one month of Earl Chatham's elevation to the peerage. The following epigram is of a later date, and was printed in the *London Chronicle* for March 1, 1770. In order to understand its point, it is necessary to state now, what then was sufficiently known,—that Earl Chatham was much tormented with the gout; and that his brother-in-law, Earl Temple, on account of his awkward appearance, obtained the name of Gawkie.

XI.

Epigram on Earls Temple and Chatham.

"Says Gouty to Gawkie, pray what do you mean?
Says Gawkie to Gouty—to mob king and queen:
Says Gawkie to Gouty, pray what's your intention?
Says Gouty to Gawkie—to double my pension."

BACCHANALIAN ODE.

Written by Walter de Mapes, Archdeacon of Oxford, the Anacreon of the Eleventh Century.

I.

Mihi est propositum in tabernum mori,
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,
Ut dicant cum venerint angelorum chori
"Deus sit propitius huic potatori!"

II.

Poculis accenditur animi lucerna,
Cor imbutum nectare volat ad superna;
Mihi sapit dulcius vinum in taberna,
Quam quod aqua miscuit Præsulis pincerna.

III.

Suum cuique proprium dat natura munus,
Ego nunquam potui scribere jejunus,
Me jejunum vincere posset puer unus;
Sitim et jejunium odi tanquam funus.

IV.

Tales versus facio quale vinum bibo,
Non possum scribere nisi sumpto cibo;
Nihil valet penitus quod jejunus scribo,
Nasonem post calices facile præibo.

V.

Mihi nunquam spiritus propheticè datur,
Nisi cum fuerit, venter bene satur;
Cum in arce cerebri Bacchus dominatur,
In me Phœbus irruit, ac miranda fatur.

Free Translation.

I.

Let me die at the vintner's, I pray;
And die not 'till drunk up's the bowl;
The worst that of me they can say,
Is, "Alas! for his tippling soul."

II.

'Tis by wine that the soul is enlighten'd;
By wine it is lifted on high;
And tenfold its pleasures are heighten'd
When no surly cynic is nigh.

III.

Each man his way; give me but mine,
And that is, to eat, drink and jest;
Write I ne'er could, while lacking good wine,
But merry, I'll rhyme with the best.

IV.

Choice be my wine, else poor are my strains,
Not worth, were it weaker, a groat;
As long, then, as fancy there reigns,
Let no one call Mapes a sot.

V.

Not prophecy's self could inspire me,
Till once my poor belly's well lin'd;
When Ceres and Bacchus once fire me,
Kind Phœbus stays seldom behind.

THE TEMPLE.

On the Two Figures of a Horse and a Lamb, over the Inner Temple Gate.

As by the Templar's holds you go,
The *horse* and *lamb*, display'd
In emblematic figures, shew
The merits of their trade.

That clients may infer from thence
How just is their profession,
The *lamb* sets forth their innocence,
The horse their expedition.

O happy Britons! happy isle!
Let foreign nations say,
Where you get justice without guile,
And law without delay.

Answer.

Deluded men, these holds forego,
Nor trust such cunning elves;
These artful emblems tend to show
Their clients, not themselves.

'Tis all a trick, these are all shams,
By which they mean to cheat you;
But have a care, for you're the lambs,
And they the wolves that eat you.

Nor let the thought of no delay,
To these their courts misguide you;
'Tis you're the shewey horse, and they
The jockeys that will ride you.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

It has been too much the fashion to calumniate De Foe, as having surreptitiously made use of the information given him by Alexander Selkirk, who, as every one knows, passed four years and four months on the then uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez, in the South Sea. The fact however is, that had it not been for the admirable manner in which De Foe dressed up the narrative in the immortal tale of Robinson Crusoe, Selkirk and his sufferings had been long ago forgotten.

Indeed, Selkirk's story was known several years to the public, before Robinson Crusoe appeared, without attracting any extraordinary attention.

Selkirk, in early life, appears to have been of a most unruly disposition, and to have exhibited an instability and violence of temper, but ill adapted to sustain his future destiny, though likely enough to lead to it. In the parish records of Largo, in Fife, where he was born, there are some very curious memoranda relative to his conduct. These notices throw considerable light on the state of manners in the country parishes of Scotland, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, when religion seems to have supplied the place of law, and its ministers that of civil magistrates,—when the terror of public sentence probably operated with as much effect in checking the progress of vice, as the fear of Bridewell, or Botany Bay in our own times. Even the turbulent spirit of Selkirk yielded to the influence of his early associations; though, it would appear, not without a struggle.

"1695, *August* 25.—The same day the Session mett.

"*Alex. Selchraige to be summoned.*

"The qlk day Alex^r Selcraige, son of John Selcraige, elder, in Nether Largo, was dilated for his undecent beaiviar in ye church; the church officer is ordirred to ga and cite him to compear befoor our Session ag^t ye nixt dyett.

"*August* 27.—Y^e Session mett.

"*Alex. Selcraige did not compear.*

"The qlk day Alex^r Selcraige, son to John Selcraige, elder, in Nether Largo, called, but did not compear, being gone avay to ye seas; this business is continued 'till his return.

"1701, *November* 25, the Session mett.

"*John Selcraige compeared.*

"The same day, John Selcraige, elder, called, compeared, and being examined what was the occasion of the tumult that was in his house, he said he knew not, but that Andrew Selcraige, having brought in a cane full of salt water, of qch his brother Alex^r did take a drink through mistake, and he laughing at him for it, his brother Alex^r came and beat him, upon qch he rune out of the house, and called his brother John Selcraige, elder, being againe questioned, what made him to site one the floor with his backe at the door, he said it was to keep down his sone Alex^r, who was seeking to go up to get his pystole; and being enquired what he was to do with it, he said he could not tell.

"*Alex. Selcraige compeared not.*

"The same day Alex^r Selcraige, called, compeared not, because he was at Coupar, he is to be cited, *pro secundo*, ag^st the nixt Session.

"*John Selcraige, younger, compeared.*

"The same day John Selcraige, younger, called, compeared, and being questioned concerning the tumult that was in his father's house on the seventh of Nov^r, declared, that he being called by his brother Andrew, came to it, and when he entered the house, his mother went out, and he seeing his father sitting on the floor, with his back at the door, was much troubled, and offered to help him up, and brang him to the fire, at which time he did see his brother Alex^r in the other end of the house casting off his coate, and coming towards him, whereupon his father did get betwixt them, but he knew not what he did otherwayes, his head being born down by his brother Alex^r, but afterwards being liberate by his wife, did mak his escape.

"*Margaret Bell compeared.*

"The same day Margaret Bell, called, compeared, and being enquired what was the occasion of the tumult which fell out in her father of law's house, on the seventh of Nov^r, she said, that Andrew Selcraige came running for her husband John, and desiring him to go to his father's house, which he doing, the said Margaret did follow her husband; and coming into the house, she found Alex^r Selcraige gripping both his father and her husband, and she labouring to loose Alex^r's hands from her husband's head and breast, her husband fled out of dobrs and she followed him, and called back againe, "you fals loun, will you murder your father and my husband both?" whereupon he followed her to the door, but wither he beat her or not, she was in so great confusion, she cannot distinctly tell, but ever since she hath a sore pain in her head.

"*Andrew Selcraige compeared.*

"The same day Andrew Selcraige, called, compeared, but said nothing to purpose in the foresaid business.

"This business is delayed untill the next Session, 'till further enquiry be mad yrunto.

"*November* 29, the Session mett.

"*Alex. Selcraige compeared.*

"The qlk day sederunt, the minister, moderator, John Lundine of Baldastard, Magnus Wilsone, James Beat, James Smith, in the Kirktowne, William Beat, John Guthrie, James

Smith, in Drummechee, Thomas Ness, Thomas Mortone, and William Jervies. After prayer, *Alex^r Selcraige, scandalous for contention and disagreeing with his brothers,* called, compeared, and being questioned concerning the tumult that was in his father's house, whereof he was said to be the occasion, he confest *that he, having taken a drink of salt water out of the cane, his younger brother Andrew laughing at him for it, he did beat him twice with a stafe;* he confest also, *that he had spoken very ill words concerning his brothers, and particularly he challenged his eldest brother John to a combate, as he called it, of neiffells,* then he said he would not come to do it even now, which afterward he did refuse and regrate; moreover he said several other things, whereupon the Session appointed him to compeare before the pulpit ag^st to-morrow, and to be rebuked in the face of the congregation for his scandalous carriage.

"*Alex. Selcraige's public compearance before the Pulpit.*

"*November* 30.—Alex^r Selcraige, according to the Session's appointment, compeared before the pulpit, and made acknowledgment of his sin in disagreeing with his brothers, and was rebuked in face of the congregation for it, and promised amendment in the strength of the Lord, and so was dismissed."

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

An ingenious antiquary and accomplished amateur of Italian literature, Mr. S. W. Singer, has in his possession a notice of the admirable Crichton, published when he was at Venice, in 1580. This notice, which is a single printed leaf, has been inserted in the second Aldine folio edition of the *Cortegiano* of *Castiglione,* printed in 1515. The book belonged to Francesco Melchiori of Venice, who made it the depository of some other curious papers, including a complimentary sonnet, addressed by Melchiori to Torquato Tasso, with the reply of the latter, as well as the interesting document relating to Crichton, of which the following is a translation:—

"James Crichton, a native of Scotland, is a youth, who, on the 19th of August last, completed his twentieth year. He has a birth-mark over his right eye. He is master of ten languages. The Latin and Italian in perfection; the Greek, so as to compose epigrams in that tongue; Hebrew, Chaldee, Spanish, French, Flemish, English, Scotch, and understands also the German. He is most skilful in philosophy, theology, the mathematics, and astrology, and holds all the calculations hitherto made in this last to be false. He has frequently

maintained philosophical and theological disputes with learned professors, to the admiration of all present. He is well acquainted with magic;—of a memory so retentive that he knows not what it is to want recollection; and can recite word for word that which he has once heard. Latin verses, whatever the subject or the measure, he produces *extempore;* and these, too, (equally extemporaneous,) commencing with the last word of any verse. His orations are fluent and beautiful; and he reasons profoundly upon political subjects. In his person he is eminently handsome; most courteous in his manners; and winning, to the height of your wish, in conversation. A soldier at all points, he served two years with distinction in the French wars; unrivalled in the dance, and all feats of activity; most dexterous (as he has sufficiently proved) in the use of arms of every description, in horsemanship, and in tilting at the ring.

"He is noble;—by the mother, indeed, (who was a Stuart,) of royal blood. On occasion of the procession of the Holy Ghost, he maintained, with signal applause, a dispute with learned Greeks, adducing, in his argument, a host of authorities from Greek and Latin doctors, and from councils, as he is wont to do when treating of philosophy or theology, having, at his fingers' end, all Aristotle and his commentaries, and placing before us not an outline merely, but the full front of the Greek doctrine. Saint Thomas and Duns Scotus, with their adherents, the Scotists and Thomists, he has all by heart, and is ready to engage on either side the contest, as he has often done; nor, indeed, does he enter upon a discussion, except when the subject has been dictated by others. It has pleased the Doge and his illustrious lady to hear him, when they were struck with astonishment; and he received from his Serene Highness a present. In a word, he is a prodigy of prodigies, insomuch that some persons, observing qualities so wonderful and various in one body, so elegantly formed, and of habits so amiable, have thought the phenomenon supernatural. He is now shut up in retirement for the purpose of expounding two thousand propositions in all the different classes, which he designs two months hence to demonstrate at Venice, in the church of St. George and St. Paul; having found it impossible, with due attention to his studies, to comply with the wishes of persons, who would gladly listen to him through the whole day."

Printed at Venice, for the brothers Dom and Gio Batt. Guerra MD.LXXX.

SCOTTISH GRANDSIRE's ADVICE.

Letter from a Scottish Nobleman, of the time of James I., to his Grandson.

"SEEING it has pleased God, of his unspeakable mercy, to bring me through infinite troubles and feuds with honour, the particulars whereof I remit to others' declarations, and in particular to my wife, (your guidam,) who knows best of any lyving my estate, and whose concel I pray you to follow, as one who has lived most carefully in that house for the honour and weel of it. God took my lord Guidseir, and my father, (of good memories,) from me when five years old, and the whole friends and name all in one day; so that I was parentless and friendless altogether. What, in my time, I have done for the welfare of my house, the writes of my charter-chest will testify. Now, after a longsome and troublesome time that I have had in this world, it has pleased God, fatherly, to visit me with extreme sore sickness, to bring me out of this miserable life to enjoy that blist life that came never in the heart of man to know what it is. Now, since my request shall be to you to give yourself wholly to God and his service, and to take some hours particularly for that effect, and to learn some psalms and prayers perqueir* out of the auld and ancient docters, that when you are in the fields gangang or riding, ye meditat with God theron. Haunt grave and wise company; and frequent you meikle with reiding histories. Honour your father and mother as you are commanded; the break whereof has brought kingdoms and houses to decay; as daily experience gives proof, that he punishes as weel here as hereafter. Love and respect your friends, as well of your own name as of others that have been friends and followers thereof; and know their natures well, that you may accommodate yourself thereto, seeing many of them hold nothing of you but guid-will and kindness. Be cheerful in your countenance, and ready and honest to protect and assist them: for it is the greatest treasure my house has (their friends). Eschew pride as far as possible is in you; for it is a sin against God: it has brought houses in our time to ruin. Eschew coveteousness sichlike, which (the eschewing thereof) is very acceptable to God. When it shall please God that you shall come to the room that I and your father possessed afore, hold ane gude and honest house, be favourable to your

* By book.

tenants; place in your bailiaries honest and discreet men, to execute justice equally amongst them. Give them a' gude countenance; and if I have overseen myself, or your father, in taking more then enough from them, amend it; for, they say, rich tennants make a rich master, and they ought (being the image of God) to have even full. Be charitable to the poor, and look ever with pityfull eyes upon them. Seeing, now-a-days, many young scholars give themselves curiously to understand magick and necromancie, which are the greatest sins against God which can be, and hath been the destruction of both body and soul, and their houses; I will beseech you, in the name of God, never to let that enter into your mind. Betwixt prosperity and adversity, tak' a magnanime and constant course, neither with the one be puffed up, nor with the other be dejected; but thank God for either of the two, as they shall happen. Serve and obey your king above all worldly things; for my house has ever done so, and they flourished the better. Albeit, in battles, we have received great skaith in their service; yet God has ever augmented the number of us. This I end with God's blessing, and mine to you and your brothers and sisters.

"I am, your most loving GUIDSEIR.

"*At* ——— 4th *June*, 1606."

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

THE following character of the principal nations of Europe was written about the middle of the last century by Mr. Mozer, who was envoy from the elector Palatine to Hanover. Though it may appear somewhat tinctured with prejudice, and time may have made some alterations, yet the moral and political features of each country are pretty correctly drawn, and may be recognized as portraits at the present day.

"ENGLAND.—The domain of liberty and property; the country of extremes. Virtue is here divine—vice infernal. Here are liberty of conscience, political liberty, civil liberty, commercial liberty, liberty of thought, tongue, and pen, to and beyond the limits of the most profligate licence; newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, registers; turfs, cockpits, clubs, maccaronies, blackguards, stocks, lotteries, schemes, lame ducks, clever fellows, humour, and Novembers big with suicide; post chaises, Italian music and pictures, but few

with ears or eyes; the nest of foreigners; the country of Shakspeare, Newton, and Hogarth.

"FRANCE.—The country of CITOYENS and MODE. Here things are estimated by their air. A watch may be a master-piece without exactness, and a woman rule the town without beauty, if they have air. Here life's a dance, and awkwardness of step its great disgrace. Character here is dissolved into the public, and an original a name of mirth. '*Cela se fait, et cela ne se fait pas,*' are here the supreme umpires of conduct. Their religion is superstition, fashion, sophism. The ladies lay on rouge in equilateral squares, and powder with brick-dust. Tyranny may grind the face, but not the countenance of a Frenchman: his feet are made to dance in wooden-shoes. The parliament resembles an old toothless mastiff. France was the country of Le Sueur and Racine, and is that of Voltaire.

"SPAIN.—The dregs of a nation two centuries past the arbiters of Europe, and leaders of discovery. Still sense, sagacity, and cool courage, are tamely submitted here to the iron yoke of the inquisition; and each note of humanity drowned in the yells of Dominic's victims. The prerogatives of society moulder here in provincial archives: these are the execrable lords of one hemisphere, and the humble factors of Europe. To see a sceptre in the gripe of women. Confessors and favourites make no characteristic of Spain; nor is the country of Calderon and Cervantes, more than its neighbours, the land of ignorance, vanity, indolence, poverty, envy.

"PORTUGAL.—Something of literature and history, glare, gallantry, superstition, earthquakes, daggers, inquisition; the bloody dawns of an uncertain day; the country of Camoens.

"GERMANY.—Its heroes, like Italian pictures, shew best at a distance. The rest parcel out to deserts, petty tyrants, priests, pedigreed beggars, and pedants; and all her neighbours know Germany. Yet this is the mother of Arminius and Frederic, of Leibnitz and Wolfe, of Handel and Graun, of Mengs and Donner, of Winkelman and Reimarus.

"RUSSIA.—The motley creation of Peter, called the Great. Imitators of all Europe, but not Russians: a country taught to rear the produce of southern climates to vapid life, and to neglect its own vigorous offspring. History, mathematics, geography, a general balance of trade, inhuman intrepidity, slavery, savage glare of wealth.

"HOLLAND.—A country, through all its ages, fertile of patriots, though now plethoric with wealth, and unstrung by public indolence. A nobility once full of republican metal, sneaking by degrees into courtiers. Here are scholars, civilians, laborious triflers, trade. Here absence of misery is

happiness; indifference, contentment; profit, honour. Here sentiment is nonsense; plain sense, wit; jollity, pleasure; possession, enjoyment; money the anchor of minds, the gale of passions, the port of life.

"SWITZERLAND.—The land of liberty. Trade, taste, knowledge, discovery among the Protestants, vigour in all; despisers of death; slaves of money abroad. Abroad, a contemptible swarm of valets, clerks, officers, artists, schemers; the leeches of fools.

RISE OF COFFEE-HOUSES IN THE EAST.

THE following account of the first establishment of coffee-houses, at Constantinople, in the year 1555, is translated from the Turkish History of Betchevi. The real name of this writer is not known; that of Betchevi is derived from Betchein, Hungary.

"There was no coffee used, nor was there even a single shop where it was sold, either in Constantinople, or any other part of Romelia, before the year 962 of the Hegira. In that year, two persons, one of whom was a native of Damascus, called Chems, and another from Aleppo, named Hakim, came to Constantinople, and opened two shops in the quarter Takhtecala, where they sold that excellent beverage. At first, these coffee-houses were only resorted to by the indolent and idle; but they soon became popular among the wits and men of letters, who assembled in perhaps twenty or thirty different knots in each house. Parties were formed for reading, others for chess or trictrac; some discussed new poems, and others pursued scientific conversations. As the expence only amounted to a few aspres, it was a cheap mode of entertaining a friend, to carry him to a coffee-room. All persons out of employment, and paying their court to obtain it, kadis, moudaries, and all who had no great business, flocked to these places, as affording the best amusements; in short, the rooms became so crowded, that it was difficult to obtain a seat; and their reputation was such, that many distinguished persons, always excepting ministers, went to them without scruple. But the imaums, the muezzins, and the professed devotees, declaimed against them, saying 'the people ran to the coffee-house instead of the mosque.' The oulemas, in particular, cried out against coffee-houses, declaring that an ale-house was better than a coffee-room. The preachers endeavoured to scold down the favourite beverage. The muftis declared,

that all substances roasted to charcoal were prohibited by the law, and brought forward solemn decisions to confirm their opinions.

"In the reign of Murad III. the prohibitions were renewed; but some amateurs obtained leave of the police-officers to sell coffee in back shops and courts out of the public view. From that time, the use of coffee became so general, that government was tired of forbidding it. The preachers and muftis revised their doctrines, and declared that as the burning of coffee did not really convert it into charcoal, it might be drunk without endangering salvation; and the sheiks, oulemas, vizirs, and nobles, began to take it without distinction. At length, the grand vizirs themselves built coffee-rooms, and got a sequin or two for their daily rent."

LAWYERS AND PIGS.—An Epigram.

By Mr. Courtney.

'Tis said how a Pope, mov'd by pity divine,
In a famine at Rome, sent to Naples for swine;
Thirty thousand at least: Marquis Campio in hope
To save such a herd, yet not anger the Pope,
Devoutly reply'd—"Blessed Father, I swear,
In *lawyers* I'll pay you—the *pigs* I can't spare."

WONDERS OF NATURE.

(Fragments of Scottish Chronicles.)

"1627, Nov.—Much about this time an alarming accident happened on the south-west coast of Scotland. A south wind blowing directly from the Isle of Man, threw the sea upon the Black Shore, within the parish of Carlaverock, and upon Old-cock-pool, and several other parts within the parish of Ruthwal, in such a fearfull manner as none then living had ever seen the like. It went at least half a mile beyond the ordinary course, and threw down a number of houses and bulwarks in its way; and many cattle, and other bestial, were swept away with its rapidity: and what was still more melancholy, of the poor people who lived by making salt on *Ruthwal Sands*, seventeen perished; thirteen of these were found next day, and were all buried together in the church-yard of *Ruthwal*, which, no doubt, was an affecting sight to

their relations, widows, and children, &c., and even to all that beheld it. One circumstance more ought not to be omitted. The house of Old-cock-pool being environed on all hands, the people fled to the top of it for safety; and so sudden was the inundation upon them, that, in their confusion, they left a young child in a cradle exposed to the flood, which very speedily caried away the cradle; nor could the tender-hearted beholders save the child's life without the manifest danger of their own. But by the good providence of God, as the cradle, now afloat, was going forth of the outer door, a corner of it struck against the door-post, by which the other end was turned about; and going across the door, it stuck there 'till the waters were assuaged. Upon the whole, that inundation made a most suprising devastation in those parts; and the ruins occasioned by it had an agreeable influence on the surviving inhabitants,—convincing them, more than ever, of what they owed to Divine Providence, &c.

"And now to bring this year to a conclusion, (1628,) upon the 26th of December, there happened an accident, which may be reckoned a prodigy in nature. The day being frosty, and the weather serene, a huge moss, that lay on a rising ground between Falkirk and Stirling, not far from the entry into the Torwood, having in it a little loch, was sensibly perceived to move for some days; and the upper part of the earth of the moss being filled up by water, was, by degrees, carried down to a valley which lay below it, and there it rested to the thickness of a man's length, overwhelming great bounds of good arable ground, which had on it sixteen farmsteads, and some gentlemen's houses; so that for good lands and houses there was nothing to be seen but an unprofitable moss. This desolation having been represented to the privy-council, the pitifull condition of the sufferers was by them recommended to the charity of all well-disposed persons; and a contribution was gathered for them through most parts of the country.*

"1652.—Upon Monday, the 29th March, the sun eclipsed, from eight hours to half hour to eleven, or thereby before noon. The sun eclipsed eleven digits. The darkness continued about eight minutes. The people all began to pray to God. A little thereafter, was seen, upon the south side of the firmament, a clear, perfect star. Some affirmed that they saw two; but I one only."—*Register of the Sessions of the Burgh of Peebles.*

* A convulsion very similar to that of the Solway Moss many years after, and to the more recent one of the moving bog in Ireland.

The people, in the south of Scotland, still talk to this day of the *Dark Monday*.

"1674.—There was a great storm of snow, with violent nipping cold frost, that lay from the 15th day of January, 1674, to the 18th of March, wherein was thirteen drifty days. The most part of the country lost the most part of their sheep, and many of their nolt, and many all their sheep. It was universal; and many people were starved for want of fuel for fire."—*Council Books of Peebles.*

This winter was long after remembered by the name of the *Ill Winter*.

"THE ENGLISH ROMAYNE LIFE."

In the year 1590, a curious black letter tract, of seventy-two quarto pages, was published with the following title:—

"**The English Romayne Life**; discovering the Liues of the Englishmen at Rome; the Orders of the English Seminarie; the Dissention betweene the Englishmen and the Welchmen; the banishing of the Englishmen out of Rome; the Pope's sending for them againe; a Reporte of many of the paltrie Reliques in Rome; theyr Vaultes vnder the Grounde; theyr holy Pilgrimages; and a Nvmber of other matters woorthie to be read and regarded of euery one. Therevnto is added, the cruell Tyranny vsed on an Englishman at Rome, his Christian Suffering, and notable Martirdome, for the Gospel of Jesu Christ, in Anno 1581. Written by A. M. sometime the Pope's Scholler in the Seminarie among them. *Honor alit Artes.*"

This tract, which was written by Arthur Munday, is dedicated to Bromley, lord chancellor; Burleigh, lord treasurer; the earl of Leicester; and the rest of the queen's privy-council. It is divided into eight chapters, and describes, in a quaint manner, the travels of the author to Rome; an account of his residence there; with various interesting occurrences respecting the English, which took place in the "Eternal City." Arthur Munday, though "sometime the Pope's Scholler," appears to have entertained a very strong antipathy against his holiness and popery, which he is determined to expose; that those persons, into whose hands his book may fall, "may behold the egregious follies and devillish drifts, whereby God is displeased, and man too much wilfullye blinded; so that, turning to the bare and naked truth, which craveth neither shadow, nor any coloured device, they may

vomite up that antichriste, and his abominable inventions, and cleave to that which God himself hath commaunded."

Munday gives a curious account of the *carne vale* (carnival) at Rome, and of the "pope's generall curseing on Maunde Thursdaie," which he thus describes:

"On Maunde Thursday, the pope cometh in his gallery ouer St. Peter's, sitting in his chayre, wherewith he is carried on men's shoulders; and there he hath a great painted holie candle in his hand, burning, when a cardinall, on each side of him, the one in Latin and the other in Italian, singeth the pope's general malediction.

"There he curseth the Turke, and her majestie our most gracious princesse and gouernesse, affirming her to be farre worse than the Turke, or the cruellest tyrant that is. He curseth likewise all Calvinians, Lutherians, Zwinglians, and all that are not according to his disposition. When he hath cursed all that he can, saying 'amen,' he letteth the candle fall; whereat the people will scramble for it, and euery one catch a little piece if they can: yea, our Englishmen will be as busie as the best; and one of them chanced to get a peece of the waxe of the candle, whereof he made such a bragging when he came to the colledge, as you will not think; that he had got a peece of the candle wherewith the queene of England was cursed, and that he would keepe it so long as he liued."

The eighth and last chapter of this work contains a highly-interesting account of the martyrdom of an Englishman at Rome, in 1581; we, therefore, quote it entire.

"*A true Report of the Christian Suffering, and mercilesse Martirdom of one Richard Atkins, English Man, at Rome; who, for the trueth of the Gospell, to the great Terrour of all the Beholders, endured the Extremity of the Torment and cruell Agonie of Death, in the Yeere of our Lord* 1581.

"About the time of Midsommer, in the yeere 1581, one Richard Atkins, a Hartfordshire man, came to Rome, and, hauing found the English colledge, he knocked at the doore, when diuers of the students came to welcome him, knowing that he was an English man. Among other talke, they willed him to go to the hospitall, and there to receiue his meate and lodging, according as the order was appointed; whereto he aunswered, 'I come not, my countreymen, to any such intent as you judge, but I come louinglie to rebuke the great misorder of your liues, which I groeue to hear, and pittie to beholde.

I come, likewise, to let your proud antichrist vnderstand that he doth offend the heauenly maiesty, robbe God of his honour, and poysoneth the whole world with his abominable blasphemies; making them homage stockes and stones, and that filthy sacrament, which is nothing else but a foolish idol.' When they hearde these wordes, one Hugh Griffin, a Welsh man, and a student in the colledge, caused him to be put in the inquisition; where howe they examined him, and howe he answered them, I knowe not. After certain dayes, he was sette at lybertie againe.

"And one day, going in the streete, he met a priest carrying the sacrament; which offending his conscience to see the people so croutch and kneele to it, he caught at it to haue throwne it downe, that all the people might see what they worshipped. But, missing his purpose, and being iudged by the people, that he did catch at the holinesse that (they say) commeth from the sacrament, vpon meere deuotion, he was let passe, and nothing sayde to him.

"Few dayes after, he came to S. Peter's church, where diuers gentlemen and others were hearing masse; and the priest, being at the eleuation, he, using no reuerence, stepped among the people to the aultar, and threw down the challice with the wine; striuing, likewise, to haue pulled the cake out of the priestes handes. For which, diuers rose vp and beate him with theyr fistes, and one drew his rapier, and would haue slaine him; so that, in breefe, he was carried to prison, where he was examined wherefore he committed such an heinous offence. Whereto he aunswered, that he came purposely for that intent, to rebuke the pope's wickednesse, and theyr idolatrie. Vpon this, he was condemned to be burned: which sentence, he sayde, he was right willing to suffer; and the rather, because the sum of his offence pertayned to the glory of God.

During the time he remayned in prison, sundry English men came vnto him, willing him to be sorie for that he had done, and to recant from his damnable opinion. But all the meanes they vsed were in vaine. He confuted their dealings by diuers places of Scripture, and willed them to be sorie for their wickedness, while God did permit them time, els they were in daunger of euerlasting damnation. These wordes made the English men depart, for they could not abide to heare them.

"Within a while after, he was set vpon an asse, without any saddle, he being, from the middle vpwarde, naked; hauing some English priestes who talked to him. But he regarded them not, but spake to the people in so good language as he coulde, and tolde them they were in a wrong

way; and, therefore, willed them, for Christe's sake, to haue regard to the sauing of theyr soules.

"All the way as he went, there were fowre did nothing else but thrust at his naked body with burning torches; whereat he neither moued, nor shrunke one iote, but, with a cheerefull countenaunce, laboured still to perswade the people—often bending his body to meete the torches as they were thrust at' him, and would take them in his own hand, and hold them burning styll vpon his body, whereat the people not a little wondered. Thus he continued, almost the space of halfe a mile, till he came before St. Peters, where the place of execution was.

"When he was come to the place of execution, there they had made a deuise not to make the fire about him, but to burne his legges first; which they did, he not dismaying any whit, but suffered all meruailous cheerefullie; which mooued the people to such a quandary, as was not in Rome many a day. Then they offered him a crosse, and willed him to embrace it, in token that he dyed a Christian; but he put it away with his hand, telling them that they were euyll men to trouble him with paltrie, when he was preparing himselfe to God, whom he behelde, in maiesty and mercie, readie to receiue him into the eternall rest.

"They, seeing him styll in that minde, departed, saying, 'let us goe, and leave him to the deuill, whome he serues.' Thus ended this faithfull soldier and martir of Christe; who is, no doubte, in glory with his maister, whereto God graunt vs all to come. Amen."

"THE CHARIOT OF ANTIMONY."

Basil Valentine, who lived towards the end of the fifteenth century, published a singular work, which he called "*Currus Triumphalis Antimonii.*" Valentine ranks among the first who introduced metallic preparations into medicine; and is supposed to be the first that ever used the word antimony. In his "*Currus Triumphalis Antimonii,*" after setting forth the chemical preparations of that metal, he enumerates their medicinal effects. According to the prevailing custom of the age, he boasts of supernatural assistance; and his work furnishes a good specimen of the controversial disputes between the chemical physicians, and those of the school of Galen; the former being attached to active remedies, and the latter to more simple and inert remedies. Valentine's "Chariot of Antimony" opens with the most pious exhortations to prayer

and contemplation, to charity and benevolence. But the author soon forgets himself, and breaks out in the following strain of virulent invective:—"Ye wretched and pitiful medicasters; who, full of deceit, breathe out I know not what! Thrasonick brags! infamous men! more mad than Bacchanalian fools! who will neither learn, nor dirty your hands with coals! You titular doctors, who write long scrolls of receipts! You apothecaries, who, with your decoctions, fill pots, no less than those in princes' courts, in which meat is boiled for the sustenance of some hundreds of men! You, I say, who have, hitherto, been blind, suffer a collyrium to be poured into your eyes, and permit me to anoint them with balsam, that this ignorance may fall from your sight, and that you may behold truth as in a clear glass! But," says Basil Valentine, after proceeding in this strain for some length, "I will put an end to my discourse; lest my tears, which I can scarcely prevent continually falling from my eyes, should blot my writing; and, whilst I deplore the blindness of the world, blemish the lamentation which I would publish to all men."

TOUCHING FOR THE KING's EVIL.

THAT there was formerly a very general belief that the touch of a lawful king had the effect of curing the scrophula, or the king's evil, is an historical fact, too notorious to be contradicted. The origin of the superstition is not equally familiar; though it is proved to be of great antiquity. Edward the Confessor is known to have acquired great reputation for his royal touch; and Hakluyt gives a curious instance of the superstition and credulity of that monarch, or rather of his times. As Hakluyt relates the story, it is a complete instance of the claim to second sight.

"Upon the holy festival of Easter, king Edward the Confessor, wearing his royal crown, sat at dinner, at his palace of Westminster, surrounded by many of his nobles. While others, after the long abstinence of the Lent season, refreshed themselves with dainty viands, on which they fed with much eagerness, he raising his mind above all earthly enjoyments, and meditating on divine things, broke out into excessive laughter, to the great astonishment of his guests. But no one presuming into the cause of his mirth, all kept silence, 'till dinner was ended. After dinner, when the king had retired to his bed-chamber to divest himself of his robes, three of

his nobles, earl Harold, an abbot, and a bishop, who were more familiar with him than any of the other courtiers, followed him into the chamber, and boldly asked the reason of his mirth; as it had appeared strange to the whole court, that his majesty should break out in unseemly laughter, on so solemn a day, while all others were silent. 'I saw,' said the king, 'most wonderful things; and, therefore, did I not laugh without cause.' And they, as is customary with all men, became, therefore, the more anxious to learn the occasion of his mirth, and humbly beseeched him to impart the reason to them. After musing for some time, he at length informed them that Seven Sleepers had rested during two hundred years on Mount Cælius, lying always hitherto on their right sides; but that, in the very moment of his laughter, they had turned themselves over to their left sides; in which posture they should continue asleep for other seventy-four years, being a dire omen of future misery to mankind. For all those things, which our Saviour had foretold to his disciples were to be fulfilled about the end of the world, should come to pass within those seventy-four years. That nation should rise up against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and there would be, in many places, earthquakes, pestilence, and famine, and terrible apparitions in the heavens, and great signs, with great alterations of dominion; wars of the infidels against the Christians, and victories gained by the Christians over the unbelievers. And, as they wondered at these things, the king explained to them the passion of the Seven Sleepers, with the shape and proportion of each of their bodies, which wonderful things no man had hitherto committed to writing; and all this in so plain and distinct a manner, as if he had always dwelt along with them.

"In consequence of this discourse, the earl sent a knight, the bishop a clerk, and the abbot a monk, as ambassadors to Maniches, the emperor of Constantinople, carrying letters and presents from the king. The emperor received them very graciously; and, after a friendly entertainment, sent them to the bishop of Ephesus, with letters, which they name sacred, commanding him to admit the English ambassadors to see the Seven Sleepers. And it came to pass, that the prophetic vision of king Edward was approved by all the Greeks, who protested that they were assured by their fathers, that the Seven Sleepers had always, before that time, reposed on their right sides; but, upon the entry of the Englishmen into the cave where they lay, their bodies confirmed the truth of the foreign vision and prophecy to their countrymen. Neither were the calamities long delayed, which had been foretold by the king; for the Agareni, Arabians, and Turks,

enemies of the people of Christ, invading the country of the Christians—spoiled and destroyed many cities of Syria, Lycia, and the Lesser and Greater Asias.—and, among the rest, depopulated Ephesus, and even the holy city of Jerusalem."

From the time of Edward the Confessor to the abdication of James the Second, the power of kings to touch for the king's evil seems never to have been doubted, and to have been very frequently exercised; but of all these, the second Charles was the most liberal in dispensing this healing power of royalty.

In a tract, entitled "Charisma Basilicon; or, the Royal Gift of Healing Strumaes, or King's Evil, by John Browne, Chirurgeon in Ordinary to his Majesty, London, 1684," there is "An account of persons touched by his Sacred Majesty, King Charles the Second, for the cure of the King's Evil, from May, 1660;" from a register kept by Thomas Haynes, esq. serjeant of his majesty's Chapel-royal:

1660.....6725	1663.....4667
1661.....4619	1664.....4667
1662.....4271	

Register kept by Mr. Thomas Donkley, keeper of his majesty's closet, from May, 1667, to May, 1682:

1667.....3073	1682.....8477
1681.....6007	

The whole number was above ninety-two thousand.

Even when travelling, Charles used to exercise his healing art. The grand duke Cosmo, of Tuscany, mentions having seen the king thus engaged at Newmarket; and in his passage through Holland to England, on the 18th and 19th May, 1659-60, he is known to have touched great numbers of persons afflicted with the king's evil. The following description of the ceremony is given by Thomas Gumble, D.D. chaplain to Gen. Monk, (who was present,) in a manuscript account of the Restoration, and of the entertainments, processions, and "glorious triumphs," that were given by the city of London on that occasion. It was written in 1662.

"The ceremony, as in France, is done after the king hath communicated in the morning; so it was done here (at the Hague), in the English chapple, after sermon. There was a great chair placed for the king, in a place somewhat distant

from the people. As soon as the king was sate, one of the clerks of the closet stood at the right side of his chair, holding on his arm as many gold angels (every one tied in a ribbon of white silk) as there were sick to be touched, which were in number fourty-eight. Dr. Brown, the chaplain of the princess of Aurange, performed the place of the king's chaplain, as he did all along at Breda, on the same occasion. The chaplain then read the sixteenth chapter of St. Mark, from the fourteenth verse to the end; and then the chirurgeon presented the sick, (having examined them to see that it was the evil), after three reverences, on their knees, before the king, who, whilst the chaplain said these words in that Gospel—'They shall lay their hands upon the sick, and they shall be healed,' lay'd his hands on the two cheeks of the sick, saying—'*I* touch thee, but *God* heal thee!' The chaplain then begun another Gospel; and whilst these words were pronounced out of the first chapter of St. John, 'This was the trew light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world,' his majesty took the pieces of gold, and put them on the necks of the disseased, the chaplain repeating the words as many times as there were persons to receive them, concluding with a prayer, 'That Almighty God would bless the ceremony;' then, after reverences as before, they retired. The earls of Middlesex and St. Albans held the bason, ewer, and towel, whilst the king washed."

SINGULAR SUICIDE.

In the year 1600, on the 10th of April, a person of the name of William Dorrington, threw himself from the top of St. Sepulchre's church, in London; having previously left on the leads or roof, a paper, of which the following is a copy:

"Let no other man be troubled for that which is my own fact. John Bunckley and his fellows, by perjury and other bad means, have brought me to this end: God forgive it them, and I doe. And, O Lord! forgive me this cruel fact upon my own body, which I utterly detest, and most humbly pray him to cast it behind him; and that of his most exceeding and infinite mercy he will forgive it me, with all my other sins. But, surelye, after they had thus slandered me everye daye that I lived, was to me a hundred deathes; which

caused me rather to choose to dye with infamye, than to live in infamye and torment.

'O, summa Deitas, quæ cœlis et superis presides, meis mederè miseris, ut spretis inferis, lætor superis, *reis* dona veniam.'

"Trusting in his only passion and merits of Jesus Christ, and confessing my exceeding great synnes, I say—'Master, have mercy on me!'"

This paper was folded up in the form of a letter, and indorsed—"Oh, let me live, and I will call upon thy name!"

CHARACTER OF A TRUE ENGLISHMAN.

THE following admirably drawn character of a true Englishman, was written, in 1680, and was inscribed to the Pope by the author, who signed it PASQUIN.

The free-born English, generous and wise,
Hate chains; but do not *government* despise.
Rights of the crown, *tributes* and *taxes* they,
When *legally* exacted, freely pay.
Force they abhor, and wrongs they scorn to bear,
More guided by their judgment than their fear—
Justice, with them, was never held severe.
There, pow'r by *tyranny* was never got!
Laws might, perhaps, enslave them; force cannot.
Kings are less safe in their unbounded will,
Join'd with the wretched pow'r of doing ill:
Forsaken most when they're most absolute:
Laws guard the man, and only bind the brute.
To force that guard, with its worst force to join,
Can never be a prudent king's design:
What prince would change to be a Cataline?
Break his own laws, shake an unquestion'd throne!
Conspire with vassals to usurp his own!
Let France grow proud beneath the tyrant's lust,
While the rack'd people *crawl*, and lick the dust:
The manly genius of this isle disdains
All tinsel slavery, or golden chains.
England to servile yoke could never bow:
What conqu'rors ne'er presum'd—who dares it now?
In vain your Holiness does rack your brain!
No *son* of yours that happy isle can gain.
Arm'd with one *Gospel* and *undated* law,
They guard themselves, and keep the world in awe!

THE CRIPPLE OF BETHESDA.

THE following beautiful and pathetic lines were written by the Rev. Alexander Montgomery, a native of Enniskillen, who, in the year 1780, was curate of Scrabley, near Granard, in the County of Longford. They appear to have been composed at a time when the author felt his sensibility roused by neglect.

At fam'd Bethesda's pool, near Salem's gate,
While Salem flourish'd in her regal state;
Still crowds of cripples in arrangement lay,
Impatient waiting the restoring day;
Where, at set times, as we recorded find,
An angel, in compassion to mankind,
By tinge divine, such efficacy gave,
Who first immerg'd was rescued from the grave,
And, quite forgetful of his former pain,
View'd his less happy brothers with disdain;
Yet still, but one at one immersion cur'd,
The rest their pains another year endur'd;
Whilst he who no kind aid had hardly got,
In sight of health, might on the margin rot.
A cripple here for years neglected lay,
Still hoping ev'ry turn to get away;
But friends in town, still otherwise employ'd,
Forgot his pains as they their health enjoy'd;
Not so they promis'd, when they left him there,
But words are wind, and vanish into air!
The blest Redeemer at the pool appear'd,
The lazar's tale of woe he knew ere heard;
"Take up thy bed and walk," the Saviour cries;
Lo! strength through all his limbs like lightning flies.
Elate and wond'ring, on his feet he stood,
Burst into tears, and glorified his God.
So, when death's angel, with a cold embrace,
Welcomes a rector to the throne of Grace,
Each lazar curate, in his fortune lame,
Strives to immerge into preferment's stream;
Each has his friend to aid him on the way;
They plunge, emerge, then cast the crutch away,
Forget their cot, small beer, and rusty gown,
Get taste for wine, and residence in town,
Grow dull and ruddy, insolent and chuff,
And think their quondam brethren have enough.
Whilst cripple I, of interest bereft,
Still on the clay-clod margin here am left,

No friendly hand its timely aid supplies,
And still I totter, as I strive to rise.
Yet, twelve long years have I this station kept,
Of all the joys of social life bereft;
Banish'd from friends, from town, and all most dear,
To starve genteel on forty pounds a year;
Three helpless babes, a sister, and a wife,
To furnish with the requisites of life;
A purse-proud upstart sneering on my farm,
Who 'd pledge his soul to do a gownsman harm.
Of fam'd Astrea here no trace is found,
Her feet so tender, and so hard the ground.
Thou, who in time couldst to the cripple send,
By all deserted, so divine a friend;
Who by a word could former health restore,
And break those bands that fetter'd him before;
With pity touch thy lov'd apostle's breast,
To ease my wants, or take me to thy rest;
Small's my request, as little I deserve,
'Tis only that I may not preach and starve;
Since sacred writings these directions give,
Who at the altar serve, shall by it live.

ECCLESIASTICAL DISCIPLINE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

The following record furnishes a remarkable instance of the strictness of ecclesiastical discipline in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

"*Decimo Martii,* 1595. } A Confession to be made by John Aspland, of Witcham.

"The sayd partie shell upon Sunday, being the 4th day of June next commeng, come forth of his seate in the parish churche of Witcham aforesaid, into the middle alleye there, ymediately after the reading the Gospel, and there shell stande, and with a loude voyce shell say and confesse as followeth, *viz.*—

'Good neighbours, I acknowledge and confesse that I have offended Almighty God, and by my evill example you all, for that I have used to sleepe in the churche, for whiche I am most heartely sorry, and I aske God and you all, most heartely, forgiveness for the same, promising by God's help never to offende hereafter in the like againe.'

"And at the doing hereofhee shell, under the hands of the minister and churchwardens, there personally certife together with these presents upon Munday, being the 22d day of July

next, at Trinity parish churche in Ely, and then and there receive such further order herein, as shell be appointed.

" Concordat cum artis cur.

" Ita testor Tho. Arny, notrius public.

" John Aspland hath done the penance prescribed within the churche, the date and yere above written. Signed by us,

" William Gill.
" John Allen, } Church-
" George Wright, } wardens.

" To my loving frend the vycar of Witcham, or his curate there, give this."

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF SHAKESPEARE.

Though the shrine of many a Catholic saint has had more numerous, yet none had ever more sincere or enlightened devotees, than those who have paid homage to the genius of Shakespeare, at Stratford-on-Avon. The room which is there shown as that in which the immortal bard was born, is covered in every part with the names of visitors; even the ceiling, the sides, the projecting chimney, and every partition of the surface, have been written on. A list of the names would exhibit all the rank, character, and genius of the age. Among these names are those of his present Majesty, the duke of Clarence, and of at least one half of the members of both houses of parliament; as well as those of many distinguished foreigners, among whom are Lucien Buonaparte, and the Russian and Austrian Princes, who visited England since the peace. Even the tomb of Shakespeare, and his bust, are in like manner covered with names, proud of an association with him, " who was not for an age." On the scroll, under the effigy, is the name of " Wellesley," inscribed by the successive viceroy of Hindostan and Ireland himself, and near it, the name of Lucien Buonaparte, with the following lines :—

" The eye of Genius glistens to admire,
How memory hails the sound of Shakespeare's lyre;
One tear I'll shed, to form a crystal shrine
Of all that's grand, immortal and divine.

MASSACHUSETTS CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

THE following singular memoranda are copied from Winthrop's Journal, a work little known; but which gives a minute account of the first years of the colony of Massachusetts.

"1631. At a court, one Josias Playstone, and two of his servants, were censured for stealing corn from Chickatabot, and two of his men, who were present; the master to restore two-fold, and to be degraded from the title of a gentleman, and fined five pounds, and his men to be whipped.

"1634, (Nov. 24). About the same time, one ——— was twenty-one days upon Plumb (so spelt in the book) Island, and found, by chance, frozen in the snow, yet alive, and did well. He had been missing twenty days; and himself said he had no food all that time.

"1685. At this court, brass farthings were forbidden, and musket bullets made to pass for farthings.

"1637. Being about full moon, about ten of the clock in the evening, in a clear sky, a perfect moon was seen about a slight shot northerly from the true moon. It was seen too about half an hour, and then vanished with dim flashings. It was more dim than the true moon.

"1637. There was an old woman in Ipswich, who came out of England blind and deaf; yet her son could make her understand any thing, and know any man's name by her sense of feeling. He could write upon her hand some letters of the name, and by other such motions, would inform her. This the governor himself (*i. e.* the writer of this account) had tried often when he was at Ipswich.

"1638. This was a very hard winter. The snow lay from November 4th to March 23d, one yard and a half deep about the Massachusetts, and a yard deep beyond Merrimack; and so the more north, the deeper, and the spring was very backward. This day (November 4th) it did snow two hours together, after much rain from the north-east, with flakes as big as a shilling.

"1638. The court taking into consideration the great disorder proceeding through the country, in costliness of apparel, and following new fashions, sent for the elders of the churches, and conferred with them about it; and laid it upon them as belonging to them to redress it, by urging it upon the conscience of the people, which they promised to do. But little was done about it; for *divers of the elders' wives, &c.* were, in some measure, partners in this general disorder.

"1638. Those who were gone with Mrs. Hutchinson, fell into new errors daily. One Nic. Eason, a tanner, taught that gifts and graces were that anti-christ mentioned in Thess. ii. 2.; that every one of the elect had the holy ghost, and also the devil in-dwelling. Another, one Herne, taught that women had no souls; and that Adam was not created in true holiness, for then he could not have lost it.

"1638. The devil would never cease to disturb our peace, and to raise up insurgents one after another. Amongst the rest, there was a woman in Salem, wife of one Oliver, who suffered somewhat in England for refusing to bow at the name of Jesus; though, otherwise, she was conformed to all their orders. She was, for ability of speech, and appearance of zeal and devotion, far before Mrs. Hutchinson; and so the fitter instrument to have done hurt, but that she was poor, and had little acquaintances. She took offence at this, that she might not be admitted to the Lord's Supper without giving public satisfaction to the church of her faith, &c., and covenanting or professing to walk with them, according to the rule of the Gospel. So as, upon the sacrament day, she openly called for it; and stood to plead her right, though she were denied, and would not forbear before the magistrate, Mr. Endicott, did threaten to send the constable to put her forth. This woman was brought to the court for disturbing the peace in the church; and there she gave such peremptory answers, as she was committed until she should find sureties for her good behaviour. After she had been in prison three or four days, she sent ——— to the governor, and submitted herself, and acknowledged her fault in disturbing the church. Whereupon he took her husband's bond for her good behaviour, and discharged her out of prison; but he found after, that she still held her former opinions, which were very dangerous.— As, firstly, that the church is the head of the people, both magistrates and ministers met together, and that these have power to ordain ministers, &c. Secondly, that all that dwell in the same town, and will profess their faith in Christ Jesus, ought to be received to the sacraments there; and that she was persuaded that if Paul were at Salem, he would call all the inhabitants there saints. Thirdly, that excommunication is no other but where Christians withdraw private communication from one that hath offended.

"About five years after, this woman was adjudged to be whipped for reproaching the magistrates. She stood without tying; and bore her punishment with a masculine spirit, glorying in her suffering: but after, when she came to consider the reproach, which would stick by her, &c. she was

much dejected about it, She had a cleft stick on her tongue for half an hour, for reproaching the elders.

"1639. At the general court, an order was made to abolish that vain custom of drinking one to another; and that upon these and other grounds:—Firstly, it was a thing of no good use. Secondly, it was an inducement to drunkenness, and occasion of quarrelling and bloodshed. Thirdly, it occasioned much waste of wine and beer. Fourthly, it was very troublesome to many, especially the masters and mistresses of the feast, who were forced thereby to drink more often than they would. Yet divers, even godly persons, were loth to part with this idle ceremony.

"1640. One of the ships, which came this summer, struck upon a whale, with a full gale, which put the ship a-stays. The whale struck the ship on her bow, with her tail, a little above water; and broke the planks, and six timbers, and the beam, and staved two hogsheads of vinegar.

"1640, At the court of assistants, one Hugh Bewett was banished for holding publicly, and maintaining that he was free from original sin, and from actual also, for half a year before; and that all true Christians, after regeneration, were enabled to live without committing sin."

NON-RESISTANCE.

"After the Reformation, the protestant divines, as appears by the homilies composed by the wisest and most disinterested men, such as Cranmer and Latimer, preached up "non-resistance" very strongly; but it was only to oppose popery. The case was this:—the Pope threatened to excommunicate and depose Edward, and he did put his threats into execution against Elizabeth. This was esteemed such a stretch of power, and so odious, that the Jesuits contrived all means to soften it. One was, by searching into the origin of civil power, which they brought rightly (though for wicked purposes) from the people, as Mariana and others. To combat this, and to save the person of the sovereign, the protestant divines preached up divine right. Hooker, superior to every thing, followed the truth. But it is remarkable, that this "non-resistance," which, at the Reformation, was employed to keep out popery, was, at the Revolution, employed to bring it in; so eternally is truth sacrificed to politicks."—*Warburton in a Letter to Hurd.*

VOLTAIRE AND THE BOOKSELLERS.

THE following is a copy of an original letter written by Voltaire to Mr. Peter Des Maizeaux, one of the editors of Bayle's Dictionary. The original letter is preserved in Dr. Birch's collection in the British Museum.

SIR,

"I hear Prevost* has a mind to bring you a second time as evidence against me. He says I have told you I had given him five-and-twenty books for thirty guineas. I remember very well, sir, I told you at Rainbow's coffee-house, that I had given him twenty receipts for the Henriade, and received thirty guineas down; but I never meant to have parted with thirty copies, at three guineas each, for thirty-one pounds; I have agreed with him upon quite another foot; and I am not such a fool (though a writer) to give away all my property to a bookseller: therefore, I desire you to remember, that I never told you of having made so silly a bargain. I told, I own, I had thirty pounds or some equivalent down; but I did not say it was all the bargain. This I insist upon, and beseech you to recollect our conversation; for I am sure I never told you a tale so contrary to truth, to reason, and to my interest. I hope you will not back the injustice of a bookseller, who abuses you, against a man of honour, who is

"Your most obedient servant,

"To Mr. Des Maizeaux. VOLTAIRE.

"I beseech you to send me an answer to my lodgings without any delay: I shall be extremely obliged to you."

FATALITY ATTENDING THE TITLE OF "GLOUCESTER."

THE house of Stuart has often been referred to as a memorable instance of evil fortune adhering to a family through many successive generations. The title of "Gloucester" affords another instance of the same kind; and, perhaps, one more remarkable, since it has not followed one line of descent, and has been equally unlucky on whomsoever it alighted.

Richard I. made earl of Gloucester, 1189, was afterwards king of England. This unfortunate prince, during his tur-

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* Prevost was at this time one of the most eminent foreign booksellers in London.

bulent reign, lost all his foreign dominions; infamously surrendered his crown to the Pope; and was, at last, poisoned by a monk of Swineshead Abbey, leaving his kingdom in the hands of rebellious subjects, or foreign enemies, and his successor an infant.

Geoffrey Mandeville, earl of Essex and Gloucester, was killed at a tournament.

Gilbert Clare, earl of Gloucester, was slain at the battle of Bannockburn, 1314.

Hugh Despencer, the younger earl of Gloucester, was hanged at Hereford, 1326.

Thomas Plantagenet, duke of Gloucester, was stifled at Calais, 1397.

Thomas Despencer, earl of Gloucester, restored to the title by Richard II., was beheaded at Cirencester in 1400, having taken up arms, with other lords, to restore king Richard.

Humphrey Plantagenet, duke of Gloucester, was murdered by the procurement of Margaret of Anjou, queen of Henry VI. 1447.

Richard, duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. was slain at Bosworth Field, 1483.

Henry Stuart, duke of Gloucester, died just after the Restoration, in 1660, aged twenty-one.

William Stuart, duke of Gloucester, died in 1700, aged eleven.

Frederick, duke of Gloucester, afterwards prince of Wales, and father of George III., experienced the frowns of fortune, and died in the bloom of life, 1757.

BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

ANCIENTLY, if a criminal, capitally condemned, could read a verse in the Bible, opened at a venture, he was entitled to what was called *benefit of Clergy*, and saved his life. The verse was hence called his *neck-verse*. Strange! that to encourage learning, it should confer the privilege of thieving with less danger!

ON CHARACTERISTIC SIGNATURES.

It is seldom that long experience of mankind does not induce a great distrust of mere external appearances. We study lines and features only to be more and more deceived, and rest at last in the rational conviction, that men are only to be rightly judged of by their actions. For my own part, I have reached that point of physiognomical scepticism, that I would no more form an opinion of a man from the mode of his wearing his face or his body, than I would from the shape, size, or colour of any article of his apparel. I have read of a person, who took a pride in having *red* heels to his shoes, and who, notwithstanding this mark of the *petit maitre*, was one of the noblest minded men of his age; and to tread in whose footsteps is still deemed a matter of honourable boast: I mean the late estimable Charles James Fox. I knew, personally, another (John Wilkes), who, though every inch a gentleman, looked less like one than any gentleman I ever saw.

A man's *actions*, on the contrary, convey, in general, to the eye of intelligence, an idea of his character so clear and certain, as to preclude the chance of any material delusion. Nor is this true of them only, where they are on a scale calculated to develope fully the powers of the mind; for gleams of character will start forth from the very least of our actions; nay, from what is not commonly regarded as at all of the number, though otherwise spoken of by a great poet and judge of human nature:

> "Although *to write* be lesser than to do,
> It is the next deed, and a great one too."
>
> BEN JONSON.

Old Aspleen, who is himself as remarkable a commentary as walks the streets, on the absurdity of all physiognomical conclusions,—possessing, under one of the meanest forms, an elevated mind and generous heart,—is so staunch a believer in this maxim of the poet, that he thinks he can discover in the mere character of a man's hand-writing, a speedier insight into the character of his mind, than by any other possible means. When any stranger comes recommended to his patronage, the cast of whose abilities he is desirous of ascertaining, his first request to him invariably is, "Shew me your hand-writing; for by that," as he whispers aside, "I shall tell to what tune your pulse beats." If you ask him to explain upon what principle, he can, from so slight a matter, draw so important a conclusion, he does it in a few words, and with an air which shews that you have pleased him by the request. "In

all other actions," he will say, "*some share* of guile and deception *may* lurk, which it requires penetration, experience, and skill to be able to detect; but in using his pen, a man acts unconsciously, as the current of his blood impels him; and there, at all times, nature flows unrestrained and free. Hence, in common language, we talk of finding out *what vein a man is in;* and that he has *got his wits at his finger ends;* speaking like physiologists, without being aware of the secret truth to which we are paying homage. All that is necessary then, is to have studied the varieties of hand-writing which different *veins of feeling* produce; in a careful comparison of these, and the deduction of correct general rules from them, the whole secret of the system rests. It is a sort of index, it must be confessed, not for every man's use. The key of it is in the hand of science alone, and not of all men of science; as any one may be satisfied who has read Lavater, or any of the numerous commentators upon him, all rivalling their master in mere speciousness and conceit."

It was in a strain such as this, that Aspleen was one day expounding his theory to a party, at his friend Adjutant Overture's, when the Adjutant, who has a troublesome knack of spoiling ingenious speculations, by always opposing some mere fact or other to them, stepped to a military chest (the respected memorial of other times) which stood in the corner of the room, and drawing from it a large roll of parchment, spread it out upon the table. "Here," said he, "is a list of the members of the volunteer association for the defence of the town and county of Ballyloughlin, (of which you all know I had the honour of being captain and adjutant); and in which, every man's name is written with his own hand. Now, friend Aspleen, you that know men so well by their hand-writing, pick me from this any dozen of names you please, but let them be the cleverest men of the regiment; else, Mr. Aspleen, you will give me leave to say, that your theory is not worth an old pike-staff."

All agreed that nothing could be fairer than this challenge; all but Aspleen himself, who sarcastically remarked, that "though these heroes, of the town and county of Ballyloughlin, might be proper enough men in their way, whom it might even be an honour to the Adjutant to 'march through Coventry with,' it would be as absurd to think of pricking among them for either Marlboroughs or Eugenes, as it would be to expect to discover in their hand-writing anything to distinguish them from the vulgar herd. Gentlemen," continued he, "you misconstrue the matter entirely: it is neither every man who understands this sort of criterion, nor is it every one to whom it has any sensible application. The great mass of people in the

world may be said to consist of mere negatives; of persons who act as they are desired, think as they are taught, and *write after the copies set before them;* and the utmost that you can expect to discover from the hand-writing of such persons is, that they have no individual character at all. The Adjutant has put me at defiance with his Ballyloughlin squad; but if you wish to be convinced what virtue there really is in the character of men's hand-writing, look at this."

Here Mr. Aspleen pulled from his pocket a sheet of paper, covered with fac-similes of curious signatures.*

"This," continued he, "is a collection of autographs, made by a friend in the Herald's College; but, with no view to the theory of which we have been speaking. The only rule of selection followed, was, that the parties should, for some quality or other, be persons *known to fame.*"

A note of admiration from the Adjutant, whose keen eye had by this time traversed every corner of the sheet, here interrupted the speaker. "And your first," exclaimed he, with all the pride of an old soldier, "is *Marlborough.*"

"Aye, Marlborough," resumed Aspleen, "and how much character is there! The fine and bold strokes alternating so happily, and the whole so firm, spacious, and commanding! It bears the very impress of victory and power; no coward or fool ever could have written it."

"Let us see now, whose signatures approach the nearest to it in character. Can you shew me any that are more so than those of *Oliver Cromwell,* and *Sir Robert Walpole?* And were not these two kindred spirits? Cromwell's, you may observe, is somewhat blurred in one point; but, like the spot of blood observed on his cravat, when he first made a figure in the House of Commons, it serves to remind one of the foul deed by which he arrived at the supreme power. In Walpole's, how strikingly has the writer added to a resolute and distinct, yet irregular character of writing, by the circular line which he has, with such evident deliberation, thrown around the whole! It seems as if, in all the pride of premiership, he had said, 'And how much does not that include?'

"Mark next that signature on the same line with Marlborough's: it is one of the age of Elizabeth, and to be of that age, is singularly elegant, yet dashing and spirited withal. Could anything be more characteristic of that ornament of chivalry, and favorite of his queen, the gay and accomplished, but licentious *Leicester?*

* See plate prefixed to this volume.

"Look, again, at the signature of his contemporary, *Sir Walter Raleigh;* erect, bold, and clear-headed, it marks the man. It has the appearance, indeed, of being finically done, especially in the lower part. And who does not know that Raleigh, with all his great talents, was a fop in his attire; that he used to pride himself on his diamond buckles; and made Leicester his mortal enemy, because he surpassed him one day, at court, in the number of feathers of *orange tawney,* which he wore in his hat?

"So much, gentlemen, for generals and statesmen. Let us now see what philosophers there are in the group. Can you point me out any signatures more likely to denote a methodical, simplifying, and profound spirit, than those which do actually belong to two of the greatest masters of practical and speculative science,—*Isaac Newton* and *John Locke?*

"You would not rank *Bolingbroke* with these, for all his lines are too thin, wiry, and straggling; and he was, in fact, more of a pyrrhonist than a philosopher; nor *Selden,* on account of the immense I,* which puts you in mind of his 'Table Talk;' nor *William Penn,* every turn of whose writing is a deviation into some petty conceit; nor yet *John Howard,* whose signature merely indicates the steady, straight-forward progress of an intelligent English merchant, bent on an honorable pursuit.

"But why, you may ask, not rank with Newton his great coadjutor *Robert Boyle?*—I must frankly confess, that there is a degree of eccentricity about this signature, which seems to take it out of the class to which it ought to belong; unless you will allow it to be expressive of two very eccentric features in his philosophy; namely, that though a man of rank, in a profligate age, he cultivated the sciences; and, though a man of science, was a sincere and devout Christian."

At this sarcasm, the Adjutant, who, though no philosopher, partakes a little of the learned shame of being religious, chose to laugh outright; but bade Aspleen "go on." It was amusing, he said, to hear him; although, *certes,* he talked great nonsense.

"Now, gentlemen," resumed Aspleen, "let us see how the *fine writers* of our language exercised their pens. There you have *Dryden* and *Addison,* and *Junius* and *Gibbon:* all of these signatures, you must confess, are specimens, not only of fine writing, but, what is more, of the English style of fine writing. Dryden's, though that of his old age, vigorous

* The reader is referred to Selden's autograph, in the frontispiece.

and flowing as his St. Cecilia's Ode, one of the latest of his productions; Addison's simple, easy, unaffected; Gibbon's elaborately beautiful; but Junius's above all characteristic. You see there with what long and deliberate steps the 'great boar of the forest,' as Burke called him, stalks from *letter* to *letter;* and, at last, in a bold '*us*,' dedicate his labours to the English nation."

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed the Adjutant again.

"Singular, you mean," replied Aspleen, as with undisturbed complacency, he thus proceeded:—"Steele, too, was one of our fine writers; but you may see in his signature what you may not discover in his compositions, that he was but too frequently *off the square*, dreaming, careless, and unsettled.

"In the long, thin, staggering lines of *Rochester*, we see *the rake* recorded in characters too plain to be possibly misinterpreted; and by a casualty, singular enough, the whole list contains no fitter companion to this signature, than that of the next greatest rake in it—*Richard Brinsley Sheridan.* Alas! poor Sheridan. You see there how a noble genius has, by a life of dissipation, been broken to pieces.

"Of the sportive, yet manly, character of *Buckingham*, who that has read or witnessed 'The Rehearsal' is ignorant? And who that looks at his signature can fail to recognise in it a man of a rich and copious vein, fond of *playing* with his pen, and given much to enlarging.

"*Congreve's* signature, too, is exactly what a reader might expect;—open and broad featured; and the characters strongly defined, with a few idle flourishes, but more original and happy turns.

"'*Mr. Pitt presents*' every stamp of the boy minister; and but a sorry contrast to the more masculine style of his rival, *Charles James Fox.* The specimen here given of Pitt's writing, however, is evidently that of his very youth, and before his character could be fully formed; while Fox's signature is that of so mature a period of his age, as to betray but too many marks of those enervating habits which made him an early old man.

"*Hogarth* was something more than a painter; and his signature tells you as much. From its vigorous and original character, any one, who knew nothing of the man, would pronounce him to have been one of the wise men of his day."

Aspleen here threw himself back in his chair, with the air of a man who thinks he has said more than enough to convince you of all that he maintains. The Adjutant, however, always slow to yield where there is the least chance of escape,

remarked that it was curious Mr. Aspleen had passed over wholly unnoticed the long series of kings, queens, and princesses, who came first in his way after the great Marlborough.

"Oh! as for them," said Aspleen, "the series is too long by far. Common-placed character, be assured, gentlemen, is as rife in palaces as elsewhere; and nothing could be more absurd than to suppose that every one, in a royal line, is entitled to rank with individuals known to fame for something more than hereditary importance. Yet there are a few among them whose signatures are as characteristic as any I have yet noticed. Could the bloody persecutor, Mary, have possibly written in a style more stiff, precise, and determined? Or the bold and subtle Elizabeth, in one more marked by double purposes, and intricate windings; yet, in its general effect, so majestically clear and impressive? James the First we all know to have been a swaggerer and a coward; and what else do we see in his signature? He begins with an I distinct and tremendous; but ends with something so flustering and confused, that, unless you knew the royal R ought to have been there, you never could have guessed it. The signature of the first Charles is, in its general design, extremely fair and pleasant; but you may observe some cross and awkward turns, and one or two *long stretches* very feebly executed. Could you expect less from that vein of character which lost this amiable prince his throne and his life? Compare again the signatures of his two sons. Can any one be at a moment's loss to determine which was the careless, roving, generous *Rowley*, and which the royal monk who abdicated a throne to flog himself in the monastery of La Trappe, for his sins? William, the hero of our glorious Revolution, writes in a manner which shews remarkably to what *great lengths* some men will go; and yet there is a feebleness, and want of management about it, which may convince you that had he not been an instrument in the hands of far abler men, he never could have seated himself on his father-in law's throne. In the signatures of all the Georges, the same family features are predominant—determination, courage, perseverance, consistency. That of his present majesty, however, seems to indicate that we are getting into times, when shewy qualities are more thought of than sturdy ones. Nothing could be in stronger contrast with the short rapier style of his great-grandfather than the long *peacock tails*, which ornament the signature of George the Fourth."

"Aye! Aye!" observed the Adjutant, "all this, Mr. Aspleen, may be vastly fine and ingenious; but let me tell you, that shewy, as you pronounce the taste of the present

reign to be, it has brought more solid and lasting glory to the British arms than the reigns of all the other Georges together. For what are your Fontenoys, and Dettingens, and Mindens, to Waterloo? So much, Mr. Aspleen, for your peacock tails."

And so much, thought I, as I rose to take my departure, may be true; and yet fops be brave, and men in ball dresses beat men in armour.

NATIONAL DEFENCE.

When the gigantic power of France, under Buonaparte, had enabled him to overrun and humiliate every continental state, and even to threaten Great Britain, the spirit of this country was roused to exertion by a sense of the danger, and by the fervour of patriotism. The government neglected no means to keep this spirit alive in the nation; and his late majesty conceiving the situation of his dominions to resemble, in many respects, that which terminated so fortunately for England, in the days of queen Elizabeth, directed proper researches to be made for ascertaining the principles and preparations adopted at that period. The records of the Tower were accordingly consulted; and a selection of papers, apparently of the greatest consequence, was formed and printed, but not published. This work, which contained 420 pages in octavo, was entitled "A Report of the Arrangements which were made for the internal Defence of these Kingdoms, when Spain, by its Armada, projected the Invasion and Conquest of England; and Application of the wise Proceedings of our Ancestors to the present Crisis of Public Safety."

The papers, in this work, are classed in the order of external alliance, internal defence, military arrangements, and naval equipments. They are preceded by a statement of facts, in the History of Europe, at the period of the Spanish Armada; and a sketch of events, shewing the effects of the queen's measures, at home and abroad. As a collection of historical documents, narrating an important event in British history, this work is valuable; and, as shewing the relative strength of this country in population and other resources, in the sixteenth century, it is curious and interesting. The force of the Armada, and the means taken to oppose it, are minutely stated. The former consisted of 166 vessels, including 40 great hulks, which were manned by 27,128 men. In the

same Armada were 1493 pieces of artillery. To meet this formidable armament we had

	Men.
34 of Her Majestie's shippes, great and small...	6264
34 marchant's shippes, with sir F. Drake, westward	2394
29 shippes and bargues paid by the citie of London.....	2140
31 shippes and bargues, which are victuallers, under the lord high admiral.....	1561
19 coasters, greate and small, under the lord admiral, paid by the queene.....	943
23 coasters, under the lord Henry Seymour, paid by the queene.....	1093
23 voluntarye shippes, great and small.....	939
Totallis....	195 shippes 15,334 men.

Such was then the naval power of England; of the military force, we have an abstract of the men furnished by the council, bishops, lords, and several records, amounting, in all, to 3684 horse, and 31,055 foot. In that important article which the French very significantly denominate *ammunition de bouche*, these documents are equally minute. The footmen were allowed, by the day, each one pound and a half of bread, two quarts of beer, one quart of wine, two pounds and a half of beef, half a pound of butter, one pound of cheese, and one pound of biscuit; but the ration of a horseman, besides a proportionate augmentation of other viands, was increased to three pounds and a half of beef, which seems to justify the sarcastic remark which Shakespeare puts in the mouth of the constable of France, in the play of King Henry V., that "the men do sympathize with their mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on; and they give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, and they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils." When each soldier was supplied so bountifully, it will not excite surprise that there should be some difficulty in procuring the rations; but it will scarcely be expected that, in order to victual ten thousand men, twenty-nine counties should be laid under contribution, including six hundred oxen from the "butchery of London." The quantity for each county to furnish was fixed. Kent was to supply one thousand quarters of wheat, and six hundred quarters of malt; while Surry was only to furnish two hundred quarters of wheat. The grain was principally collected from the home

counties; while Staffordshire, Leicestershire, Warwickshire, Lincolnshire, Worcestershire, &c. were to supply the oxen.

It is curious to contrast the force furnished by the counties at that time, and the voluntary levies they raised in 1803; for instance, Cornwall, in the reign of Elizabeth, yielded only 575 foot; but, in 1803, it enrolled 16,996 effective men. Essex was estimated to furnish 57 horsemen; in 1803, it numbered 1251. London, however, was stated to have contained "20,696 able householders, servaunts of our nation, within the wardes; 933 strangers, able men for service; and 36 personnes *suspected in religion.*"

The letters and statements of the naval commanders and others who could give information relative to the defeat of the Armada, are very interesting. There is one from sir Francis Drake, which will remind the reader of heroes of a later date; and will shew that British sailors have ever been the same. The following is an extract from Drake's letter to sir E. Walsingham.

"We have the army of Spayne before us; and mind, with the grace of God, to wrestle or fall with them. There was never any thing pleased me better than the seeing the enemie flying, with a south wind, to the northwards. God grant they have a good eye to the duke of Parma; for, with the grace of God, if we live, I doubt it not but, ere it be long, so to handle the matter with the duke of Sidonia,* *as he shall wish himself at St. Maria,* among his orange trees.

"God give us grace to depend upon him, so we shall not doubt victory; for our cause is good. Humbly taking my leave, this last of July, 1588.

"Your honour's faithfully to be co'manded ever,
"FRA. DRAKE.

"P. S. I crave pardon of your honour for my haste; for that I had to watch this last night upon the enemy.

"Your's ever,
"FRA. DRAKE."

In the sentiments of Drake we discover the very reasonings of the immortal Nelson. The force with which the British admiral was so anxious to wrestle, is minutely stated

* The general of the Armada was the duke de Medina Sidonia.

in the following document. The difference in size, between the Spanish and English vessels, is very striking:—

"*The Substaunce of certaine Maryners' Report touching the Spanysh Fleete.*

"August, 88.

"Certain maryners, of this countrie, to the number of nineteen, which have bene in the Spanysh fleet ever since they first putt to sea; and are now fledd awaie from them, having made sailes, for their cock-boats, with their shirtes, do report and say—that all the fleete, being 150 saile, did set forth out of Lisborne, the 20th of May; and, commyng neere England, were driven back again by contrarie winds: that in all, the whole number of them was but 20,000 men; whereof, 10,000 good soldiers, the rest common men; and that theie were victualled for three months; and for any great sickness, there was none, as it was reported; neither did theie land any more sick persons at the Groyne than 300; from whence they putt to sea the 22d of July, and came to the Land's End by the 28th of the same; and 'till they came over to Plymouth, they met with no man, where 40 of her ma'ty's ships did skirmish with them, and one galleasse was taken, and then sett on fire; by reason the captaine falling into a rage with the gunner, and threatening to kill him if he shot no righter, the gunner cast fire into the powder-barrell, and threw himself overboard. In this ship, theie say, was the treasure, and five ensigns of the Spanyards. After this againe, at Portland and the Isle of Wight, her ma'ty's navie set upon them, but no great hurt done; but, betweene Cales and the Blackness, most furiouslie, where a great galiasse was taken, and three other greet shippes, with one thousand men apiece, sunk downe right about the Goodwins; besides, another Italian ship, which they take to be sunk also, because they made signs for helpe, but none made towards them; that there about Cales theie were forced to cut their cabels, by the ships of fire, which came upon them, out of her ma'ty's fleete, and sae from thence fledd awaie with all speede; that theie were driven thus above Dunkerke, and thereabout Blanckenburgh, one of their greate shippes was grounded on the wheelings, and taken by them of Flushing, wherein were five hundred Spaniards, of whom one hundred and fifty are come to Rotterdam, the rest cast overboard. That, before their fight, about Cales, which was on the Sundaye, the duke of Parma sent them word he would assist them the next daie; but for that he kept not promise, theie generallie crie out against

him. That, on the Satterday, he did what he could to imbargue his men; but it would not be, notwithstanding that, with his own handes, he did kill some souldiers and captaynes; that in all, theie had not above three hundred horse, and some mules for carriage of their field ordinance; that, generallie, the Englishmen have greatlie endamaged them with ordinance; and that, in the fleete, they did see, through the port-holes, an Italian ship all full of blood, which yet maintained the fight in her ranke, three hours after; that one of her ma'ty's ships valiantlie passed through them to charge the admirall, who fledd away, and, as theie say, doth seem to be wonderfully dismaied and discouraged; that when theie left them, and fledd awaie, theie were as high as Walcheren, yet about one hundred saile, but uncertain what course to take, or where to turn in for relief; for into Spaine theie dared not returne, because, at ther coming out, they were all threatened hanging if they conquered not England, and that theie had brought *great store of halters to hang up all Englishmen:* but they think, they will round about Scotland; that her ma'ty's navie followed them, alwaies hard, and drove them like a flock of sheepe, but did not aboard them, because theie are so high built, so as forty of ours were troubled to take one of their greatest armadas, at the last fight on Mondaie; that, as theie thinke, theie should have landed about the Isle of Wight; that three daies and three nights, after theie had come upon the coast of England, theie did hull without sailes, minding to come to Dunkerke upon the spring tides; that they have greate neede of maryners, especially of pilots; for that ship which came on ground, upon the Wheelings, had but one pilot, and he was of Flushing; that when theie set forth out of Lisborne, there were certain galiasses in their companye, but theie came not with them from the Groyne; that a greate Britain shippe was also taken or sunk by the English. In summe they confess, the duke of Medina to be wonderfully amazed, and to stagger which way he may turn himself. That there were a great number of the Hidalgos of Spaine in their armye, and that now theire chiefe bulwarks and armades being discomfited, they may easily be overthrown, if theie be followed as theie should.

"The ship, whose prisoners are brought to Rotterdam, was taken betweene Dunkerke and Ostendt, and had been shot through three hundred and fifty times; being grounded, five shippes of this countrye tooke them to mercie; another was also taken by seven of this countrye's fleet, between Cales and Dunkerke. The names of certain prisoners of accompt, taken in the former ships, are theis:

"Don Diego de Pomentello, frère du marquis de Tauvror, mayster du camp du tiera du Sicile.
"Don Jhan de Velassa, frère du conte Servinello.
"Le capt. Martin d'Auales.
"Le capt. Margues.
"Alonzo du Vergas.

"In the one shippe, were thirty-two pieces of brass (cannon); and in the other, sixty-three."

FEBRONIUS'S "DE STATU ECCLESIÆ."

In the year 1760, a Latin work was published in Germany, which attracted unusual attention, and became the subject of papal proscription. It was entitled *De Statû Ecclesiæ*, and was given with the name of Justinus Febronius as the author; although it was generally believed to have been written by a dignitary of the church in Germany. In this work the author affirms the authority of all bishops to be equal; confutes the pretence for establishing a monarchy in the church; insists that the primacy of the bishops of Rome was not instituted by Christ, but by St. Peter and the church, by the authority of which, it may be translated to any other See. He contended that the convocation of œcumenical councils is, by no law divine or human, reserved to popes; and that the popes themselves are subject to the church, and the law thereof, by which they may be deposed.

This work, which passed through four editions in the course of the year, was so well received in Italy, that a bookseller of Venice publicly proposed to print an Italian translation of it by subscription. A proposal, so alarming to the church of Rome, excited the immediate attention of the Holy See; and a public censure on it was issued in the following proclamation:

"Lewis Mary Torrigiani, deacon of S. Agata, cardinal of S. Agata, cardinal of the holy Roman church, secretary of state to his holiness, our signiore: Whereas a certain print has appeared in publick, in which Joseph Bettinelli, bookseller and printer at Venice, invites all pious and catholick persons to subscribe to an edition, which he promises to promulgate, of that wicked performance, now translated into Italian, and published, in the year 1760, in Latin, under the false name of Justinus Febronius. We know not whether we ought to be

more surprised at the temerity of the said printer, (who pretends that a work, which has not only been condemned on mature deliberation, as usual, by the holy congregation of the Index, but also proscribed by the most illustrious and venerable bishops of Germany, where the book had its unhappy birth, is capable of doing great service to religion and the secular states, and the scope of which is so pious and holy,) or his assurance to search for subscriptions in Bolognia, by the means of his brothers Taruffi, and even in Rome, and the whole ecclesiastical state, by that of every bookseller: to the intent, however, that every abuse, and every bad effect, which may arise from such invitation, may be prevented, we do, by the express order of our signore, prohibit all persons, whether ecclesiastical, secular, or regular, in the ecclesiastical state, as well such as are immediately as mediately subject, comprehending also the four legations, and the city of Benevento, to subscribe to it, and much more to receive or procure subscriptions to the said edition, on pain of the gallies for ten years, or other correspondent punishment, according to the degree and quality of the person in case of contravention. And this present edict, when published, and stuck up in the usual places at Rome, shall oblige every man as much as if it had been personally intimated to him.

"Given at the Apostolical Palace of the Monte Quirinale, this 28th of Nov. 1766.

"L. Card. Torrigiani."

TRADE IN TEA.

In no branch of East Indian commerce has the increase been more remarkable than in the article of tea. In the "Minutes of the Courts of Committees," for 1664, we find the following entries:

"July 1.—Ordered, that the master attendant do go aboard the ships, now arrived, and inquire what *rairities* of birds, beasts, or other curiosities, there are on board fit to present to his majesty; and to desire they may not be disposed of 'till the Company are supplied with such as they may wish, on paying for the same.

"August 22.—The governor acquainting the court that the factors having, in every place, failed the company of such things as they writ for, to have presented his majesty with; and that his majesty might not find himself wholly neglected by the company, he was of opinion, if the court thought fit,

that a silver case of the oil of cinnamon, which was to be had of Mr. Thomas Winter for £75, and some good *Thea*, be provided for that end, which he hoped may be acceptable. The court approved very well thereof."

In consequence of this resolution, the secretary was directed to obtain some tea; and, on the 30th of September, 1664, there is, in the general books, an entry that there is owing to John Stanmon, secretary, £4. 5*s*. "for two pounds two ounces of *thea* for his majesty." On the 30th of June, 1666, there is also a similar entry of *several raretyes*, chiefly the production of China, provided by the secretary, as presents to his majesty, amongst which are twenty-two pounds three quarters of tea, at fifty shillings per pound. There are also, about the same period, various entries of small purchases of tea, at six or eight pounds at a time, the company not then importing tea.

The first importation of tea by the company was in 1669, when two cannisters were received from the factors at Bantam, weighing one hundred and forty-three pounds; and, in the year following, they received four pots of tea, weighing about eighty pounds. From this time, the increase was progressive, until, in 1799, the quantity sold, at the company's sales, was upwards of twenty-four millions of pounds, which yielded a revenue to the country of more than *four millions sterling!*

BULLS AND BLUNDERS.

In an old book of Sermons, by an obscure divine, of the name of Milsom, we are reminded that "it is one among many proofs of the wisdom and benevolence of Providence, that the world was not created in the midst of winter, when Adam and Eve could have found nothing to eat; but in harvest-time, when there was fruit on every tree and shrub to tempt the willing hand."

Another clerical commentator of the same stamp, praises Divine Goodness for always making the largest rivers flow close by the most populous towns.

Ricaut, in his History of the Turks, says—"That they so confound chronology and history, as to assert that Job was a judge, in the court of king Solomon, and Alexander the Great one of his generals."

Wicelius, by no means a contemptible writer, was deceived into a belief, that Plutarch wrote the Life and Actions

of Charles the Fifth; because, in some Latin editions of Plutarch's Lives, a life of that monarch has been annexed.

"It was *at Nicolai*," says the writer of the article on Stenography in Rees's Cyclopædia, "that this method of writing was first introduced among the Greeks by Xenophon." Neither is any such place as *Nicolai* known to the most erudite geographers, nor is there the least reason to suppose that the Greeks practised stenography until many ages after the time of Xenophon. The writer had, perhaps, read that, *in Nicolai*, the whole art was to be seen; but *Nicolai* was not a city, but an author who, in 1706, wrote a learned "Treatise on the Signs of the Ancients."

The same accurate historian tells us, that "probably, the oldest method of short-writing, at present extant or known, is a Latin manuscript, entitled '*Ars Scribendi Characteres*, or the Art of Writing in Characters.' The author," he adds, is not known; but it was *printed* about the year 1412," that is, *before* printing was invented.

A gentleman, who inherited, from his father, a considerable library, once observed to Mr. Beloe, the bibliographer, that Mr. "Tomus," whose name was on the back of so many of his books, must certainly have been a man of wondrous erudition to have written so much!"

Moreri, the celebrated author of the Historical Dictionary, is guilty of a blunder nearly as bad. He speaks of an author, called *Dorus Basilicus*, alluding to the "*Doron Basilikon*," a book written by James the First for the use of his son.

A bibliopole, now living, and of some eminence, was once asked if he had a copy of "*Cæsar's* Commmentaries"? "I am sorry," said he, "I have not; but I have got '*Blackstone's*.'"

Melville, in his "Account of John Knox," says—"that he was so active and vigorous a preacher, *that he was like to ding the pulpit into blads*, and fly out of it. Campenon, in his "Translation of Robertson's History of Scotland," where this passage is quoted, thus literally renders it:—"Soon heating himself by the fire of his passions and his hatred, he bestirred himself like a madman; *he broke his pulpit*, and *leaped into the midst of his auditors!*" *(Sautoit au milieu auditeurs.)* Well might M. Campenon add—"Nothing proves the coarseness of that people (the Scotch) so much as the ascendency which such a madman possessed over them."

Another French writer (anonymous), in illustrating the advantages of a representative system, remarks—"that such is the respect of the English for their Parliament, that when it is sitting, crimes are extremely rare; but, as soon as it rises, the papers are filled with accounts of the most horrible atrocities." Simple man! He knows not that, when Parliament

is sitting, the report of their proceedings are of such length, that there is no room for anything else.

"The Scotch," says Mr. Forsyth, in his 'Beauties of Scotland,' "have carried the practice of *cultivating* mosses to a great extent. He means *reclaiming* them. "The Irish," says the author of 'Thoughts on the State of Ireland,' "are now happily in the way of *cementing* all their *old* differences." He means *throwing aside* their *present ones*.

The English are always talking of their rights, and some strange ones they have among the number. "I have *no right* to pay more than my share. I have *no right* to be insulted, abused, kicked, knocked down, murdered." Such are common modes of cockney talking.

A great many *burglaries* having been committed, in the neighbourhood of a country town, the newspaper of the district recommended the inhabitants "to keep their doors *shut* after dark." Had the editor consulted Blackstone, he would have found that a still better mode of prevention would have been to *keep* them *open*; as, in that case, *burglary* is *impossible*.

Among the "Notices to Correspondents," in a journal not remarkable for its regard to propriety, there appeared the following: "DECENCY came too late to have a place in our paper this week." Another paper made an apology to its readers for postponing "*births* and *deaths* until *next week*."

A third, in its "Commentary on passing Events," remarked, "the assizes terminated last week; the trials were *not* of an *important* nature. Our readers will see that twenty prisoners were *capitally convicted*."

The daily papers are in the constant habit of announcing the arrival of "*Flanders* mails;" but it is curious that they never favour us with *France* or *Germany* ones.

The gentlemen of the hammer have had, immemorially, the privilege of breaking Prisclan's head with it; and very droll are the flourishes they sometimes make. It is now, a house *within itself*; and now, an *unfinished* one, *with other conveniences*, which is A-GOING! A "Sale of a Nobleman" is a common thing with them; and, what is worse, scarcely a session of Parliament passes that they have not a CABINET SECRETARY to sell. If you want a good working table for your wife, they will tell you there is none like the MAHOGANY LADY'S. Ask them what sort of a *library* is for sale, and they will answer you gravely, it is a library of *books*; or what *classics* are among them, and they will tell you, they are of all *classes*. In their vile jargon, all household furniture, which is the worse for wear, is *genuine*; a collection of curiosities, is a *singular melange of items*; anything costly is *perfectly unique*; gaudiness, is *taste*; and gilding, *virtù*.

COLE'S MANUSCRIPTS.

Amongst the numerous and valuable collections of manuscripts deposited in the British Museum, there are volumes which were bequeathed to that institution by the Rev. W. Cole, Rector of Milton, Cambridgeshire. As Mr. Cole was a gentleman of violent opinions, which he expressed very freely, and was strongly attached to the Roman Catholic religion, though a minister of the established church, he deemed it advisable to order that the manuscripts should not be opened to the public until thirty years after his decease, which period expired in 1803.

These manuscripts are principally on antiquarian subjects; they present, however, a singular variety, and we often find on the same page, a record of some old abbey, mixed with a recipe to make soup, a memorandum of the number of a lottery ticket, an entry of the day on which a new servant entered on her place, or received her wages, or other such trifling subjects. These are now and then interspersed with some sarcasms on Protestants, or on the opponents of ministers. A singular instance of this occurs in the thirty-third volume of his collection, page 335, where, in a Register de Vicaria de Spalding, we find the following memorandum in Mr. Cole's own writing:

"This day I paid my maid-servant her wages, and would not let her lodge in my house, as she refused to stay with me till Michaelmas, tho' very inconvenient to me, as I don't know where to provide myself of one in her room: but 'Wilkes and Liberty' have brought things to that pass, that ere long we shall get no one to serve us.—The said July 23, 1772, sent to the maid, as it might be difficult for her to get a lodging in the village; tho' she deserved it not."

HOGARTH'S NO-DEDICATION.

Hogarth wrote a History of the Arts, which he intended to publish as a supplement to the "Analysis of Beauty," and even went so far as to write the dedication for it, which was as follows:

"The No-Dedication; not dedicated to any prince in Christendom, for fear it might be thought an idle piece of arrogance; not dedicated to any man of quality, for fear it

might be thought too assuming; not dedicated to any learned body of men, as either of the Universities or the Royal Society, for fear it might be thought an uncommon piece of vanity; nor dedicated to any one particular friend, for fear of offending another; therefore, dedicated to nobody: but if for once we may suppose nobody to be everybody, as everybody is often said to be nobody, then is this work dedicated to everybody,

"By their most humble and devoted

"WILLIAM HOGARTH."

RETENTION OF GIBRALTAR.

IT is a positive, though not a very well known fact, that much as the British government now values Gibraltar, it was once, and that at no very distant period (only in 1783) formally promised to be restored, and that we afterwards ceded the two Floridas as a substitute. M. de Sevelinge, in his introduction to the History of the American War, gives the following singular account of this transaction, which he affirms he received from M. Gerard de Rayneval, who negociated the peace of 1793.

"The King of Spain, Charles III. demanded peremptorily the restitution of Gibraltar. In order to obtain it, he offered to France to cede to her the Spanish half of the island of St. Domingo, on condition that she would charge herself with furnishing England with an equivalent for Gibraltar. After many long and sharp discussions, M. de Rayneval, who had proceeded to London, brought the British minister to admit the restitution of Gibraltar as the basis of the arrangement, and the only question now related to the determination of a proper equivalent.

"During the discussion of this point, however, a political remorse struck the British Premier, Lord Shelburne. In a familiar conversation with M. de Rayneval, he gave him to understand, by a very expressive gesture, that were he to consent to the ceding of Gibraltar to Spain, he would expose himself to the risk of losing his head on the scaffold.

"By a singular coincidence, M. de Vergennes (the French minister) was tormented with fears much of the same kind. He had promised Martinique as one of the indemnities, without thinking how much the national pride would be wounded at seeing an ancient possession of France delivered over to its enemy for the sake of pleasing the Spanish Government.

"M. de Rayneval concealed this change of opinion from the English minister, and continued, notwithstanding, to insist as much as ever on the fulfilment of his word. It was then that the Cabinet of St. James's (not aware that Spain had no longer the equivalent of Martinique to offer them) first offered one of the Floridas, and then both of them. This proposition was immediately transmitted to Versailles. The Count Aranda, ambassador from Spain, and furnished with full powers, was called there to receive the communication of this dispatch. After a few moments of profound meditation, he declared officially, that he renounced, in the name of his Sovereign, his demand for Gibraltar, and accepted of the two Floridas. 'I know to what I expose myself,' said he, upon signing, 'but I know your embarrassments and ours.'—He was disgraced."

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS.

In the Lansdown library there was a very ancient Greek romance, printed at Florence, in 1645, called *Athene Skeleate*. This title, which cannot be translated literally, is interpreted by the learned editor, Pietro Proso, to mean *Minerva Calzonito*; which, however ludicrous it may appear, cannot be translated nearer into English than by the phrase *Minerva in breeches*.

This curious work was purchased by the first marquis of Lansdown, for a great sum, at the sale of the Pinelli library, and is supposed to be the only copy in existence; though there can be no doubt that Fenelon had seen the work, as the fable of his Telemachus is evidently founded upon it. It was embellished with several engravings, of which only one remained. It represents Mentor leaping after Telemachus, whom he has thrown into the sea from the rocks of the island of Calypso. This the learned commentator supposes to have been one of the western islands of Scotland; in which he is certainly warranted by the text, which states it to have been far to the west, beyond the Pillars of Hercules; and though to some this may seem to apply better to the Canary Islands, yet the further statement that our travellers there found the days three times as long as the nights, can only apply to the summer of a high northern latitude. This, too, accounts satisfactorily for the narrations handed down to us of the wanderings of Ulysses. It has always been justly considered absurd, to suppose that he could, for ten years, wander about the narrow seas, as in a labyrinth. But if we can imagine him to have been driven through the Straits into the wide

Atlantic; there, indeed, being at best but an indifferent seaman, and unacquainted with the compass, his wanderings might have been long enough.

It is probable, that the first land Ulysses made was one of the western islands of Scotland; whence, not daring again to lose the sight of land, he would have had a most tedious voyage back to the Mediterranean. What still further corroborates this opinion, is a fact unknown in the age of the editor of the *Athene Skeleate*. The island of Calypso is described as having several grottos, formed of natural pillars of stone, so regularly ranged as to resemble a work of art, "unless," says the romance, "they were fashioned by the hands of the giants." Now there is nothing at all resembling this description in any of the islands of the Mediterranean; nor, perhaps, in any part of the world, the Hebrides excepted.

MR. BINDLEY, THE BIBLIOMANIAC.

THE late Mr. Bindley was one of the most assiduous bibliomaniacs of his time; and small as may be the service which he did to letters, the price which his collection brought at his death shews, that a man, in these days, may do worse for his heirs than spend his time in going the round of the old book-stalls. Many rare things, which he had picked up for a few shillings, were actually converted into more than their weight in silver and gold. Herbert's "Dick and Robin, with songs, and other old tracts, 1641," which cost him only *two shillings*, was bought by Mr. Heber for *ten pounds*. A volume, containing Patrick Hannay's "Nightingale, and other poems, with a portrait of the author, and a portrait of Anne of Denmark, by Crispin de Pass, 1622," which Mr. Bindley bought for *six shillings*, was sold to Mr. Evans for *thirty-five pounds, fourteen shillings;* and five of Robert Green's productions, which altogether cost him only *seven shillings and ninepence*, brought, from different purchasers, the enormous sum of *forty-one pounds, fourteen shillings*. An account of an "English Hermite, or Wonder of his Age, 1655," one Roger Crab, who could live on three farthings a week, consisting of only four leaves, with a portrait, sold for five pounds, ten shillings. A short history of another prodigy, Mr. Marriot, "The Cormorant, or Great Eater, of Gray's Inn," who always eat twelve pounds of meat daily, 1652, brought fourteen guineas. And Leuricke's "Most wonderful and pleasaunt History of Titus and Gisippus," 1562, though a poem of only ten pages, and, as a poem, contemptible, being however extremely rare, sold

for twenty-four pounds, thirteen shillings and sixpence. Could we be sure of this taste for mere rarities continuing, a man could do nothing more profitable, in the way of book-buying, than to purchase all the trash of his day. It would only have to be kept snug for a couple of centuries, and then, what nobody cared for once, might purchase a principality, or endow an hospital for brainless authors in all time to come.

BIBLE COMMENTATORS.

Some Bible commentators are excessively abstruse—others, great triflers. Of the latter class, was St. Austin, who laboured hard to prove that the ten plagues of Egypt were punishments adapted to the breach of the ten commandments; forgetting that the law was given to the Jews, and that the plagues were inflicted on the Egyptians. But St. Austin committed a worse blunder than this; for the law was not given in the form of commandments, until nearly three months after the plagues were sent.

Brightman, an expositor on the Revelations, among other subjects, selects for a comment the twentieth verse of the fourteenth chapter:—"And the wine-press was trodden without the city; and blood came out of the wine-press even unto the horses' bridles, by the space of a thousand and six hundred furlongs." He then comments upon it as follows:—"Sixteen hundred furlongs; that is, through the whole realm of England. Sixteen hundred furlongs make two hundred English miles. Now the length of this realm, from the farthest part of the south to the longest reach of the north, is more than this by a hundred miles; but yet if we take away the vastness of the northern parts, where the country is more desert and unmanured, near the borders, we shall see a marvellous consent in this also."

The philosopher Whiston, who was no flatterer, applied a prophecy of St. John, in the Revelations, to Prince Eugene; who politely thanked, and even rewarded the expositor; but protested that he could not bring himself to believe, that St. John had him in view when he wrote the Apocalypse.

Some of the best commentators are not free from trifling: thus Dr. Gill, in his Expository, seriously tells us that the word *abba*, read backwards or forwards being the same, may teach us that God is the father of his people in adversity as well as in prosperity.

Vander Meulen, in his *Dissertationes Philologicæ*, gives a singular elucidation of the following text from Genesis:—

"And the Lord took one of his (Adam's) ribs, and made a woman." The commentator then inquires—"First, was the rib taken from the right or the left side of Adam? Secondly, was Adam, after the loss of that rib, a maimed or imperfect man?" Questions, which he discusses very gravely, and then proceeds to ask—"Why was Eve formed of a rib, and not of the dust of the ground?" His answer to this question is curious, if not convincing. "Had Eve been created of the dust of the ground," he says, "she would have been a stranger to Adam. Had she been created out of his foot, he might have despised or trampled upon her, as being much his inferior. Had she been produced out of his head, she would, perhaps, have taken too much upon herself, and pretended to domineer. It was, therefore, more proper that she should be taken from the middle of Adam's body, on which account he could not but have a due esteem for her."

ARIOSTO.

It is related of Ariosto, that his father being one day extremely angry with him, reprimanded him in terms of the strongest resentment and invective; and that Ariosto not only listened with patience, but with the most profound attention; not offering a single word in his vindication; seeming, on the contrary, to wish the stern lecture had continued longer. A friend of his, who was present, asked Ariosto how he could so patiently hear himself abused? The poet replied, that he had been for some days hard at work on a comedy; and, on that very morning, was much perplexed how to write a scene of an angry father reprimanding his son. At the moment his father began, it struck him as an admirable opportunity of examining his manner with attention, that he might be enabled to draw the picture as close to nature as possible. Being thus absorbed in thought, he had only noticed the voice, the face, and the action, of his father, without paying the least attention to the truth or falsehood of the charge.

ORIGIN OF TEXTS.

The custom of taking a text as the basis of a sermon or lecture is said to have originated with Ezra, who, we are told, accompanied by several Levites in a public congregation of men and women, ascended a pulpit, opened the book of the law,

and, after addressing a prayer to the Deity, to which the people said Amen, "read in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading."* Previous to the time of Ezra, the Patriarchs delivered, in public assemblies, either prophecies or moral instructions for the edification of the people; and it was not until the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity, during which time they had almost lost the language in which the Pentateuch was written, that it became necessary to explain, as well as to read, the Scriptures to them; a practice adopted by Ezra, and since universally followed. In later times, as we are told in the Acts of the Apostles, chap. xiv. v. 21. the book of Moses was thus read in the synagogue every sabbath day. To this laudable custom our Saviour conformed; and, in the synagogue at Nazareth, read a passage from the prophet Isaiah; then closing the book, returned it to the priest, and preached from the text. This custom, which now prevails all over the Christian world, was interrupted, in the dark ages, when the Ethics of Aristotle were read in many churches, on Sunday, instead of the Holy Scriptures.

LITERARY CURIOSITY.

THE following Latin verse, which is composed with much ingenuity, affords two very opposite meanings, by merely transposing the order of the words:

"Prospicimus modo, quod durabunt tempore longo
Fœdera, nec patriæ pax cito diffugiet."

"Diffugiet cito pax patriæ, nec fœdera longo
Tempore durabunt, quod modo prospicimus."

SINGULAR SERMON.

THAT a ridiculous sermon should be preached can excite no surprise; for preaching is assumed by all ranks and persons of different qualifications, learned and unlearned; but that a Bachelor of Divinity should preach before the University, and afterwards publish such a sermon as one that we have seen in print, is remarkable. The title is "The Virgin Mary. Preached in St. Mary's College, Oxford, on Lady-day, 1641. By the learned Thomas Master, B. D."

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* Nehemiah, cap. viii. 8.

The text is from Luke, i. 26, 27.—"The angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary." The divine then opens his subject thus. "We see the virgin in her perigæum; and her degrees, in this lower part of her orb, are prickt out in the text. 1. A *virgin* supposeth a woman, a degree below a man. 2. A virgin, one degree below woman: a virgin is a cipher: God made it not. 3. *Espoused:* that is, somewhat lower yet: it is the gods', and the king's highway, from maid to wife; but is neither, and therefore inferior to both. 4. To *Joseph:* this brings her lower still. 5. *Of the house of David:* lower still. 6. Her name *Mary:* yet lower. Her husband could not call Mary, but it reminded her of her poverty. 7. *Of Nazareth:* we are now at the ground; nay, the grave, for Galilee was in the region of the shadow of death."

The reverend preacher then proceeds:—"From this lowly state of Mary, we gather comfort for ourselves: for 1st, our soul is a woman. 2. She is a virgin. 3. She is espoused to some favourite study. 4. To the body; that is to the flesh, which is the carpenter's shop, and the spirit which is the carpenter. 5. This carpenter is nobly descended. 6. Mary is a Lady; and that's the soul's name too. 7. She dwells here at Nazareth." In this strain, Mr. Master proceeds through the whole of his sermon.

ANDREW MARVELL.

One of the finest tributes which has ever been paid to the death of Charles I., was by the poet and patriot, Andrew Marvell, in an Ode to Cromwell. Alluding to the execution of the monarch, he says:—

"While round the armed bands
Did clasp their bloody hands,
He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene;
But, with his keener eye,
The axe's edge did try,
Nor call'd the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right,
But bow'd his comely head
Down as upon a bed."

THE SENSE OF THE NATION.

In the year 1710, a pamphlet of ninety-one pages was published, entitled "A new Tract of the Sense of the Nation, being a modest Comparison between the Addresses to the late King James and those to her present Majesty, in order to observe how far the Sense of the Nation may be judged of by either of them." The object of the author is to shew of how little value public addresses are in general; since, if they are not absolutely insincere, they are at least without any positive meaning. "For example," says he:—"When the city of Carlisle, in their second address to king James, talk of being 'transported above mortals;' of 'God Almighty's projects;' of 'king James's unparalleled danger;' of 'the miracle of the prince of Wales's birth;' of 'the qualities of king James above Constantine;' and of 'spending their lives and fortunes for the young gentleman's safety;' can any man be so weak and foolish, or indeed so unkind to the citizens of Carlisle, as to think they had any meaning in all this? Have their actions since given the least ground of suspicion that they meant any thing? Have any one of them spent their lives and fortunes for the Pretender? Have they not twice or three times, since that, addressed the princes that keep him out; and, perhaps, with as much meaning? The sum of all this is, they were as honest, and had as much meaning, as addressers are expected to have, or as most of them ever have.

"Now let us come to the Bath addressers, warm in their acknowledgments for their young prince as their hot springs, which they boasted helped his mother to conceive; when, good men, in their address to king James, they congratulate him on being the parent 'of so good a son;' (to be sure his goodness was then known, for he was full twenty-two days' old); then of this son being the reward of heaven for his majesty's declaration for liberty of conscience; or, in plainer English, heaven's reward for the merit of his majesty's breaking the laws: then, that they desire the young prince and his posterity may live to baffle mortality itself; let no man be so foolish to charge the honest citizens of Bath with meaning what they said in these words. No, no! they were better Christians, as well as wiser men. These things were only addresses; that is, words of course, without any signification, and cannot, without breach of charity, be taken otherwise.

"Could it be possible the citizens of Bath could say with any meaning, 'We do promise and engage, upon our allegiance, that when your majesty shall think fit to call a Parliament, we will choose none to serve therein, but such as will

give us full assurance that they will endeavour the total abrogation of the penal laws and test.'"

"For a little more west country meetings, let us take the loyal city of Exeter; and here you have them telling their popish monarch of their thanking God for 'the universal blessing of his reign;' of his 'most gracious and merciful government;' of his 'actions having surpassed any thing that history could afford;' and to sum up all, that 'his declaration of indulgence (to popery as well as dissenters) hath come up to the agreeableness of Divinity itself;' that is, they made him a God. Then they tell him of his 'eternal honour and glory,' and the generation having 'great cause to bless God for him,' and the like monstrous stuff."

The author of this little pamphlet then proceeds to show that in all this the addressers had no meaning; and that, in fact, addresses are mere things of course, and of no value whatever. That there is much truth in this, history fully confirms. The subject has been already alluded to in this volume; and we cannot, perhaps, close it better than by a very characteristic anecdote relating to Richard Cromwell. After the Restoration, Richard retired to live at Cheshunt, where no persons were permitted to visit him but such as had strong recommendations from some of his old acquaintances. Among those was the Rev. George North, vicar of Codicot, near Welwyn, in Hertfordshire. At one of his visits, after an hour spent in conversation and drinking, Richard started up, took the candle, and the rest of the company (who all knew, except the last admitted man, what was going forward) took up the bottle and the glasses, and followed the ex-protector up stairs to a dirty garret, in which was nothing but a little round hair trunk. Mr. Cromwell pulled it out into the middle of the room, seated himslf across it, and calling for a bumper of wine, gave "Prosperity to old England." All the company followed his example; and when the new member was called on to do so, Mr. Cromwell told him to take care, and sit light; for he had no less than the lives and fortunes of all the good people of England under him. The trunk was then opened, and the original addresses shewn to him; in which the inhabitants of all the principal cities and towns in England had pledged their lives and fortunes to support Richard in succeeding his father as Protector. This was the way he initiated a new acquaintance.

SINGULAR SURNAMES.

Mr. Cole, the antiquary, was very industrious in collecting names; and, in one of his volumes of manuscripts, he says he had the intention, some time or other, of making, a list of such as were more particularly striking and odd, in order to form the foundation of an essay on the subject. A friend of the present writer has gone much further than Mr. Cole, and has collected several thousand rare names, which he has partly classified. One list consists of names of trades and occupations, such as Baker, Butcher, &c.; a second, of things—as Buckle, Boot, Chalk; a third, of animals—as Hog, Fox, Lamb; a fourth, of birds—as Duck, Goose, Partridge; a fifth, of fish—as Salmon, Roach; a sixth, of fruits and flowers—as Cabbage, Rose; seventh, of colours—as Black, Brown, &c. Among other classes, there is one of compound names; some of which 'pass all human understanding. That Mr. Thoroughgood and Mr. Goodenough were originally both very respectable personages, there can be no doubt; that Mr. Merryweather and Mr. Fairweather were farmers when they got their titles, is almost as certain as that Mr. Gotobed was a man of very regular habits, and Mr. Gatherall a great economist. Mr. Lightfoot and Mr. Heavyside, probably, presented as striking a contrast in their persons as Mr. Gathergood and Mr. Scattergood did in their habits. Mr. Longears, it is reasonable to suppose, was a great listener. Messrs. Hogsflesh and Pigfat could be nothing else than pork-butchers. Mr. Strangeways was, no doubt, an eccentric; and Mr. Bird-whistle, a bird-fancier. Mr. Drinkwater and Mr. Drinkmilk were evidently two very abstemious gentlemen; while Drinkdregs was most likely a hanger-on at some tap-room. There are a thousand others, all rational enough; but what are we to make of Twelvetrees, Tradescant, Thickbroom, Leatherbarrow; and not to attempt to enumerate what are really innumerable, what shall we say to such a name as *Scaredevil?* Yet all these are real names, and we could make the line "stretch to the crack o'doom."

That many of these names are nicknames there can be no doubt; as much so as that of Mary *Cut-and-come-again*, who was tried at the Old Bailey sessions, in April, 1745, and sentenced to death in that name.

Names sometimes form a singular association or contrast; thus the duke of Wellington, in a visit to some place in the country, (though we forget the name of the town,) was conducted by a Mr. Coward. In partnerships we often discover a singular junction of names; for instance, Bowyer and

Fletcher (from the French *flechier*, an arrow), Carpenter and Wood, Spinage and Lamb, Sage and Gosling, Rumfit and Cutwell (tailors), Long and Short, Lord and King, &c. The occupation sometimes associates very peculiarly with the name: we have known apothecaries and surgeons of the names of Littlefear, Butcher, Death, and Coffin; Pie, a pastry-cook; Rideout, a stable-keeper; Tugwell, a dentist; Light-foot, a dancing-master; Mixwell, a publican; and two hosiers of the names of Foot and Stocking. We also recollect a sign, with "Write, late Read and Write" inscribed on it.

Hymen, too, plays sad vagaries with names. We have seen Mr. Good married to Miss Evil, Mr. Bacon to Miss Pease, Mr. Brass to Miss Mould, and Mr. Gladdish to Miss Cleverly. Names like these are sure to produce an epigram in some of the daily papers, and of such epigrams our friend has made a large collection; but as we have already extended the limits we originally assigned to this article, we shall conclude with two or three anecdotes connected with surnames.

The emperor of Germany, Joseph II., in his visit to Rome, went to see the princess Santacroce, a young lady of singular beauty, who had an evening *conversazione*. This circumstance gave birth to the following pasquinade, which appeared the next morning. Pasquin asks Marforio—"What is the emperor Joseph come to Rome for?" Marforio answers—"*Abaciar la Santa Croce*"—to kiss the Holy Cross.

A more fatal equivoque was, perhaps, never produced by surnames than the following:—Count Valavoir was a general in the French service, and distinguished himself under the great Turenne. It happened, that while they were lying encamped before the enemy, the Count one evening attempted to pass one of the sentinels after sun-set. The sentinel immediately challenged him, and the Count answered "*Va-la-voir*," which literally signifies "Go and see." The soldier, who took the words in this sense, indignantly repeated the challenge, and was answered in the same manner, when he fired; and the unfortunate Count fell dead upon the spot—a victim to the whimsicality of his surname.

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